

PHOTOPLAY

15¢

October

LANA TURNER
BY PAUL HESSE

THE
HEARTBREAK STORY
OF
CARY GRANT
AND
BARBARA HUTTON'S
SON

JOSEPH R
GLOSBERG
CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS



A recent portrait of
Constance Luft Huhn,
Head of the House of Tangee

WE ARE STILL THE WEAKER SEX

by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee

MANY OF US may be serving shoulder to shoulder with America's fighting men—but we're still the weaker sex... It's still up to us to appear as alluring and lovely as possible.

So remember, ask for the aids to beauty made by THE HOUSE OF TANGEE—TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder and Rouge and Satin-Finish Lipstick. You'll find you were never lovelier!

Whether you're in or out of uniform, you'll want to be completely appealing

and feminine—you'll want delightful satin-smooth lips and all the glamour of a silky, petal-smooth complexion.

THE HOUSE OF TANGEE has created just what you need to keep you as lovely as you should be. For your lips, we have world-famous TANGEE Satin-Finish Lipsticks to give your lips long-lasting satiny smoothness. And with TANGEE Petal-Finish Rouge and the extraordinary new TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder, your complexion will take on a silky, radiant petal-smoothness that clings for many *extra hours*!

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE... Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast... Blue Network

*Satin-Finish Your Lips
Petal-Finish Your Complexion*

TANGEE

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

Romance can begin with
a lovely smile!



**Let your smile bring new happiness!
Help keep it sparkling with Ipana
and Massage!**

MORE POWER TO YOU, Plain Girl! You don't need to have real beauty to make you click.

Learn from the girls who have the most fun — girls who find happiness, romance. Yes, learn that you can cast a spell *with a smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. But be sure your smile is radiant, heart-warming in its charm. Remember, though, that such a smile needs sparkling teeth. And teeth

that are sound and bright depend so much upon firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist at once!* He may tell you your gums are sensitive—that modern soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And as thousands of dentists do, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of the

gums as well. So massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more appealing.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



It's a Great Life for the girl with a bright, flashing smile. Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile radiant!



All through 1944 it is the Twenty-Year Anniversary of M-G-M. In one recent week 16,449 theatre-owners—every movie house in these U.S.A.—showed an M-G-M picture.

We bow, we blush, we thank you, kind motion picture showmen. The best way to show our gratitude is to continue to deliver satisfying hits as in the past.



Two great films await your attentive eyes and ears—"An American Romance" and "Mrs. Parkington".

Of "An American Romance", King Vidor's great epic of our soil, you have heard great praise. Watch for it while we pause to impress you with a current triumph.

"Mrs. Parkington".

Or, rather, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Parkington".

This excellent film is a superb adaptation of Louis Bromfield's best-selling novel and gives that talented pair a vehicle that is more than a vehicle.

Many of our screen artists have looks, many can act, many have personality. Greer Garson is a triple threat. And "Mrs. P." gives her the chance to prove it again.

Her deft transition from the naive daughter of a mining-camp boarding-house proprietor to a dynamic cosmopolite is one for the book. Or better still, one for the screen.

Greer's "Susie" finds an excellent dovetail in the "Major Augustus Parkington" as played by Walter Pidgeon. Ruthless, dashing and with a roving-eye.

The dream-like cast includes such stars as Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty, Tom Drake, Selena Royle.

Tay Garnett, director of "Bataan", has also performed brilliantly—with the megaphone.

We suggest you park yourself in a seat at "Mrs. Parkington".

— Lea



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S FIRST MILLION MOVIE-GOERS

Presents for October

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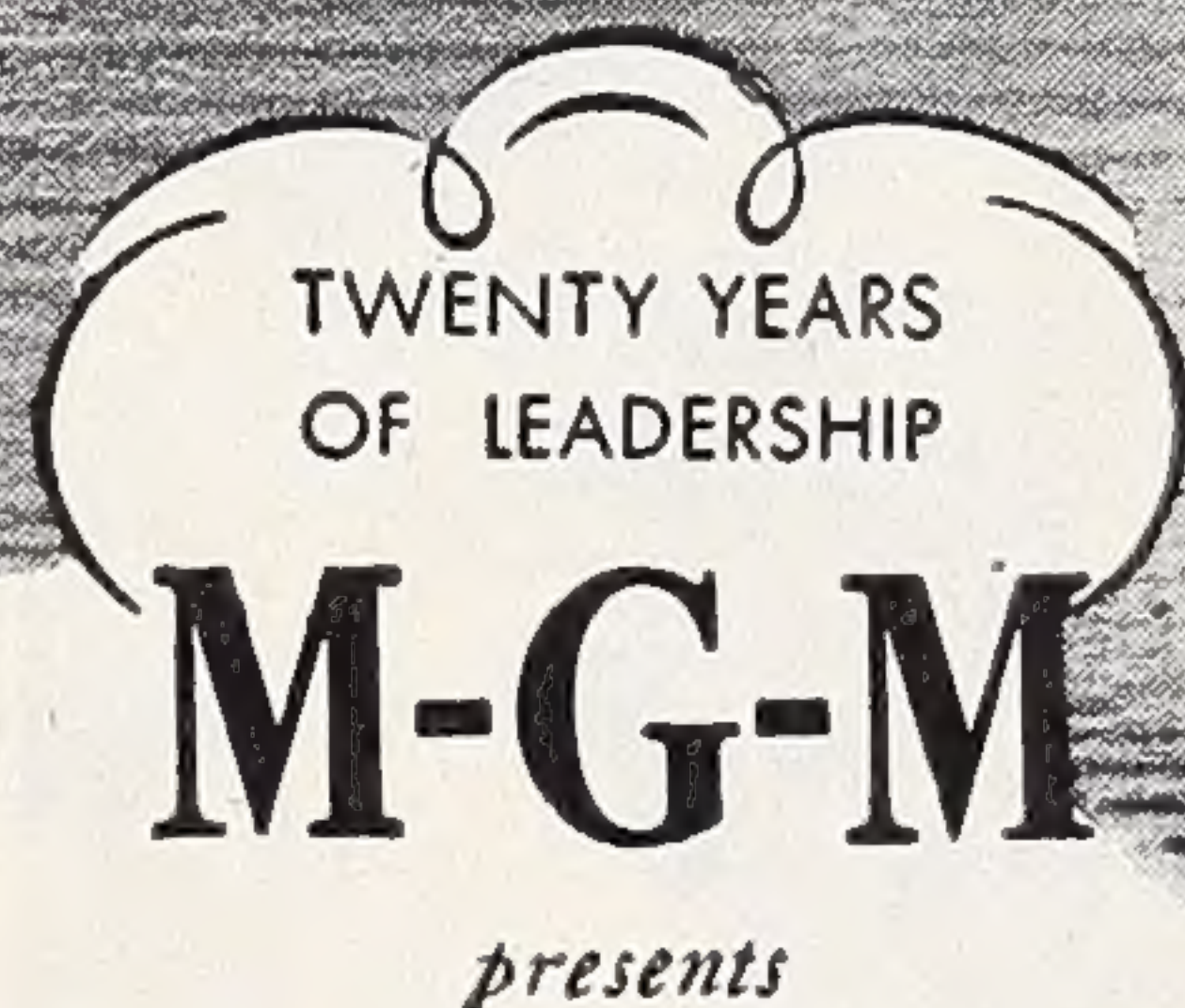
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GREER GARSON

is Great! as the boom town beauty who knew what she wanted...and got it!

WALTER PIDGEON

is Perfect! as the rich romantic two fisted rogue!



Mrs. Parkington



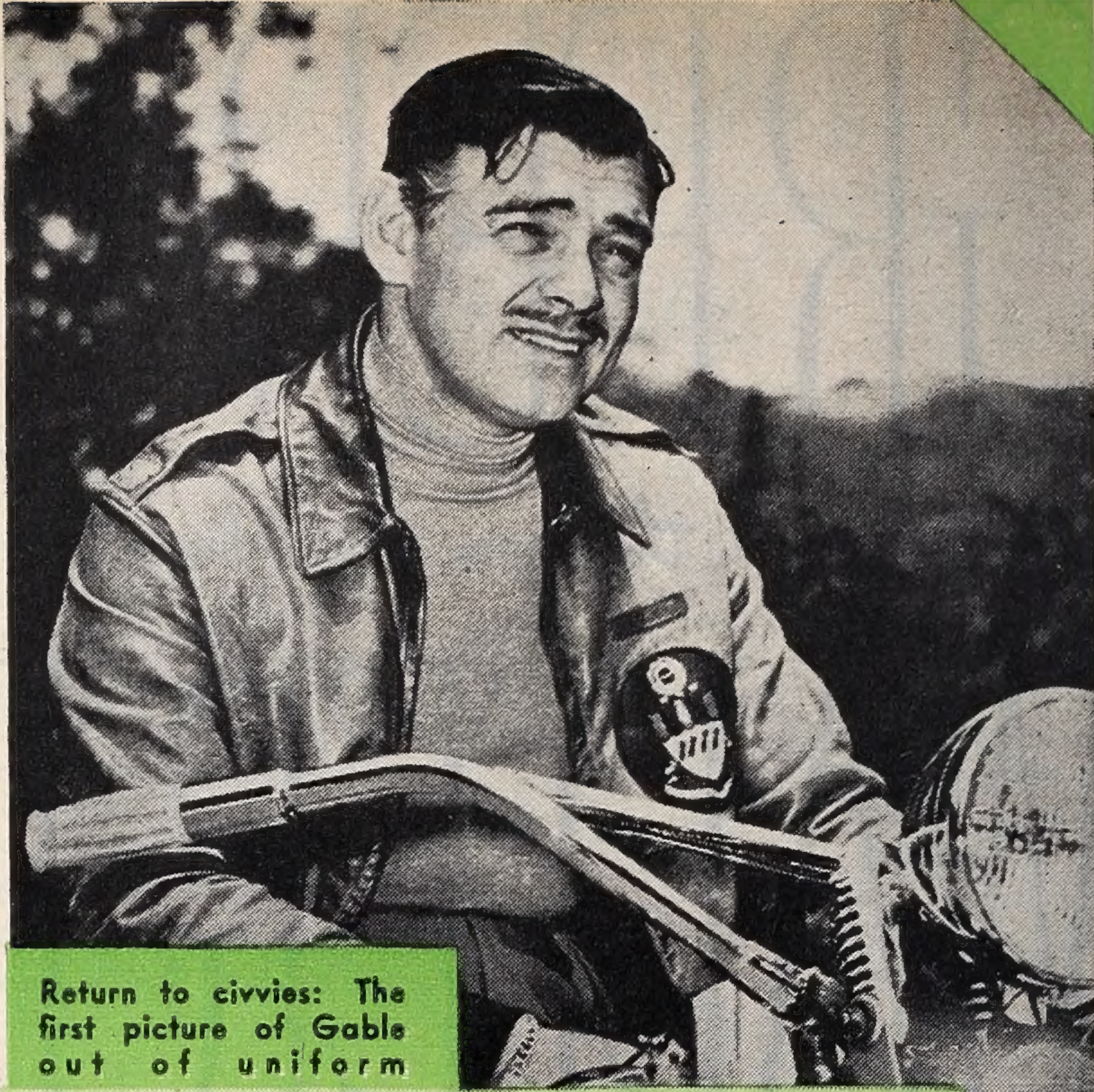
EDWARD ARNOLD • AGNES MOOREHEAD • CECIL KELLAWAY

GLADYS COOPER • FRANCES RAFFERTY • TOM DRAKE • PETER LAWFORD • DAN DURYEA • HUGH MARLOWE and the Saint Luke's Choristers

Screen Play by Robert Thoeren and Polly James • Based on the Novel by Louis Bromfield • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by LEON GORDON • An M-G-M Picture



Clover Club Reunion: Barbara Stanwyck, husband Robert Taylor



Return to civvies: The first picture of Gable out of uniform

IN THE CUMMINGS CORNER:

A lot of people were surprised to see Bob Cummings and K. T. Stevens being a dinner twosome in a cozy corner. Of course, Hollywood fashion, the gossips tried to fashion a new "romance" out of the combination. But they must have short memories—or no faith in friendship at all. For Bob, though rumored "engaged" to Faye McKenzie, still has his heart in the safe-keeping of Mary Constant, attractive widow of the famous flier, Max Constant—and it's Cal's guess they'll marry. Then how come K.T.? Well, it just so happens that she has directly and indirectly played a big part in Bob's life from the very moment he started his picture career—and they are very close friends—and that's all. Not only is K.T. a pal of Bob's ex-wife's, but it was she who got

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

her dad, the big director Sam Wood, to give Bob his first real break in pictures at Universal—and then again when Wood took up the megaphone for "King's Row."

Style Note: Lana Turner probably started a new fad or something—by walking into the Trocadero wearing a low-necked black dinner dress, with a scarlet red chiffon handkerchief (an enormous one) knotted tightly around her neck Apache fashion. The effect was startling—and the copycats promptly started making mental notes.

Married—and Happy: Harry James and Betty Grable came back to Hollywood from Harry's band-playing jaunt back East absolutely exhausted—and with plenty (Continued on page 6)



Prize shot: Bob Walker caught candidly at the commissary

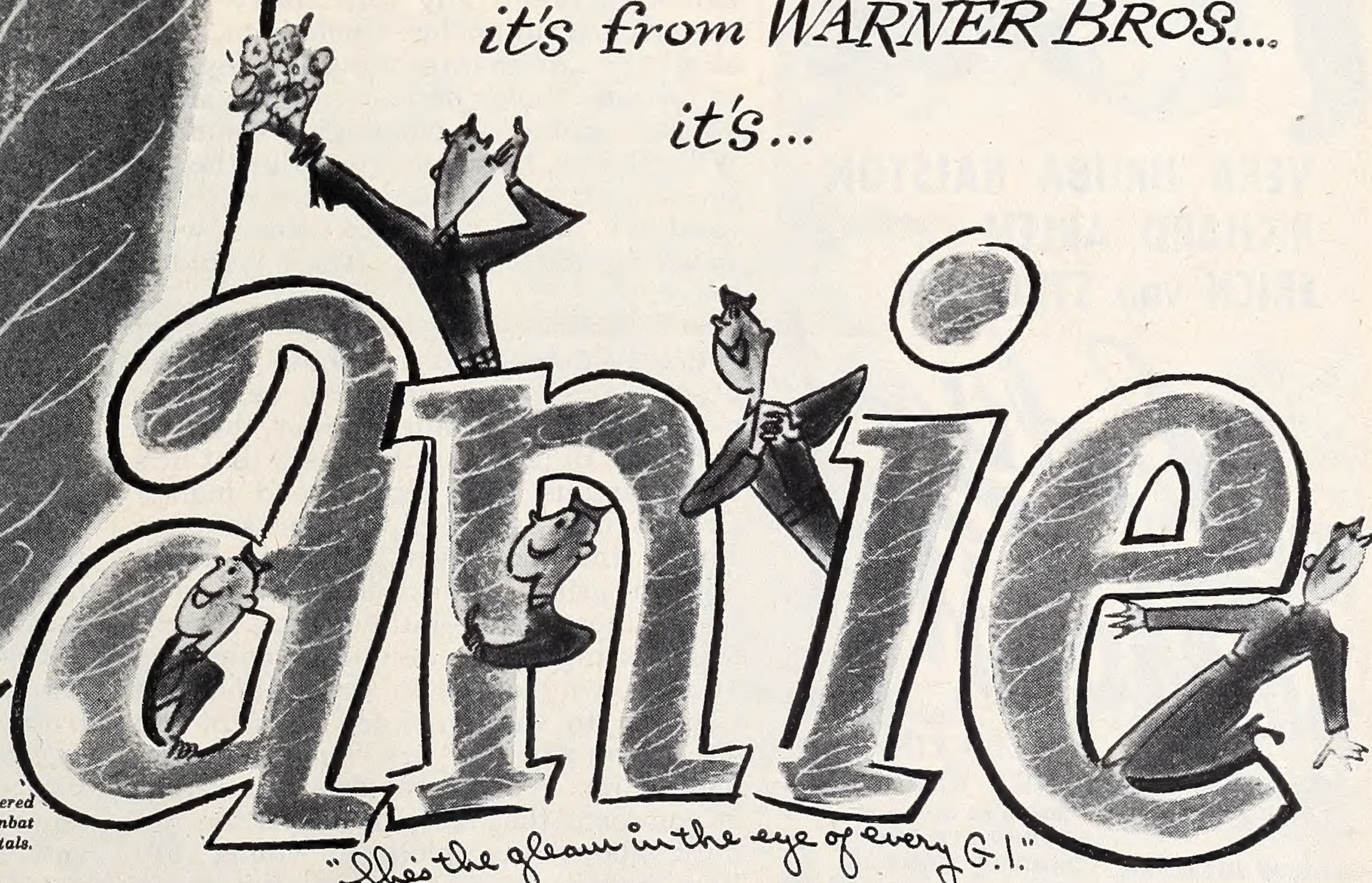


Big Navy date: Myrna Loy with high-ranking Captain Gene Markey



Just in Case

you've wondered why so many people are going around with large, happy **SMILES** and their hearts going bumpety-**BOOM**... it's because they've just seen the **HAPPIEST** picture ever!! It's the **National JOY Show** (why, even the star is named **JOYce Reynolds!**)... it's from **WARNER BROS.**... it's...



Special prints of JANIE have already been delivered—gratis—to the Army, for showing to men in combat areas, isolated outposts and Red Cross hospitals.

"She's the gleam in the eye of every G.I."

JOYCE REYNOLDS • ROBERT HUTTON • EDWARD ARNOLD • ANN HARDING • ROBERT BENCHLEY • ALAN HALE
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston & Charles Hoffman • From the Play Produced by Brock Pemberton
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB



that electrify the nation!

Crowds and critics call it one of the screen's most unusual dramas . . .

The strange story of a brilliant scientist lured by a woman's beauty to trespass on the secrets of life and love!



VERA HRUBA RALSTON
RICHARD ARLEN
ERICH VON STROHEIM

THE Lady and THE Monster

with
HELEN VINSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER

Based on the novel
"DONOVAN'S BRAIN"

GEORGE SHERMAN,
Director



A Republic Picture



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Cool-shoulder view
of Lana Turner turn-
ing up at a premiere
with Peter Lawford



Under cover: Paulette
Goddard in a glamour
shawl, with husband
Burgess Meredith

(Continued from page 4) of work looming ahead for both of them. Betty made her first public professional appearance since becoming a momma at a Brooklyn Bond rally with Harry when she cleaned up for her Uncle Sam. And of all the unromantic things! They had to spend their first wedding anniversary doing a one-night stand in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. But they're so romantic about each other it really wouldn't matter where they were spending the evening. They wouldn't know!

Crosby Corner: Just to show you how un-hammy some actors can be, here's a cute and true story about the one and only Bing. In all the years that he's been famous (and it's a good many) Crosby has never clipped or saved a single line that ever appeared about him in print. Most stars have scrap books a foot thick—but not Bing. But at last he's impressed enough by something (notice we said something—and not himself) to want to keep some of the swell things that are being written about him. It's the reviews and reams of comment that have been written not only about the picture "Going My Way" which is one of the all-time best, but about the Bing too. After all these years as a singing star, it's so swell that he should now be gaining recognition as a fine actor for the first time—and evidently he thinks so too. Because the other day he called up his pal, Leo McCarey, who directed the film, and after clearing his throat in a rather embar-

rassed way, Bing asked, "Say—Leo, how do you go about keeping a scrap book?" (!)

Cheer for Rita: People were talking about how hard it must have been for Rita Hayworth to keep all of a certain week's troubles to herself—but she managed it. She is a very quiet gal anyway, but there was one week of shooting on "Tonight And Every Night" when nobody would have been surprised if she had unburdened herself—in fact, they would have welcomed her confidence. But she didn't open her mouth about the fact that she had received word that her brother Vernon Cansino had been wounded on the Italian front. She didn't want to say a word until she found out how badly—and after a few days she was notified that he wasn't too terribly injured and had won a Purple Heart. And during these same few days, she had been notified that her husband Orson Welles had collapsed (during a Bond Tour) from overwork and exhaustion and that he was a very sick man again. But Rita didn't open her mouth to anyone about this either until it was all over and Orson was well again.

Private War Fronts: Paulette Goddard and her bridegroom of only a few weeks had a slight tiff one Sunday night in the Clover Club—and you should have heard the gab that went all over Hollywood the next day. You'd have thought that Buzz Meredith had hauled

(Continued on page 8)

Polly Ann was prettier...

THE BOYS went "ga-ga" over glamorous Polly . . . broke their necks to get a date . . . then regretted it. Plainer Molly on the other hand, dated them not once but again and again. Why? Both the girls had charm and wit and wore their clothes well. Unfortunately Polly had a little trouble* that repelled men instantly but which Polly herself didn't even suspect.

Between a girl with halitosis (bad breath)* and one without it, the choice is obvious! Off-color breath can bar friendships, good times and romance . . . just a whisper that you're guilty and down go your chances.

Don't Gamble

Don't foolishly assume that your breath is always beyond reproach. There may be times

when it isn't . . . without your knowing it. The wise thing is to be always on guard. That means Listerine Antiseptic, with its delightful freshening effect. Simply rinse the mouth and gargle with it before social or business engagements. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

If you would be pleasing to others never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your daily toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



but Molly held the Men!



Before any date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

The most Toothsome Ensign at Headquarters



As pretty a WAVE as ever released a fighting man for action. That's Ensign K! Brainy, too. So naturally she noticed right away how much better *super-fine* Pebeco cleans her teeth. She was definitely impressed by the way Pebeco Powder keeps on polishing—doesn't wash right away when you start to brush.



How come Pebeco doesn't wash right away? Because its particles are *micro-fine*... stay on your brush, cling to your teeth while you work. Pebeco's special combination of polishing agents cleans teeth gently but efficiently—leaves them gleaming!

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER
FOR YOUR MONEY,
FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE
OF 6 OTHER
LEADING BRANDS

PEBECO TOOTH POWDER

Super-fine for Super Shine



That's why people find Ensign K's smile is so irresistible. Try Pebeco! You'll love its sparkling, zippy flavor. The immaculate polished feel of your teeth. The special luster of *your* smile after a brushing with *super-fine* Pebeco Tooth Powder!



GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too

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ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 6)

off and hit her over the head—to hear people talk. And all the time it was probably no more than the kind of argument that any two people are liable to have whether they're married or not. Anyway, Buzz quieted a lot of rumors by saying that if their romance were any hotter they'd "both go up in smoke."

Another pair who are being gabbed (and worried) about are Jane Wyman and Capt. Ronnie Reagan. This, old Cal knows, may come as a bit of a shock to you—but it looks like a different kind of "smoke" here. A case of "where there's smoke—there must be fire"—sort of thing. Hope it isn't true—but even their close friends suspect that all is not hunky-dory in the Reagan household at this writing.

How Do They Do It: Where they get the energy, heavens knows—because Joan Crawford (besides working hard in "Hollywood Canteen") and Phil Terry have been doing all their housework and some of the laundry for months. To the point where you'd think both of 'em would be having housemaid's knee. But there they were at Mocambo, on the dance floor for so long at a time people wondered if they were going to try for a Marathon contest.

June Romance: Dick Powell is getting plenty of consolation (if he needs any) from June Allyson—and even though the studio keeps sending out reams of publicity linking June romantically with this and that beau you can take our word that it's the Dick Powell dating that counts. Dick is a very domestic type too and it wouldn't surprise us if he has such a yen to get back in harness that he up and proposes any minute. And neither would we be surprised if she said "Yes."

Pretty Thoughts: Must tell you about Betty Hutton's new dressing room—a gift from Paramount, where the blonde bombshell is rapidly making herself one of their biggest box-office bets. The room was done by Raoul du Bois (who did a great deal of designing for "Lady In The Dark") and it's mostly shell-pink and antiqued silver. Its walls are shell-pink and there are two quilted pink satin Victorian chairs and a large high-backed satin couch. It has an antiqued mirrored fireplace and a small grand piano that is pale green and silver, rubbed down to a smoky hue. And there's a perfume bar, gals, that is something to drool over! What a place to lounge around in and greet your friends! Isn't it too bad that movie stars almost never have any time to lounge around???

Surprise: Maybe you'll be awfully surprised—and maybe you won't—when Ginny Simms' future plans are announced. But take our tip—she's

(Continued on page 10)

**This is
the MAN**

**...these are
the Women!**

...you'll meet in this
dark tale of love and
conflict... of a man
who tried to divide
his heart... of three
women who broke
theirs!



CARY GRANT
IN
**"None
but the Lonely
Heart"**

WITH
ETHEL BARRYMORE

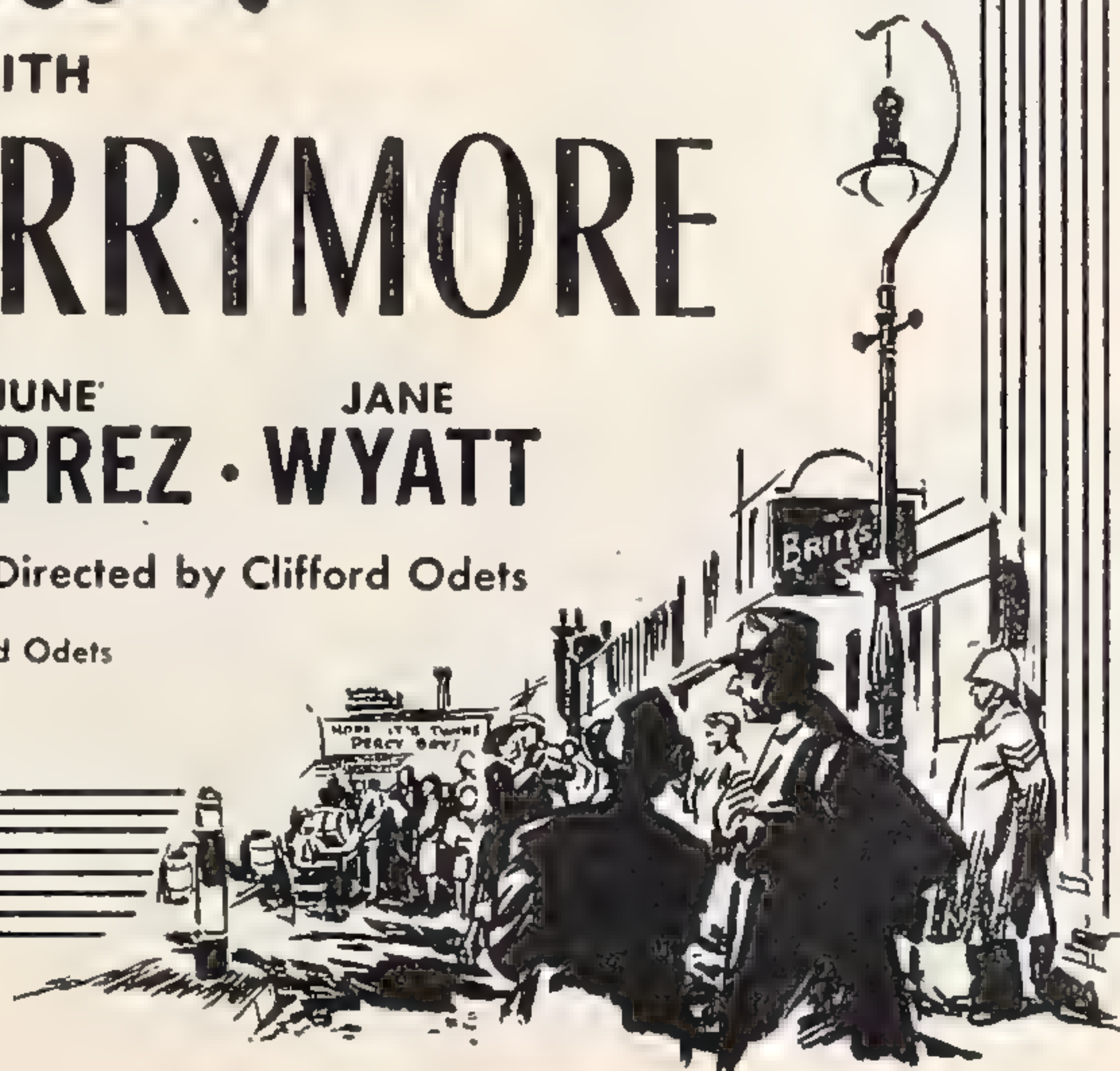
BARRY JUNE JANE
FITZGERALD · DUPREZ · WYATT

Produced by David Hempstead Directed by Clifford Odets

Screen Play by Clifford Odets



From the novel by Richard Llewellyn,
author of "How Green Was My Valley"



ANOTHER
OF THE
GREAT
R K O
RADIO
PICTURES


P
M
M

"Guess My Age!"



New Kind of Face Powder Makes Her Look Years Younger!

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* face powder! It showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of her pores.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 20-30-35?

At last she has found a face powder that *flatters* her skin—makes it look younger, more enchanting!

Why Lady Esther Face Powder Is So Flattering

Lady Esther Face Powder is *extra* flattering because it's *made* differently. It isn't just mixed, just sifted, in the usual way. It's *blown* by Twin Hurricanes—blended with the speed and power of hurricanes—to look clearer, smoother

and more flattering on your skin!

Because of this patented, exclusive method of hurricane blending, the texture of Lady Esther Face Powder is much smoother and finer than ordinary powder. The first touch of your puff spreads a delicate film of beauty on your skin, hiding little lines, little blemishes. And Lady Esther Face Powder clings longer, too—clings *four long hours*!

But the most exciting difference is in the *shades*. Lady Esther shades have a subtle new quality—because the color is blown in by hurricanes. Many women say that the Lady Esther shades are so fresh and alive that ordinary powder shades seem dull and drab by comparison.

Try Lady Esther Face Powder! See for yourself, in your own mirror, how much smoother and younger it makes your skin look. Get the small-size box and try it *today*!

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players"—Monday nights, CBS



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Vallee recreation room gets a workout. Rudy, out of uniform and back on the air as a fall hit

(Continued from page 8)

liable to become the bride of one of the top movie magnates before very long. And when she does, she'll have the most amazing set of inlaws you could possibly imagine!

Odds and Ends: Jackie Coogan sure got himself a hero's welcome every place he went during the few days' leave he spent in cinema-town. His last date here was with Ramsay Ames. Ramsay has managed to date every possible eligible male within a radius of a hundred miles! . . . Edith Fellows and Hal Chester, one of the original Dead End Kids, are setting their wedding date . . . Maureen O'Hara has a beautiful pair of ruby and diamond earrings. Given to her as a "baby present" by her husband Will Price . . . Helmut Dantine is still playing the feminine field with no one in particular leading . . . Don't pay any attention to those silly rumors about Linda Darnell and Pev Marley. So far—so happy! Rudy Vallee bought his wife, Bette Jane Greer, a brand-new automobile just a few days before she went into court to divorce him. They're still good friends and he tells everybody that it was all his fault.

Item-izing: Before Carole Landis left for that South Pacific tour, she and her husband Major Tom Wallace visited an orphanage and they're thinking about adopting a child . . . Both the little twin girls born to Nancy Coleman and Whitney Bolton have bright red hair! . . . Marie Wilson is one of the most consistent Red Cross Blood Donors in Hollywood—just made her fifth trip
(Continued on page 12)



Mr. and Mrs. Soldier

**THIS IS YOUR
LOVE STORY!**

*This is JANIE ...
to whom a washline
was more important
than a husband!*

*This is ANDY ..
who left a wife with
stardust in her eyes
and returned to find a
housewife with a mop
in her hand ... and a
baby in her arms!*

*This is POP ..
the wise old Cupid
who knew his daugh-
ter's problem was the
problem of millions!*

*THIS IS THE CAUSE
OF ALL THE TROUBLE
AND THE HAPPINESS!*

**TO THE IMPATIENT GIRLS AND SOLDIERS
WHO RUSH INTO MARRIAGE:**

For the first time, the screen brings
you the story of marriage before
combat...and combat after marriage!



Columbia Pictures

PRESENTS

JEAN

ARTHUR

CHARLES

LEE

BOWMAN

COBURN



A PREDICTION

With this picture, an
exciting new star joins
your favorite leading
men. Lee Bowman is a
name you're going to
look for... a star you'll
go for!

in
Irving Cummings'
The Impatient Years

with EDGAR BUCHANAN • CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • JANE DARWELL

Original Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP
Associate Producer

Produced and Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS



**BUBBLE
BATHE**

EVERY DAY!

THE **Sutton**
Way

Get the maximum pleasure
and results from your bath
—THE SUTTON WAY

- ★ Creates billions of bubbles which caress and tingle your skin!
- ★ You feel cleaner and are cleaner!
- ★ Leaves your tub clean!
- ★ Softens hard water!
- ★ It picks you up!

GET THE **Sutton**
BUBBLE BATH HABIT!

Choose from these delicate fragrances:
Apple Blossom • Gardenia
Honeysuckle • Pine • Spice



ONLY
59¢ ONE POUND (with Scoop)

Demand Sutton's Bubble Bath with exclusively-designed packet-scoop and large decorative hanging cord.

Available Toilet Goods Counters Everywhere
Sutton Cosmetics, Inc. • 385 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff



Coupled at the Clover Club: Jon Hall and his wife Frances Langford



Mr. and Mrs. at Mocambo: Bob Hutton and wife in a hand-holding act

(Continued from page 10)

... You can expect to see Felix Jackson's engagement ring on Deanna Durbin's finger—but any minute!

Ken Murray, genial master of ceremonies and man behind the famous stage play "Blackouts" which is now a Hollywood institution, gave a backstage party at the conclusion of its second year run.

Alan Ladd and his faithful Sue were on hand. Alan looks fit again, but after the horrible workout given him by director John Farrow in "Two Years Before The Mast" (there is no love lost between these two, believe us) Alan would either have to be in trim or dead. Seems to old Cal that Alan lately has grown cagey in his answers and conversation. Someone must have crossed him up or betrayed a confidence to prompt Alan to deliver such a set of cut-and-dried answers, all given with that enigmatic half-smile that helped skyrocket him to fame. Nevertheless, he's one of our favorite persons and we're for him. Sue is too.

Jackie Oakie slipped up behind and almost knocked old Cal through the wings with a hearty clap on the back.

Cute Marie Wilson was running all over the place showing off the bracelet Ken Murray had given her for never missing a performance. Carole Landis done to the teeth was all excitement because her husband, Major Tom Wallace, was due in town in a few days. (This marriage keeps going despite rumors.) W. C. Fields who

kept wandering on and off the stage during the performance, to the delight of the audience, finally connected with the—er—liquid refreshments.

Donna Reed and her husband Bill Tuttle and Chester Morris and his cute wife Lily were a happy have-fun foursome.

If every star in town had the well-wishers this Ken Murray has what a world this would be.

The Things We Hear and See: It happened at Mocambo. Across the way we were eyeing the luscious Lana Turner and her escort Peter Lawford. Suddenly, in the midst of their steaks a waiter brought word Miss Turner was wanted on the telephone and oddly enough old Cal, nebbly as usual, had a feeling he should pass and repass that phone.

But all we could hear was, "Yes, John. All right, John."

Back at her table Lana and Peter brushed the food aside (know how much food costs at this place?) and rushed out with Cal (how can we be so nosey?) right behind. But instead of climbing into a taxi or car, the pair strode off down Sunset Strip with Sherlock Rathbone York right behind and on to the Trocadero. Once inside this club Lana glanced anxiously about and then made straight for a table occupied by her agent (whose name is not John), his girl friend and Hodiak whose name most cer-

(Continued on page 14)



Soft as a whisper . . . your hands thrill him as they touch his face.

You vow to keep them lovely, even through these do-more days And you can . . . with Trushay to help you!

Trushay's the new "beforehand" idea in lotions. Smooth it on before everyday tasks . . . before you tub undies or do dishes.

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Sends your mood skylarking with every skittish breeze!

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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 12)

tainly is John. And there she, with the faithful Lawford, spent the remainder of the evening. Now guess which man is closest to Lana's heart.

Best Wishes Dept.: It was Friday night at the Hollywood Canteen and Susan Hayward was there to dance with the boys and serve behind the snack bar. Jess Barker, Columbia's new actor, was master of ceremonies and so it was inevitable that during one of the lulls someone should say "Susan, this is Jess Barker."

That was in November and the beginning of an exciting series of Hayward-Barker flare-ups. They liked each other right off, but Susie's red hair and Jess's definite ideas had the pair in a constant state of "good-by forever." Then Jess would rush off to date a dozen girls at once, which eventually earned him the title of the datingest guy in town.

Besides, Susie's mother disapproved and so the romance limped along until one day Susie and Jess decided they loved each other way beyond all differences.

They were married just one week after this momentous decision by the Reverend Howard in the St. Thomas Episcopal Church. Susie looked lovely in a pale blue turquoise dress and hat.

After a short honeymoon at Rancho Santa Fe near San Diego the couple returned to take up residence in Susie's own apartment since none other was available.

This was a first marriage for both. Their friends, including old Cal, wish them all happiness.

This Month Mrs. Ward Bond divorced her actor husband . . . Mary Astor has

New look at new marrieds: The Jess Barkers





Ardent thumbs-up conversationalist: Fast-talking Donna Reed

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

a new boy friend but no one seems to know who he is . . . 'Tis said Charlie McCarthy is about to acquire a step-mother in Frances Westerman, but when Cal put it to Edgar Bergen he would neither deny or affirm it . . . Joan Blondell is being beaud everywhere by producer Mike Todd. Her son Normie has now been promoted to chief errand boy for Schwab's Drug-store . . . Deanna Durbin just looks and looks and looks at producer Felix Jackson while the two are lunching or dining in Hollywood. . . .

An Experience for Jeanette: It was almost eleven o'clock when Jeanette MacDonald entered her bungalow of the El Encanto Hotel at Santa Barbara to retire for the night. It was still and quiet outside and the silence oppressing. Methodically, Jeanette closed the clothes-closet door, undressed and went to bed. Always a light sleeper, she was awakened fifteen minutes later by a sound somewhere in the room. Switching on the light, she looked about. The clothes-closet door had come open. She arose, closed it and went back to bed. It was the feeling of a presence in the room rather than sound that had her sitting bolt upright a few minutes later. Her hand went to the night lamp and her eyes swept the room. The closet door was open. She knew the truth then. Someone was in there, waiting.

Fearfully she got out of bed and took a step or two toward that door. In a flash someone leaped at her with a blanket outspread as if to smother her. She fought and kicked. Heavy blows rained on her face, hitting her repeatedly in the eye. The assailant finally fled with Jeanette screaming behind him.

Scenario for every girl with designs on a man!

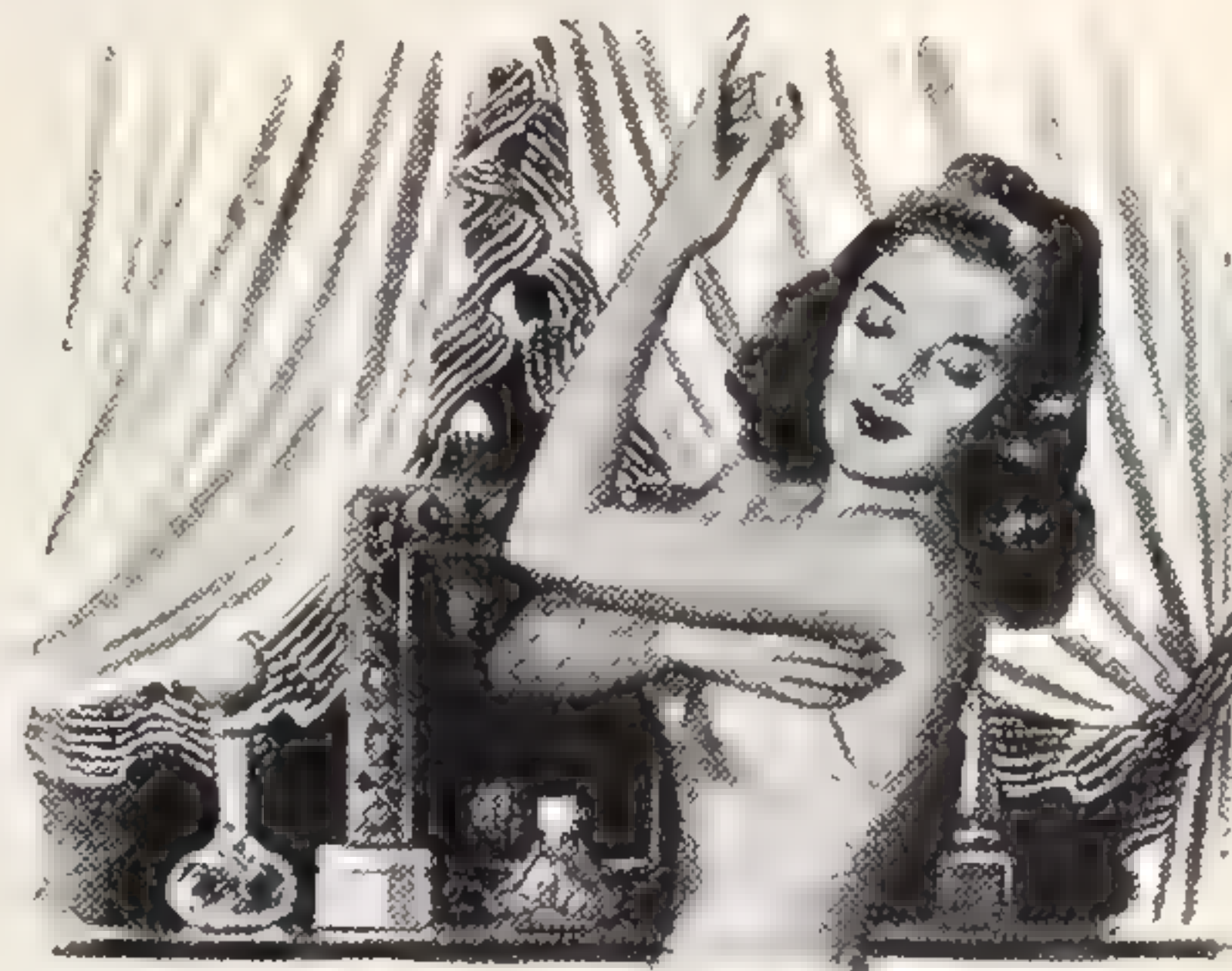


"See—Jim's telegram! He's got leave. It says 'SATURDAY, GORGEOUS, WE'LL FLASH MY NEW WINGS ON THE TOWN...' Gorgeous! That's ME! Saturday—that's TODAY! Oh, what a beautiful mor-ning!"



"My shower sure makes me *feel* 'sweet and lovely'—and a quick touch of Mum will *keep* me that way for hours!"

A bath removes past perspiration—Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor!



"Speed's the word for Mum—and Mum's the word for charm—if a girl wants daintiness to last. And I mean ME!"
Takes only 30 seconds to use Mum—guards charm for hours!



(*Private thoughts of a happy girl.*) "He's my dream come true—only more so! Already, he's hinting I'm the girl to wear his wings. Thank goodness I can depend on Mum to keep me fresh as a daisy all my date long."

Mum works—fast, yet gently—won't harm skin or injure the fabrics of your daintiest dresses. Use Mum anytime, every day—always before dates! Ask your druggist for Mum—today!



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The attacker was a boy fourteen years old who was even then on probation from reform school. Because of a California law that prohibits using the name of any minor in such an offense, his name was not given out to the public.

Bruised and horribly beaten about the face, Jeanette returned to her Hollywood home and next day from Santa Barbara where she had gone to study operatic roles under the direction of Lottie Lehman. Upon learning the boy's mother was blind and earned her living by operating a tobacco concession in Santa Barbara, Jeanette refused to press charges.

Jeanette's husband, Capt. Gene Raymond, stationed at Yuma, Arizona, was on the phone the minute the word was flashed to him.

Cal Observes: Bunny Waters is about a foot taller than her orchestra-leader husband Johnny Green.

Olivia de Havilland wears her hair the plainest of any girl in town—parted in the middle and drawn back with no wave or curl and held down with a black velvet band. She looks beautiful.

The friendship between photographer Paul Hesse and Joan Fontaine has progressed to the point where Joan now accompanies him on his photographic assignments. Next thing she'll be setting up the camera.

Orson Welles always seeks out Chester Morris at Romanoff's or private parties to talk magic, Chester being the better performer of the two.

The Voice Accused: It was bound to happen, for even a nice guy like Frank Sinatra can get in a huff and a jam in Hollywood. Seems it all happened when Frank snubbed certain radio and newspaper columnists on the set of "Anchors Aweigh" by saying, "If you want to speak to me, get in touch with my agent."

Now Frankie claims he had plenty of provocation and we believe him. Seems he had done a couple of favors for the writer and radio commentator, who later took a few verbal pokes at The Voice, which made Frankie sore.

Anyway after a blast on the air and in his column about Frankie's growing bigheaded, the entire cast and crew down to the last carpenter, electrician and prop boy—headed by such names as Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly and Rags Ragland—drew up a statement, had it typed and pasted on Frank's dressing-room door.

Cal took a peek at it a few minutes after it had gone up and here's what it says as nearly as we can remember:

"We, the undersigned and those who know him well, know Frank's head size is normal and his hat will continue to fit."

Then come all those names which is a swell testimonial for The Voice and a pretty good indication of how good friends in Hollywood rally round a guy they feel is unjustifiably wronged.

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FAMOUS
POWERS
GIRL



In women, beauty is at its best, when it goes hand in hand with charm and sparkling personality.

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sell the 5 salve and get back your \$1.25 and have ring without cost. Rosebud is an old reliable salve. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, BOX 79, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

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Name..... (Please Print)

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CHEESE

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OF OATMEAL

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OF SPINACH

MORE FOOD-ENERGY
THAN 2 DISHES OF
ICE CREAM

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2 Glasses of OVALTINE**

Take them in combination with other food elements which authorities agree are necessary for best results!

All the world knows today that many people need extra vitamins for better health and keen vitality. It is also known today that vitamins do not work alone. They work as a team with certain other food elements. Hence, more and more, authorities are insisting "Take your vitamins in food!"

One of the reasons vitamins are so effective in Ovaltine is that Ovaltine is a concentrated all-round building food. It contains other food elements that enable vitamins and minerals to work together effectively as a team.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have plenty of calcium and phosphorus, as found

in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin B₁ can't spark food into energy unless it has fuel-food to work on. To get this important "team-work", doctors urge "Take your vitamins in food!"

Ovaltine also is the *most delicious* way to take your vitamins! And it costs very little for all it gives you! So why not turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, more delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!



3 OUT OF EVERY 4 PEOPLE need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.

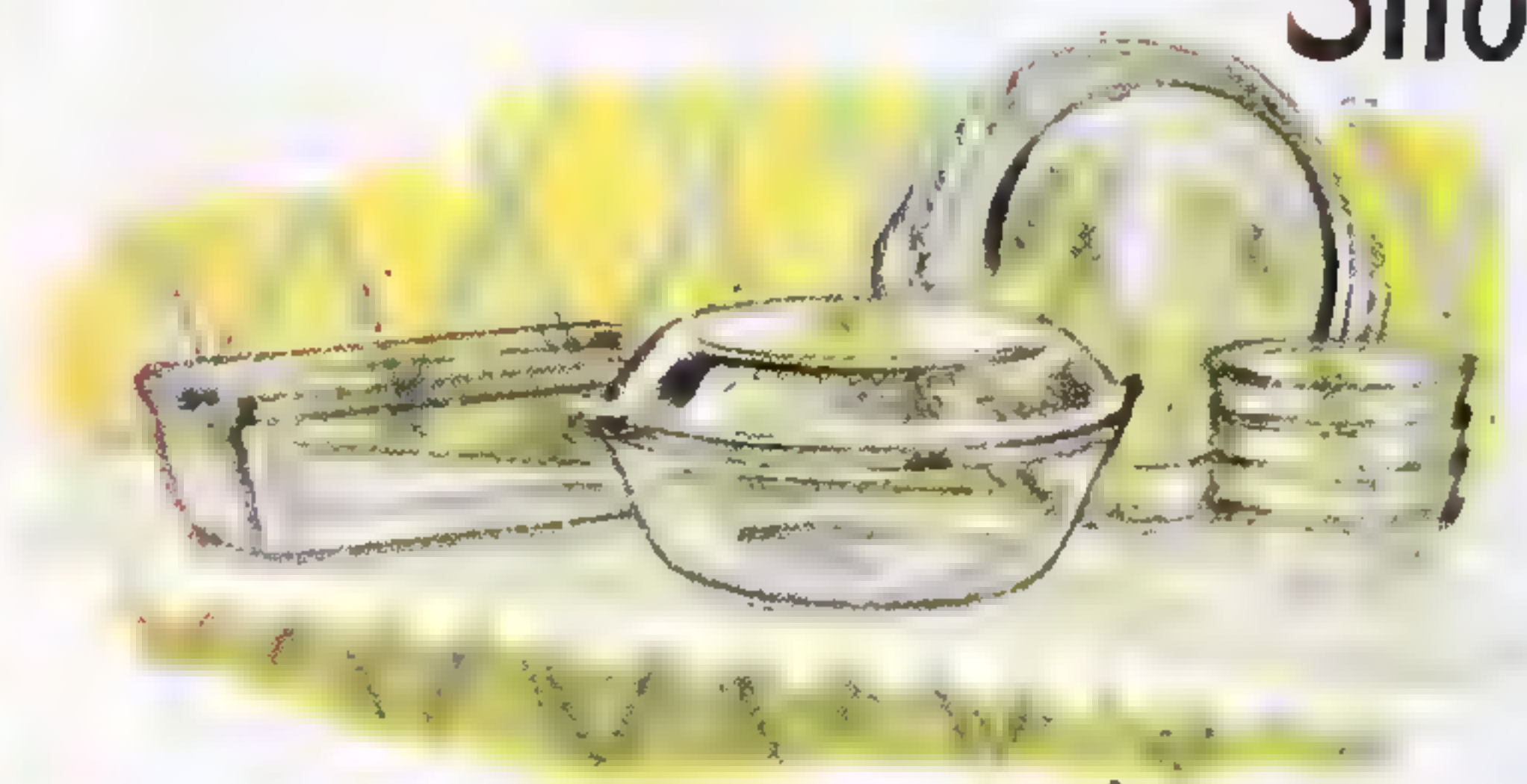
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PLAIN & CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

This is a **Victory Gardener**... Shouldn't she be proud?



She should indeed! And Uncle Sam is proud of her too for making food fight for freedom. She'll be prouder still when she sees her garden in sparkling Pyrex Ware!

This is **Pyrex Ware**... Shouldn't we be proud?



You bet we are proud to offer such lovely Pyrex Ware at such low prices. (You can buy all 7 dishes shown here for only \$1.95.) Won't they look nice on your shelf?

This is a Victory Gardener doing herself proud with **PYREX WARE**. Isn't it grand?

IT sure is grand!... just watch your family's eyes when your Victory Garden comes piping hot to the table in gleaming Pyrex Ware! You won't have to waste a single hard-won carrot, because leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same Pyrex dish. You'll save dishwashing... and you'll save precious time, because food bakes as much as one-third faster in Pyrex brand glass.



AND LOOK AT THIS FLAVOR SAVER...the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles to make serving easier. You never saw a lovelier dish! Fluted edge and extra depth keep all the flavor and juices inside the pie and out of your oven. 10-inch... only **45¢**

HEY, GARDENERS! This Pyrex Double Duty Casserole is *two* dishes in one. Bottom is an open baking dish, just right for baked apples, scalloped potatoes, and tomatoes. Top comes in handy as an extra pie plate. Three sizes. 1½ quart... only **65¢**

This is the Pyrex Trade-Mark

You can find the little one pressed into the bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the orange label both mean "A Product of Corning Research in Glass." Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.



**PRESSED
IN GLASS**



CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

SWING AROUND TOWN: People are chuckling over the power of Hedy Lamarr's beauty. Emerging from a night club recently, Hedy came upon two customers fighting it out on the sidewalk. "Break it up," commanded Hedy and, after taking one look at the lovely one, they did... After that quarrel (and you shouldn't ask us what quarrel) Pat Dane followed her husband Tommy Dorsey to the West Coast and so far all seems well. Understand Pat wants another go at movies... Fans of Gene Krupa seem delighted that the famous drummer is going to have his own band again. How that boy can chop sticks...

Steve Crane, whose troubles with Lana Turner have made headlines, is somewhat consoled by that very good role he gets in Rita Hayworth's new picture "Tonight And Every Night"... Ray Milland's conversation completely nautical since he bought that fifty-six-foot yawl. Buying a boat is merely another milestone in every actor's career. The next step is usually the yen to produce pictures à la Bing Crosby, Jimmy Cagney, Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer, Don Ameche, Mary Pickford... What do you think of John Wayne's playing Will Rogers in a movie eulogizing the humorist? Hear tell he's all signed up for it...

No two ways about it, that John Hodiak is the Clark Gable of 1945. Just to be seen with him is an event, according to the youngsters he beaus about... And here's something for you bobby sockers to boil about. Hear Warners are going to poke fun at your Frankie in a short "Swooner Crooner." Going to stand for that, kids?...

It Can Happen Here: He was a lone soldier with a few hours' time between trains. He'd never been to Hollywood before but from his pals he'd heard about the town's famous Canteen and decided to pay it a visit. Believing the boy meant the picture "Hollywood Canteen" then in progress at Warner Brothers (the real Canteen is not opened until late afternoon) he was directed to the studio. A member of the publicity department who ran into the lad in an outer office heard his story and decided to play straight. Taking the boy through the labyrinth of hall and gates, he escorted him onto the sound stage where an exact duplicate of the Canteen had been built, and here he met Joan Crawford, Dane Clark, Bette Davis, John Garfield and so many others, all of whom exerted themselves to make him feel at home.

He left an hour later none the wiser. So far as he was concerned he had attended the Hollywood Canteen and his heart was full of happiness.

In a way, you know, Hollywood can be an awfully kind place.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Inside the Gates: Andrea Leeds who has been off the screen being happy as Mrs. Bob Howard is coming back in "Lost Weekend." We'd call it "Lost Four Years" only Andrea has apparently been so contented they couldn't be lost. Confidentially, her Goldwyn contract has had time to expire, for which event she may have been waiting. That Sam really throws them!

The pretty blonde struggling with lines and situations with the amateur players at Bliss-Hayden theater caught the attention of a casting director who discovered, to his astonishment, the young lady learning to act the hard way was Jean Wallace, wife of Franchot Tone.

When eighty-four-year-old C. Aubrey Smith was notified he'd been knighted by King George VI, he puckered his brow and said, "Well I suppose I'll have to drop that C. from my name now." Congratulations, Sir Aubrey.

When Captain Bruce Cabot returned from overseas and landed in Hollywood he took one look around and remarked he didn't think the present group of actors offered "too tough competition." Maybe he didn't take a good look at Gregory Peck, John Hodiak, Bill Eythe, Turhan Bey, Alexander Knox and several others.

It Happened In Hollywood: M-G-M is puzzled. Letters by the dozens have poured in to the studio protesting the fact Peter Lawford will be starred in "Flat-top." Fans seem to think Peter will play the cartoon menace. Flat-top, the weary studio will have you know, is a plane carrier.

Walter Winchell's pretty daughter Wanda has changed her name to Tony Eden and has been signed to a Twentieth Century-Fox contract. What's more, Daddy has to be a good sport and take her to Mocambo when he's in town.

Barbara Stanwyck's adopted son Dion hates his name. Says the kids at school make sport of it. So Barbara now calls him by the name of his choice—Tony.

That little two-by-four art gallery opened by Vincent Price in Beverly Hills is the sensation of the town. The night Richard Whorf's paintings were shown Cal glimpsed Spencer Tracy and that old maestro of art himself, Edward G. Robinson, prowling around.

Smart people are lunching at Romanoff's and the swanky new LaRue, but at dinner time they all seem to rush to Romeo's, a little Italian restaurant on Melrose Avenue. In one evening alone Cal glimpsed Al Jolson, artist John Dekker, Richard Arlen, Errol Flynn with his lovely Nora Eddington, Elia Kazan, the director of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," Charles Russell, John Hodiak and John Garfield.



"Rosy Powders Flatter

— and Dreamflower 'Rose Cream' most of all!"

"Never doubt the flattery of a rose-tinted powder shade!" advises charming Antonia Drexel Earle, shown in the portrait above wearing her favorite powder—Pond's Dreamflower *Rose Cream*.

"Rosy tones in a powder are sure to give a clearer, brighter look to the skin—and I want my rosy shade to have *creamy* tones, too, for smooth blending. That's why I think Pond's Dreamflower 'Rose Cream' is so *exceptionally* flattering—because it brings out my freshest, clearest skin tones in such a soft, natural way!"

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Six sweet shades to choose from—flatterers all!

BRUNETTE	ROSE CREAM
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Pond's "LIPS"

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm, exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—49¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK THE SOONER WE WIN!

She: "Why can't I be Lovely
instead of Lonely?"



Me: "Why not try
my beauty secret."

WHEE! Now she's got
that Ivory Look...

YOU can have a Lovelier Complexion, too...

You can have softer, smoother skin . . . that Ivory Look that makes a man's heart march double-time. How? Just change from on-and-off skin care to regular, gentle cleansings with baby-gentle Ivory Soap. You can't buy a purer soap—a surer way to a clearer, naturally radiant complexion. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate even babies' tender skin. No wonder more doctors advise it for them—and you—than all other brands put together. **99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% Pure**



More doctors advise Ivory—



—than all other brands
put together!

The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓✓ Since You Went Away (Selznick)



Poignancy: The Temple-Colbert-Jones trio in "Since You Went Away"

DAVID O. SELZNICK who gave us "Gone With The Wind" has delivered another epic of heart appeal, less forceful than GWTW but no less emotionally moving. The story, over-long and repetitious in spots, is not so much a story, building to one definite climax, but is rather the episodic experiences of one family in the year the husband and father is at war.

Claudette Colbert is the wife of the absent husband and mother to their two daughters, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple. Hardships befall the family forced to live on the Army pay of an officer, so a lodger, Monty Woolley, is taken in. Love comes to Jennifer and heartbreak, too, in Robert Walker, grandson of Woolley.

The thing that sets "Since You Went Away" apart from most pictures is the

tremendous amount of incidental detail and material injected into the telling of the story. The sailor, played so well by Guy Madison; the bulldog's reaction to a shower bath from the hose; Nazimova's speech as the shipyard worker; Agnes Moorehead as a busybody; Lionel Barrymore as the minister and Keenan Wynn as Cotten's pal (both playing mere bits) add nothing to the meat but contribute mightily to the trimmings of this three-hour banquet.

Every actor is a standout. Jennifer Jones proves her true merit as the older daughter. Cotten has never before radiated such charm nor Robert Walker such convincing boyishness. Miss Colbert is touching and sincere and Wooley a complete story in himself.

Your Reviewer Says: The peak of heart appeal.

✓✓ An American Romance (M-G-M)

STOP, look and listen well to what we say concerning "An American Romance" before you buy your ticket, for here are the plain, bare facts—it's a picture which will appeal to those whose little cry is not limited to "fun, girls and frolic" on the screen but who crave solidity and stability even in their movies. Men, we feel, will like it better than women—especially in the spots that switch from romance to industry.

"An American Romance" is a rare combination of romance and beautifully presented information. One travels romantically from the iron ore industry to the making of steel, on to the creation of specially built automobiles, to the war production of planes. As a connecting

link we have our character of *Steve*, the immigrant who marries his American schoolteacher, raises his American family and progresses a free man in a free land from the lowest rung of the ladder to the peak of success.

Some sequences mar the flow of the story but nothing fails to mar the performance of Brian Donlevy as *Steve*. Here is really a sterling performance. John Qualen as *Steve's* cousin, Ann Richards as his lovely wife and Walter Abel as the business partner are just about the best people that could have been chosen for their roles. Horace McNally is the youngest son who opposes his father in the labor struggle and Mary McLeod the grown daughter.

Your Reviewer Says: A truly American epic.



Real story: Brian Donlevy and Ann Richards in "An American Romance"

✓✓ Janie (Warner Bros.)



Gay: Robert Hutton, Clare Foley and Joyce Reynolds in "Janie"

IT'S young, it's gay, it's heart-warming and it's *Janie*. Chuckles and giggles romp over the screen like a couple of puppy dogs and everyone but the actors, who suffer through *Janie* and her pain-in-the-neck sister, Clare Foley, have a wonderful time.

The story, slim as a movie star's hips, revolves around sixteen-year-old *Janie*, daughter of newspaper publisher Edward Arnold and lovely Ann Harding. The house is in a constant uproar due to *Janie's* beaux and tattling. But when a whole company of soldiers move into town and eventually into *Janie's* home, the uproar becomes a furor and the fun that results shoots up

like a temperature.

Joyce Reynolds makes a delightful *Janie*. Never too exuberant, but always as a bundle of charming animation little Reynolds makes of *Janie* a real treat. Her seven-year-old sister, Clare Foley, with her astute observations adds to the fun if not to cause of Better Manners.

Robert Benchley and Barbara Brown are splendid and Robert Hutton as the private-first-class in *Janie's* life and his rival Dick Erdman are perfectly cast. You'll love it, that we promise, so treat yourself to a spirit lift that will keep you happy for a week.

(Continued on page 22)

Your Reviewer Says: Joyous.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 128

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 70

I Spelled Marriage—"M-I-R-A-G-E"



Listen to this
wife's story of marriage
happiness rediscovered

I married for love . . . and at first George *did* love me. Then—I can't explain when or how it began—George became more and more indifferent. Our marriage happiness began to fade away like a mirage.

I brooded so that I actually became ill. When I went to see my doctor, I started to cry and told him everything. It was then I learned how "one neglect"—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene—so often wrecks romance!



My doctor advised me to use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. "Thousands of modern wives use it," he said, explaining how Lysol makes an effective germ-killing douche that cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes. "And Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues . . . just follow the directions," he added. *How right he was!* I've found Lysol so pleasant to use—so easy and economical, too. It's been working wonderfully!

Oh, yes—the happy ending! It's about US, of course! George is mine again, with lots of love. That's all . . . *that's everything!*



CHECK THESE FACTS WITH YOUR DOCTOR

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions spread, thus

virtually search out germs in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle of Lysol makes almost 4 gallons of solution for the douche. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. Lysol deodorizes completely. **Lasting**—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

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Disinfectant

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For new **FREE** booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-44. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

✓✓✓ Wilson (20th Century-Fox)

ONE of the outstanding pictures of the year and one of the best biographies ever to hit the screen, "Wilson" is a gripping, intelligently conceived motion picture bound to create controversy even while it unites a people in the Cause Americana.

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck, a Republican by party affiliation, the story of this great Democrat is as truthfully and as honestly told as any man's story can be told. And for the failure of the League of Nations conceived by Wilson as a preventive against future wars, the blame is clearly laid at our own door, that of the American people.

All the sis-boom-bah of the era, the tough political fights, the bosses and cliques, the tunes, the thinking, the slow build-up to a useless war are brilliantly set forth. And let no one think of these facts as dull or historical recordings, for they emerge as entertaining and engrossing as if Wilson were indeed a man of fiction.

Alexander Knox is Wilson. He plays him with a conviction that seems to spring from the core of his being. It will be interesting to see what lies ahead for an actor who achieved the peak in a single characterization, for it's our notion he will, unfortunately, be remembered and

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Best Pictures of the Month

Wilson

Dragon Seed

Wing And A Prayer

An American Romance

Since You Went Away

Janie

The Seventh Cross

Our Hearts Were Young And Gay

Best Performances

Katharine Hepburn in "Dragon Seed"

Turhan Bey in "Dragon Seed"

Brian Donlevy in "An American Romance"

Jennifer Jones in "Since You Went Away"

Robert Walker in "Since You Went Away"

Claudette Colbert in "Since You Went Away"

Joseph Cotten in "Since You Went Away"

Diana Lynn in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay"

Gail Russell in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay"

Joyce Reynolds in "Janie"

Hume Cronyn in "The Seventh Cross"

Spencer Tracy in "The Seventh Cross"

Alexander Knox in "Wilson"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

identified in the minds of the fans as Wilson.

The cast is long and impressive as various statesmen of that day parade before us. Charles Coburn as Henry Holmes, Ruth Nelson as the first Mrs. Wilson, and Geraldine Fitzgerald as the second wife, Thomas Mitchell as Tumulty the secretary, Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, William Eythe as a Princeton student, Mary Anderson, Ruth Ford, Madeleine Forbes as the daughters, Eddie Foy Jr. as Eddie Foy Sr., Vincent Price as William G. McAdoo are just a few of the many familiar characters of this era. But it's Knox you'll remember, for over it all he seems to cast the strength, and yes the weaknesses, of the man himself.

Your Reviewer Says: A living portrait.

✓✓ Dragon Seed (M-G-M)

A MASTERPIECE, no less, dealing with China and its little people, the peasants and farmers who grow from simple kindly people through stages of bewildered subservience to their Jap conquerors, to a united people of strength and purpose.

Through the younger generation old China is brought to see the futility of holding one's land cherished by one's ancestors, so that a newer, greater and freer China might be born.

Katharine Hepburn as Jade gives a fine performance, brilliant in spots and cloudy in others as if she were unsure at moments but, despite this, arresting in its interpretation. But it remains for Turhan Bey the young Turkish actor to walk away with the picture. Poetic in voice, inflection, gesture, carrying into his role of Hepburn's husband all his understanding of the Asiatics, young Bey emerges as one of those stars who will occupy an important place on the screen. What can this actor be doing in those fantastic B's of Universal?

Walter Huston and Aline MacMahon as parents of young Bey, Hurd Hatfield and Robert Bice take us into the very heart of China, permitting us to understand these our Allies as we never have before. And Frances Rafferty as the victim of Jap cruelty is most appealing. Others in the cast contribute to a story that reaches to the very roots of China itself—a story for which every American craving a better understanding of all people should give thanks.

Your Reviewer Says: Magnificent.

✓✓ Mr. Winkle Goes To War (Columbia)

THERE are two kinds of wars and Eddie Robinson fights both in this curiously appealing little movie. What's more, he emerges victor in each struggle, the physical war of hatred and force and the spiritual one of character and soul. Timid, henpecked, shy, but determined as the Rock of Gibraltar, Eddie quits his job of keeping books at a bank to open a Fixit Shop and even the prospect of losing the wife he loves won't budge him from his intention. The only thing that does deter him is his induction into the Army—this when men up to forty-five were accepted.

In the Army Eddie displays the same determination to do the thing for which he feels best fitted and so heckles his sergeant to be relieved of bookkeeping and get into the combat mechanic unit.

Ted Donaldson, the young hero of "Once Upon A Time," is Eddie's workshop pal, Ruth Warrick his wife, Bob Haymes (who sings even as brother Dick), Richard Lane and Robert Armstrong, his Army pals.

"This One Complete Cream is all I need!"

... says Deanna Durbin

Long hours of war work and film-making never dim her dawn-fresh loveliness. Adorable Deanna Durbin explains, "With satiny

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, I give my skin
complete care—in seconds."



DEANNA DURBIN, CO-STARRING WITH GENE KELLY IN
"CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY," A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

All YOU need is this one cream—to help make
your skin film-star lovely. *Cleanses. Softens. Smooths. Holds powder.*
Helps erase tiny dry-skin lines. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works
constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, *helping*
protect against blemish-causing germs.

Take Hollywood's Beauty Night Cap: *Every night* cleanse
with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, then use as a
night cream for extra beautifying. Use also for
freshening daytime clean-ups. 10¢ to \$1.25.

Woodbury

COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM



FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES!

All contribute to his whimsically different story you won't want to miss.

Your Reviewer Says: A little dream of a movie.

✓✓ Our Hearts Were Young And Gay (Paramount)

THOSE who read the book by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough will rejoice in the charm and deliciousness of the amusing adventures of two young girls who set out for Europe alone and practically throw the entire continent into an uproar. They will love it, that is, as long as the picture adheres to the book. But halfway through the story, Hollywood has been unable to resist its habit of gilding the lily and the second half takes on a slapsticky quality entirely foreign to the chuckly charm of the first half. But even so it's a delightful event and one we heartily advise you not to miss.

Diana Lynn as Emily Kimbrough and Gail Russell as Cornelia Otis Skinner are perfect choices for our innocents abroad. Gail has improved in poise and assurance since her appearance in "The Uninvited" and Diana Lynn is just about the cutest trick we've seen on the screen in ages. Here is a feminine star of tomorrow or we miss our guess.

James Brown and Bill Edwards as the young men involved couldn't be better. They are temperamentally suited to their roles and form a perfect background for the emotional outbursts of the girls.

Charlie Ruggles plays the actor Otis Skinner and father of Cornelia with nice restraint and understanding. Dorothy Gish as Mrs. Skinner fits into the story beautifully and delightful bits are furnished by Alma Kruger and Beulah Bondi and

the incident of their lost pocketbook.

Your Reviewer Says: "Those endearing young charms—"

✓✓ The Seventh Cross (M-G-M)

A POWERFULLY moving story this, that starts right out to clutch the nervous system and never leaves off until the very last second of time. There is really no slow building to a climax, for the action is climactic from start to finish.

The story intends to show that kindness and some spark of human friendliness burned in the hearts of some Germans prior to the war and during the early Nazi purges and tells of the efforts of seven men to escape a concentration camp.

Spencer Tracy, the seventh mind-tortured escapee, is eventually healed through the knowledge that there are men left in Germany willing to risk all to help.

One of the seven men is Hume Cronyn, a simple factory worker. His work is brilliant, deep in sincerity and imbued with an aura of humility. Tracy is wonderful and Signe Hasso, Jessica Tandy (Mrs. Cronyn in real life), Agnes Moorehead, Herbert Rudley, Ray Collins and Felix Bressart are excellent, each and every one.

Your Reviewer Says: It will leave you limp.

✓✓ Wing And A Prayer (20th Century-Fox)

AT last here is a war story, devoid of the old Hollywood bunkeroo, that becomes an almost factual document, gripping the interest because the sincerity of the telling makes you feel that this is what our boys are actually undergoing. The story of a carrier and its cargos of planes

has been told before but it has never been so quietly convincing.

Dana Andrews as the squadron commander convinces by the calm sincerity of his performance. Andrews has attained a new assurance on the screen that definitely means stardom. Bill Eythe, as the Academy Award winning actor now in the Naval Air Corps, injects just the merest suggestion of emotional instability into his role that somehow adds to the appeal of the character. Don Ameche, as the unbending flight officer who must coldly sacrifice the life of one man in order that many more may live, tries a little too hard but is nonetheless good.

Young Richard Jaeckel as the seventeen-year-old gunner, Richard Crane as Eythe's roommate, Kevin O'Shea as the lad who falters in flight and then makes the supreme sacrifice, and so many others fit into the picture movingly.

Your Reviewer Says: A prayer answered.

✓✓ Take It Or Leave It (20th Century-Fox)

WE'D take it. There isn't much plot to carry, it has a pleasant scent and besides it offers a lot of fun guessing who is what.

Judging from the construction of the story we'd say it cost about \$64 to make, for the bulk of the picture is made up of scenes from old Twentieth Century-Fox films to which contestant Eddie Ryan must guess the right answers. And, of course, Phil Baker, from whose radio show the picture was taken, is there in person to hand out the usual caution of "No prompting from the audience, please," while practically telling the contestant the right answer himself.

For IRRESISTIBLE LIPS

*Wear
Irresistible Lipstick
in deep, luscious
FUCHSIA PLUM*

Velvet enchantment for your lips when you wear Irresistible's most fascinating Lipstick shade FUCHSIA PLUM . . . a deep, rich plum tone, to lend that look of tender fullness that is so inviting to romance. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious, creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer. Try this exquisite lipstick today. Complete your make-up with Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder.

10c-25c SIZES

Irresistible
Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER . . .

LIPSTICK

S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

A touch of
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
Assures Glamour



Young Eddie Ryan (the youngest of "The Sullivan" boys), who again plays a sailor whose wife is going to have a baby, has such an air of sincerity in everything he does or says he instantly dominates every scene. There's a nice wholesome quality about the lad, too, that is bound to scoot him into bigger and better roles.

Marjorie Massow is pleasing as his young wife and Stanley Prager good as his pal. You'll enjoy seeing whole screen sequences of Shirley Temple at the age of four, Alice Faye and Betty Grable in Billie Gilbert's harem and many other such scenes from various films.

Your Reviewer Says: You won't be *sorry*.

✓ Music In Manhattan (RKO)

NOW here's an example of how less lavish musical farces should be made. Instead of a boring parade of Grade B vaudeville acts thrown at bewildered audiences who can't make head or tail of it, we have a cute, snappy little yarn, not original in idea we admit, but all shiny with smart polishing, aglow with humor and enhanced with good acting.

In the latter department we have Anne Shirley looking lovely and proving herself a right snappy little comedienne. Phillip Terry, the decorated war hero from overseas who moves in on Anne to her embarrassment and our delight, has the nicest sense of humor imaginable; nice in that it is so unexpected.

Dennis Day, now of the Navy, is a plain old riot as Anne's suitor and as comical as a cage full of brass monkeys. Very definitely Dennis establishes himself as a light comedian destined to be very much in demand after the war.

Jane Darwell and Raymond Walburn fit cozily into the story and Day's warbling is worth the price of admission alone.

Your Reviewer Says: Yes, we're pretty happy about this.

✓ Abroad With Two Yanks (Edward Small-U.A.)

BILL BENDIX and Dennis O'Keefe are two Marines who come to Australia for a little fun after the fury of the battle in the Pacific and we can tell you right now they'd have been better off among the Jap snipers.

The trouble starts when Bill, a poetry-loving soul who has a mean right, and Dennis, brash and sassy, fall for an Australian beauty, played by Helen Walker, and proceed to break every law known to military regulations and a few that weren't even known, in their effort to outrival each other. We won't spoil the story by telling who finally wins out, but the picture's real punch is in its comical and surprising finish. It's a lot of fun, corny as all get out, but just the kind of thing our boys in service will appreciate because it's so unlikely to happen, *we hope*.

John Loder as the regular kind of guy is so charming. Bendix and O'Keefe are a perfect pair and Miss Walker is just this side of a dream girl. George Cleveland, her father, and James Flavin as the sergeant do nice jobs, too.

Your Reviewer Says: What will the Aussies think of us? Really!

Jungle Woman (Universal)

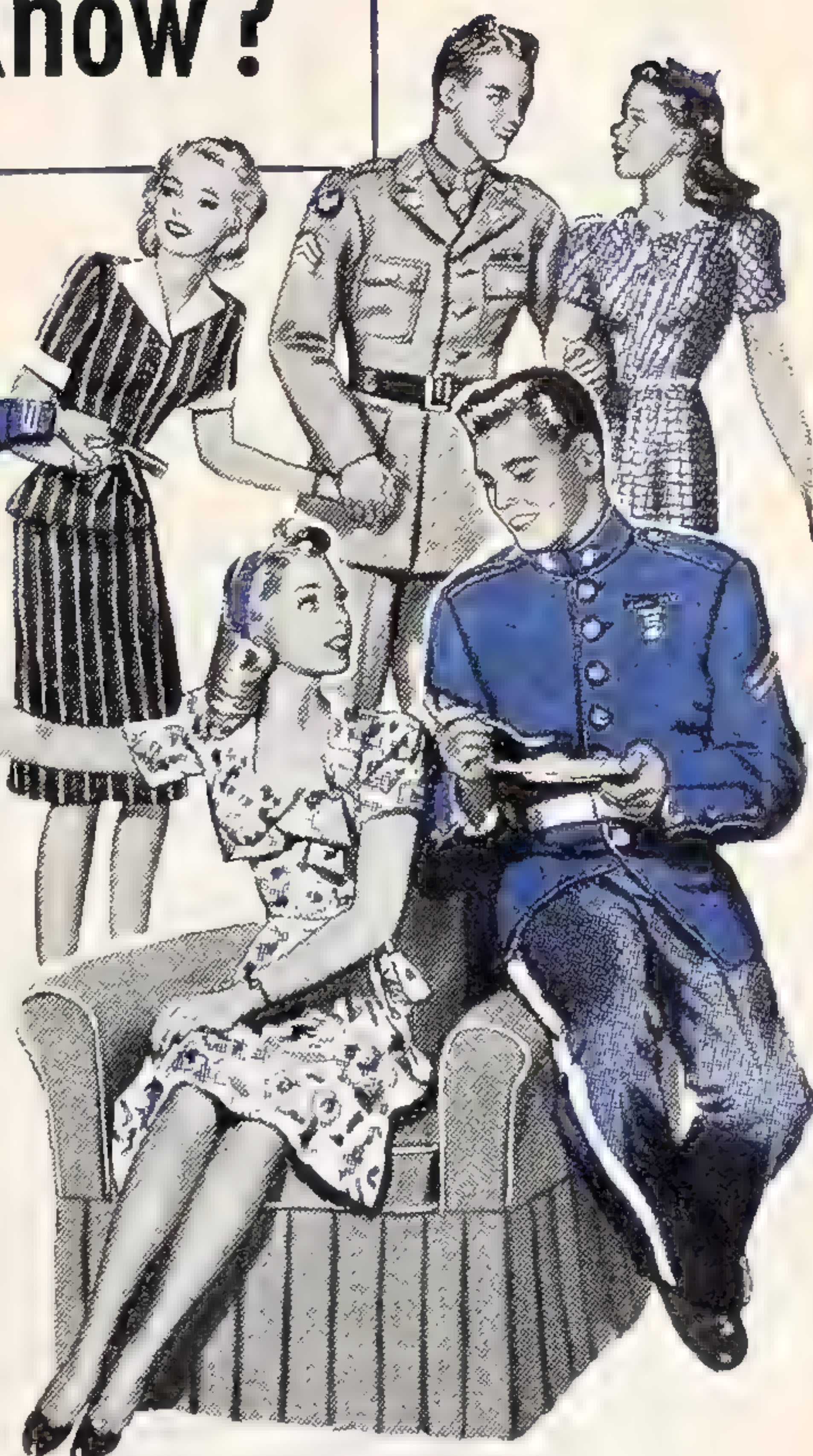
ACQUANETTA is an ape girl (continued over from the "Captive Wild Woman" movie) who is transformed into a beautiful girl by the simple expedient of a magic drug (and we wish someone would pass it our way). Unfortunately, while she is in the ape stage (do you feel as

(Continued on page 124)

Are You in the Know?

If you were this junior hostess, would you say—☐ "I hate games"
☐ "Let's join in"
☐ "I'd rather watch"

Everybody on the floor for a mixer! (Just when you're snaring that handsome Marine!) But a successful USO hostess forgets about herself—lets her *guests* have the fun. So you join in. At certain times, forgetting about yourself is easy when you trust your secret to Kotex. It's Kotex that has those patented ends—*pressed flat*—not thick, nor stubby. That's one important reason why Kotex is *different* from ordinary napkins. Skylark through a "calendar" evening, *confidently*. No outlines show . . . with Kotex sanitary napkins!



If this happens to you, should you blame—

- ☐ Your waxed floors
- ☐ Your scatter rugs
- ☐ Yourself



Tain't funny when falls cause 15,750 casualties a year! If your scatter rugs slip—blame *yourself*. Anchor them with rug cushions. And for safety's sake on difficult days, why not choose the only napkin with the 4-ply safety center . . . choose Kotex . . . and get *plus* protection? You'll like the *dependable softness* of Kotex. Unlike other pads, Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex *stays soft while wearing*—keeps its shape, keeps you more comfortable—longer!

Which do you need, for this "trim" effect?

- ☐ Scraps of felt
- ☐ Two weeks' allowance
- ☐ A milliner



You can do it yourself! Just cut out simple flower shapes from scraps of felt . . . tack 'em with snappers to your gloves and beanie. Vary the flower colors, and have matching accessories for every outfit! They go together. Like daintiness and smooth grooming. Like Quest and Kotex. For Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, answers the urgent need for a powder deodorant on "those" days. Used with sanitary napkins, safe, unscented Quest Powder banishes fear of offending.

More women choose KOTEX* than
all other napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Let Up

WHEN

NATURE LETS ME DOWN?

Not Me!"



YOU watch the calendar, of course, but nature doesn't. Plans are often upset by menstrual pain and discomfort. So look ahead now and get Midol before your next period. *Have relief handy!*

Take one of these triple-acting tablets at the first sign of suffering. See how speedily Midol eases your functional distress. One ingredient relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. And a third stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Millions of girls and women rely on Midol every month because they find it so effective and know it is not narcotic. Get Midol at your nearest drugstore, today.



MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

★ A Product of General Drug Company

Speak FOR YOURSELF



John Garfield

in the overseas swing

of things. For more

details, see Pvt. Edwards' letter

\$10.00 PRIZE To Action!

I DON'T think I really knew what air war was actually like until I saw the official government short, "The Memphis Belle," at my neighborhood theater. Then I knew the feeling of fear, of anger, of anxiety. This was the war our boys know, deposited in our laps through the daring of cameramen with our air forces.

The motion-picture industry is to be commended for bringing such realistic films to 80,000,000 fans. If our boys can take it, so can we—vicariously! The manager of the theater where I saw this short told me afterward:

"I sold 175% more Bonds and War Stamps this week than at any other time, thanks to the 'Memphis Belle' film!"

I think that is sufficient testimony as to the power of such shorts to move Americans to action. They're not pleasant to see and hear, but they enable us, if only in spirit, to be with our sons and brothers on their hazardous missions.

Mrs. Hazel Lobelson,
Chicago, Ill.

\$5.00 PRIZE Game Guys

EVEN though I am not from Brooklyn, I'm still a keen baseball fan. It and the movies being my two favorite means of entertainment, I decided to combine them, putting top male stars into a game of baseball. This is the way Manager Kyle would do it.

1. Batter—W. C. Fields. No man can equal him on a bat.
2. Pitcher—Ray Milland. Pitching personality plus.

3. Catcher—Richard Jaeckel. Catching the public eye.
4. First baseman—Dennis Morgan. Always first with the fans.
5. Second baseman—Gene Kelly. Dances around on second (and I second every movement he makes).
6. Third baseman—Frank Sinatra. Puts them out cold.
7. Short stop—look-and-listen-to boy—Van Johnson.
8. Outside fielders—Lon McCallister, Farley Granger and Robert Ryan who are fast moving up.
9. Umpire—Lou Costello. He's such a square fellow—5 by 5.
10. Water boy—Johnnie Weissmuller. 'Cause most of the time he's all wet anyway.

What a game this would be! All hits, no errors!

Virginia Kyle,
New Orleans, La.

(Continued on page 118)

PHOTOPLAY awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted, as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

The well groomed woman everywhere



Takes pride in lovely, shining hair!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene
with Hair Conditioner reveals
up to 33% more lustre than soap
... yet leaves hair so easy to
arrange, so alluringly smooth!

*Does your hair look dull,
slightly mousy?*

Maybe it's just because you're washing
it with soap or soap shampoos ... letting
soap film hide the glorious natural lustre
and color brilliance. Change to Drene with
Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any
dulling film. That's why it reveals up to
33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

*Does your hair-do require
constant fiddling?*

Men don't like this business of running
a comb through your hair in public! Fix
your hair so it stays put! And remember
Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair
wonderfully easy to manage, right after
shampooing! No other shampoo leaves
hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!

But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity.
For unsightly dandruff can be easily con-
trolled by frequent and correct shampoo-
ing. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes
every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff
the very first time you use it!



HATS OFF to the gallant women who
wear the distinguished uniform of the
Women's Army Corps! This very trim,
yet feminine hair-do was designed to
go with the jaunty WAC cap. Equally
smart with feminine "civvies." Credit
for that shining-smooth hair goes to
Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.



Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

**Make a Date
with**

Glamour

Tonight ... don't put it off ... shampoo your hair the
new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner!
Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this
wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓ **Extra lustre**
... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos!
✓ **Manageable hair** ... easy to comb into smooth shining
neatness! ✓ **Complete removal** of flaky dandruff!
Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

SURE, AND IT WILL STEAL
YOUR HEART AWAY !!!

... with the love songs always at the
top of America's lilt parade!

... with the romance of two hot-headed
sweethearts who love as only the Irish can!

... with the laughter and fun that's
shamrocking the nation!

June Haver
... your beautiful
blonde discovery-
... puts a smile
in your eye!

MONTY
WOOLLEY

JUNE
HAVER

DICK
HAYMES

in
Damon Runyon's

Irish Eyes are Smiling

in TECHNICOLOR

ANTHONY with BEVERLY
QUINN • WHITNEY
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

and The Metropolitan Opera Singers
Leonard Warren and Blanche Thebom

A 20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF
Produced by DAMON RUNYON
Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and John Tucker Battle
Based on a story by E. A. Ellington

The Man Who Tried To End War

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Photoplay's editorial page is devoted this month to a challenging discussion of a challenging picture.

LET'S get right down to this in the first paragraph. The man or woman past forty-five who does not go to see a motion picture called "Wilson" is a coward. The man or woman under forty-five who does not go to see it is a fool.

At least that's the way I feel about it.

If you are an American with any sense of fair play (and we pride ourselves, don't we, upon our sense of fair play?) you have no choice in this matter. You're very lucky that it's fine entertainment, with all the stops out. Afterwards you will probably realize that it's a big picture, with love stories and comedy and brass bands and beauty of all kinds, and without a single battle scene. But, actually, that has nothing to do with it. The truth is that you have no right not to see it, because it is an honest, authentic, unbiased and yet burning historical document which flings an unspoken challenge straight at the head of every citizen of these United States.

The whole motion-picture industry has a right to be very proud of "Wilson." Because, for the first time, the screen in all its might and beauty has presented a story which has vital significance to questions facing every American heart and mind and soul. That story ends over twenty years ago. But as the drama leaves your pulses and the color fades from your eyes and the music from your ears, you are face to face with your own decisions and choices and problems of this hour and minute.

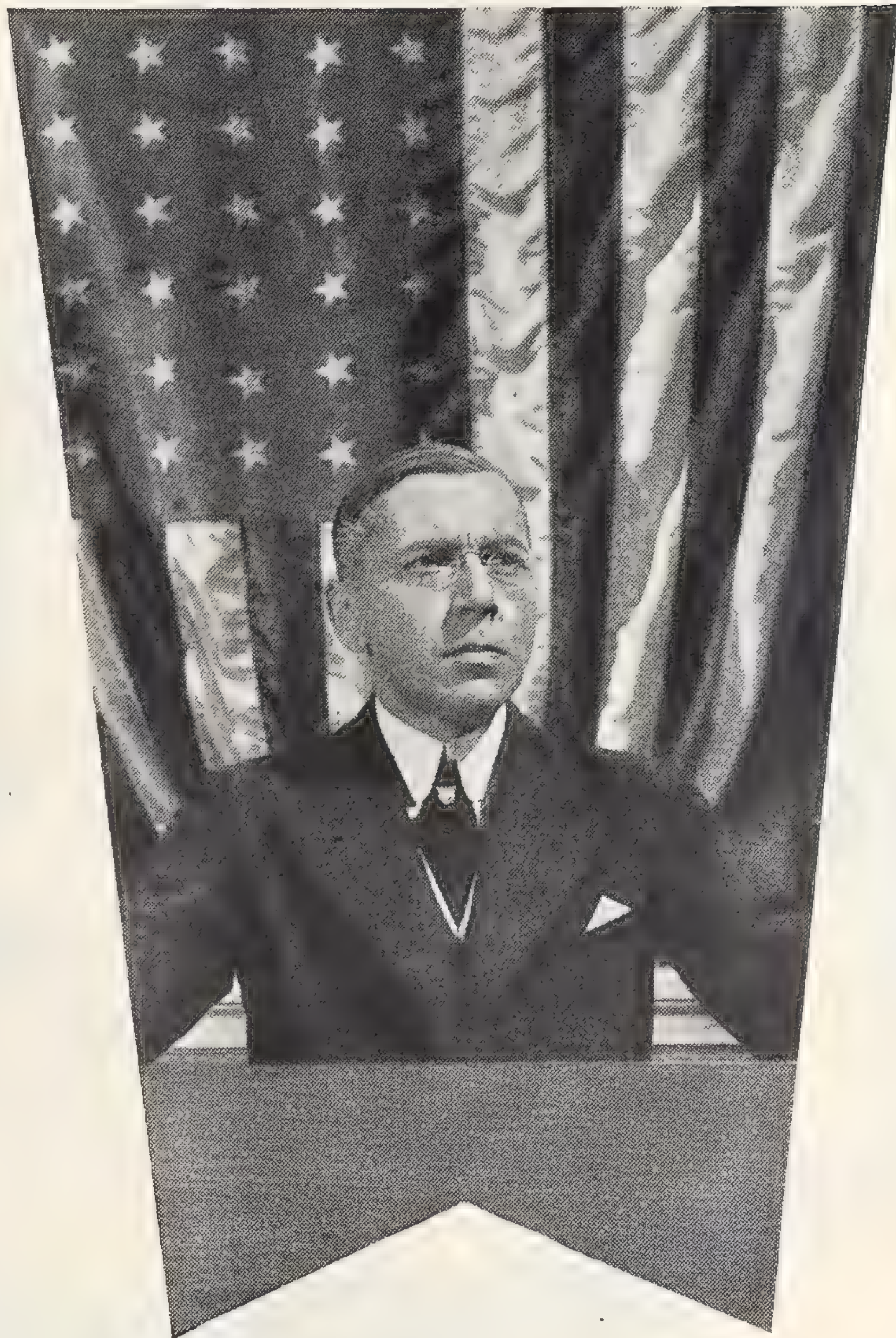
I am not a motion-picture critic and this in no way pretends to be a review of "Wilson." It is quite simply the record of my own experience in seeing a film about which there has been so much said, around which so much interest has centered.

Seeing this picture is an experience. I would do it grave injustice if I conveyed the impression that you couldn't just go to see it as you would see any other picture and have a swell time. Only fair to say that you will, for instance, see an old-fashioned Yale-Princeton football game which is a howl—that you will see two moving love stories—the intimate inside of the White House and how a family lives there—two or three favorite newspaper classic moments—a top-kick who was just as tough in 1917 as top-kicks are today—the brilliance of a diplomatic reception—a fight at the Peace Table between Clemenceau and Wilson that has the violence of Joe Louis and Max Baer for the heavyweight championship—and Wilson struck down and laid upon that same bed where once they laid the martyred Lincoln.

All this you will see and enjoy for its drama. On the other hand it would be idiotic to duck its deeper and inescapable import.

I dare you to write and tell me that you were able to see this picture without saying to yourself, "And now—today—1944—what am I going to do with this second chance? Where do I stand in this matter that faces me and which has so vital an effect upon my own life and that of my sons and my grandsons?"

For "Wilson" is the story of a fight. Of Woodrow Wilson's fight to the very death for a League of Nations which would prevent another war. Of his fight and his defeat—and for me, at least, the tragedy of that defeat was almost too terrible to be borne since all the time I kept hearing the guns roar once more in France, seeing the planes fall once more from the skies of France, carrying another generation of (Continued on page 116)



Alexander Knox as the President. To see "Wilson" is an experience



Heartbreak Story



Barbara and Cary before they separated. Their devotion to each other endures despite the break between them

BARBARA HUTTON and Cary Grant have announced that their marriage is over. Those of us who are closest to them have long expected this announcement. Only the fact that they were madly in love preserved their marriage beyond the first months which showed them they had no meeting grounds for everyday living; that they gravitated towards different friends and approached life from different points of view.

Cary has an unquenchable zest for living. Barbara hasn't. She's happy with the European set. He's stimulated by friends who are an integral part of the motion-picture colony.

Actually they planned to separate last June. But when Barbara's for-

mer husband, Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, filed suit charging her with being unfit to have the custody of their nine-year-old Lance and later spirited the child away to Canada, their parting was postponed.

Two month's later, however, Cary moved out of the house he and Barbara had shared. But two days later he was back, eager to discuss a reconciliation. Barbara, long unhappy watching his unhappiness, tried to show him it was useless. When Cary, unpersuaded, moved his belongings back to the house she, in turn, packed her things and went to live with a friend.

"There is no chance of a reconciliation," she announced firmly and sadly. "It would be unfair and dis-

honest of me to take advantage of my husband's name and protection because I am fighting to hold my child."

Cary makes it clear he is still deeply fond of Barbara. He asked the press in reporting the separation to be kind to her. And when Barbara goes to court to fight for her son, Cary will be beside her.

There is pathetic irony in this story of a man and a woman who most certainly were not made for each other but who are, equally certainly, in love. And it may very well be because both knew their marriage was doomed and Barbara's happiness would, more than ever, depend upon her boy that Cary was finally able to prevail upon her to have the legal showdown which will

Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton have separated in a moment filled with pathos and high courage. The story of their personal tragedy is told here by a famous and intimate friend

ELSA MAXWELL



Son Lance (with his step-sister) plays a vital role



Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, snapped in London

prove her right to her son's custody for all time.

As a friend of Barbara's and Cary's I know this whole brave story and I think told now, against the backdrop of their separation, it will have as deep drama and pathos as any you have ever heard.

According to the divorce agreement granted Barbara and Reventlow, Lance spent six months with each parent.

Early this summer when Lance was expected home after six months with his father, there was great rejoicing in the Grant household.

At this time I met Cary shopping. "Every year when Lance comes home we have some things for him," he grinned.

Barbara's plan was to welcome

Lance with a gay children's party. It was at the eleventh hour that she faced the crushing news Lance would not be home. Reventlow's attorney sent her a note, saying in effect that the Count had taken Lance to Canada. Barbara might make demand for him. Should Reventlow refuse, she could resort to the Canadian courts.

Barbara broke down. This climaxed all the strain of the previous months when Reventlow had brought suit asking control of the rearing of Lance, asserting that Barbara used coarse and vulgar language in the boy's presence and sought to undermine the boy's affection for him.

When the suit broke Barbara and Cary postponed their separation. He

had known that her dread of the kind of trouble Reventlow might make would keep her paying off for the rest of her days if she didn't call a halt. So ever since their marriage he had been imbuing her with courage against this inevitable day.

Now, to everyone's surprise, Barbara made no effort to end this suit with financial compromise as she had done in previous instances. She had settled one and a half million dollars on the Count when they were married and another million and a half when they were divorced.

Cary was counting upon Lance to comfort Barbara and help her find her way to happiness again after he and Barbara separated. He knew Barbara almost never had gone to

(Continued on page 85)



"Miss Christmas Tree"

The Story of the Ingrid Bergman No One Sees

There is another Ingrid, known only to a few people,
among them the author of this unusual piece

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

THIS is the sixth time I have started this story on Ingrid Bergman. The wastebasket by my desk is filled with crumpled "beginnings" that somehow seemed all wrong. They were too "sweet"—too hearts-and-flowery.

For the first time in my life I found myself writing about a movie star like a press agent.

But what can you do about Bergman?

Here is a woman with charm so deep that she seems to be illuminated by some inner glow. "Mike" Curtiz, the director, once tried to explain this iridescent quality of Bergman's by calling her "Miss Christmas Tree." "That's because she not only gives out her own light," said Mike, "but because everybody else lights up just looking at her!"

Here is an actress more than "admired" by her co-workers. They love her. And they love her with an added quality of rare respect.

Here is an artist-wife who puts her doctor-husband's career far above her own in importance. When Dr. Peter Lindstrom's work took him to San Francisco, Ingrid established her real home there and "commuted" to Hollywood to make pictures.

Here is an artist-mother so close to her five-year-old daughter, Pia, that the little girl even shares that career with her. "I bring her often on the set," Ingrid told me,

Taking part in the War
Chest Drive with Ida Lupino



With her husband, Dr. Lindstrom. Is she "spoiling" him?

"and she sees how hard I work. She knows that I get up before daylight when I am making a picture. If she wants to be an actress she must realize that she cannot step into success without study and effort on her part."

I give up. All right, this is a hearts-and-flowers story on Bergman—but it is Ingrid as I know her. . . .

We met about four years ago when she came out to Marsons Farm one Sunday afternoon. She had not been long in Hollywood and her Swedish accent was far more marked than it is today. She had not yet acquired the easy graciousness of her present manner. She was a foreigner in a strange country and the ways of her own country still clung to her.

Her handshake, for instance: She extended her own hand firmly and high—and shook your hand with a polite little jerk and a slight bow. It was obvious that she was ill at ease, at first. She was not only in the midst of strangers—but also of the terrifying "press."

But the slight self-consciousness that brought a tinge of pink into her face, completely devoid of make-up, did not last long. She was delighted with the farm, the cows and chickens and horses and, best of all, the orange trees.

"Please," she said, "may I pick a *live* orange to send to my husband? (Dr. Lindstrom was then still in Stockholm.) He has never seen an orange growing in its own leaves!"

(Continued on page 89)



What's wrong with

A frank explanation of Ronnie's unorthodox actions that have Hollywood — and her friends — wondering



THE place, Hollywood. The time, a lunch time or evening. The setting: A gathering of more than two or three. The subject, Veronica Lake.

The things you hear! Lake came late on the set, you hear. Lake didn't want to work with Alan Ladd, you hear. Imagine Lake's not wanting to work with Ladd—and he's twice as important as she is!

You hear there was trouble on the set of "Bring On The Girls." And do you remember the talk of her snooting Freddie March in a portrait sitting? And have you heard how she's in night clubs most every night with Director Jean Negulesco, or Howard Hughes, the flying multimillionaire, or recently that new director André de Toth? Pretty good for a kid in a town that they insist is manless! And her actions in restaurants—talking loud, amazing but not amusing her friends with practical jokes. What's wrong with Veronica, you hear her friends wonder.

Then there are the things you read. Remember how in her official biography, she said her real name was Constance Keane and that she was born in Lake Placid, New York? So what did she do? She gave a story to Life Magazine in which she calmly announced that neither of these personally related facts was remotely true.

The most annoying part of that to the section of moviedom that likes to regard itself an industry and feels everything should run like clockwork (even if nothing in moviedom ever does) is that, by one of those miraculous twists, when the story was printed it made Miss Lake, the beautiful dreamer, look like Hollywood's most honest soul.

The riotous part of it is that, in some ways, she is Hollywood's most honest soul.

In her totally unconventional, violently individual way, she has the courage of her own convictions. That's what causes the trouble.

She's young. She's beautiful. She's box-office. There's the rub. No matter how Hollywood tries to slice her, she's still Veronica, the personality.

For instance, I sought her out personally to get the story behind these stories. If you asked most stars if they were prone to do a bit of embroidery regarding some facts in their lives, you would meet with such horror as Karloff never conceived of in his most scarey film.

Miss Lake wasn't a bit horrified. I wish you could have seen her as she sat there, on the golden living-room couch in the quiet small house,



Veronica Lake?

By

RUTH WATERBURY



on a shady canyon street, which she shares with Rita Beery, Wally's ex-wife. She wore a very tailored beige tweed suit with a tailored shirt fastened tight around her smooth young throat by a neatly knotted man's tie. Her spectacular hair was tucked back without so much as a wisp of it straying from a coarse yellow snood. She had little brown moccasins on her feet and no stockings and her only make-up was her very scarlet lip rouge. It was a get-up that would have rendered most females back into the category of repellent spinsterliness. But on Ronnie, it made her more beautiful. I couldn't imagine any man's seeing her in this mocking parody of his own garb who wouldn't have wanted

either to slap her or kiss her, a fact with which she was, I'm sure, perfectly prepared to grapple.

For that kind of sly awareness is the outstanding quality about her that gets you. There she sits, so young, so beautiful. She says she is just twenty-one, and she doesn't look even that old, but she subtly outsmarts you. She does everything exactly as she pleases, in manners impossibly inconvenient to everyone else concerned, but it works out right for Ronnie, who is the person she is interested in.

"Yes, I left the set of a picture," she admits. "I came to Paramount, four years ago, when I was seventeen. It was my first contract and I knew from nothing. I was a bride in love. You know that no girl in love ever thinks clearly about anything. John Detlie was the finest

man I had ever known. We are no longer in love but I'll always admire him.

"Well, everybody now knows that yarn about my walking off the set of my first picture, 'I Wanted Wings,' and driving to where Johnnie was staying. I did do that—I know now it was silly. I ran away because I was bawled out.

"I thought my feelings had been trampled on that time, but a real blow taught me how gentle life had been on me up till then. The blow hit on Thanksgiving Day when during my first dinner party in our first home we heard a radio commentator announcing that I was flirting with another man and that I was, right that moment, dining in his home.

"Today it is easy to say that I should have laughed. But I couldn't take it that easy.

"That's why I hope my daughter never wants to take up acting. Acting itself I love. It's in my blood, but I hope (Continued on page 100)

To Judy

BY ROBERT NATHAN

Birthday present from a famous poet to a famous star—this poem specially written by Robert Nathan for Judy Garland and read aloud by Clark Gable at Judy's birthday party. In answer, Judy sang her song, "Dear Mr. Gable," dedicated years ago to Clark . . . the guests cried a little . . . smiled . . . and cheered a dark-eyed little trouper.

What shall we bring our Judy on her birthday?
The weather being fair, the summer set,
And we here met,
Being her friends, to help her celebrate?
A little Garland is appropriate.
Weave it of song. She will not mind too much
The slight, the friendly biographic touch,
Or care because the rhymes are old and worn.
So let us simply say that she was born
OVER THE RAINBOW, just a little tardy
For Valentino, but in time for HARDY.
NOBODY'S BABY SINGING IN THE RAIN,
Or CHASING RAINBOWS up the counterpane,
A child, a little girl on flying feet,
And when she sang, as sweet
And artless as a mocker on a hill,
Even the grips were still.
Today her freckled features light the air
For me and Mr. Mayer,
And smooth the path of rubble and of weed
For Mr. Mannix and for Mr. Freed—
For every boy in every far-off corner—
But not for Mr. Zanuck, Mr. Warner,
And not for Selznick or for Mr. Cohn;
They go their way alone.
Judy, the years pile up upon your head;
Youth's golden, light, delicious moments fly;
It would be pleasant to grow young instead,
But LISTEN DARLING—THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY.
And this your birthday, for which THOUSANDS CHEER,
Is still the dewy morning of the year.
So here I end my verse. STRIKE UP THE BAND.
These are my birthday wishes: May you land
A golden Oscar, shiny as Miss Garson's,
And every Sunday in Louella Parsons.
And may no planet ever rise above you—
Because this day, and every day, we love you.

Judy Garland



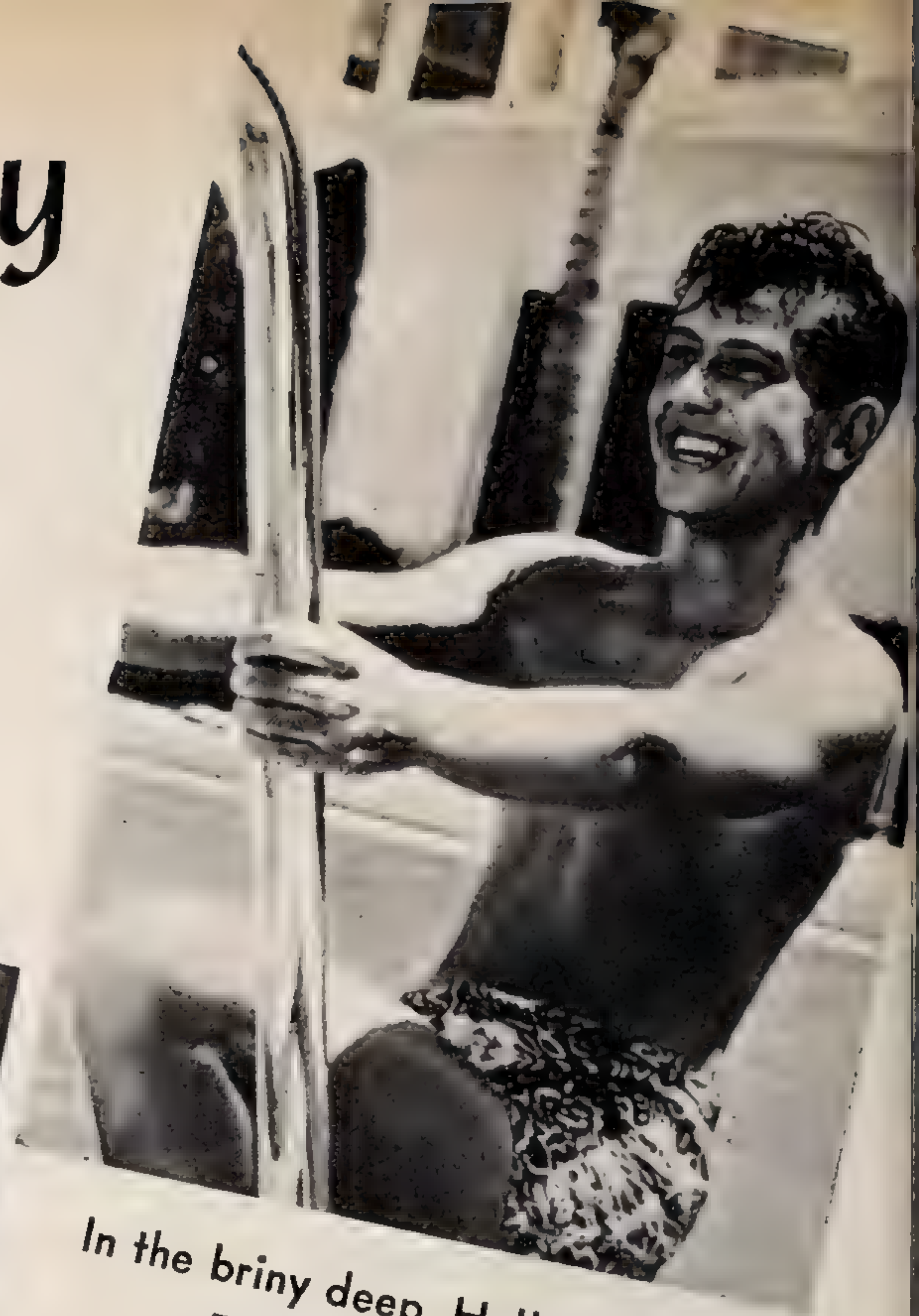
Beauty, thoughtful: Judy Garland of M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis"

Carpenter

Finding out about Farley

Look out! He'll completely beguile
you, this kid in the bell-bottom pants

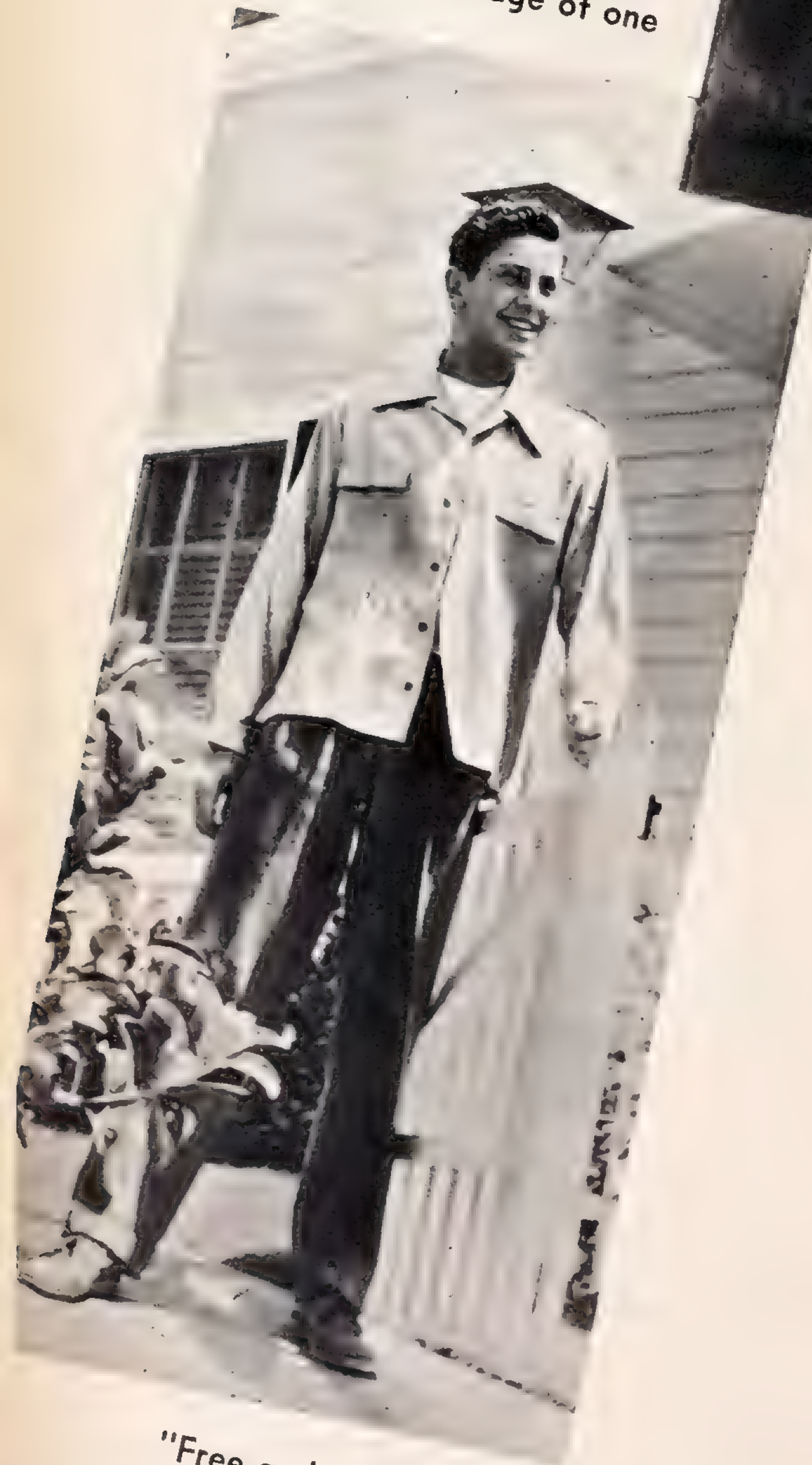
BY SANDRA SHEA



*In the briny deep, Hollywood style:
The sailor of today when
he signed with Goldwyn*



*Center of attraction
in a charming Granger
home: Farley at the age of one*



*"Free and Easy Granger" growing
up: He liked to spend money
on presents for his mother*

HE CAME home on his first leave with a haircut that made his mother cry. Short and stubby, it was, after the usual G.I. fashion, Navy barbers having no more eye for glamour than Army scissors artists. He looked kind of funny in his bell-bottom pants and square-collared blouse that showed his undershirt around the neck. Different, anyway. His mother thought, too, that he looked a little peaked and even after she was assured he had gained weight during the four months he'd been boarding with Uncle Sam, she was not quite sure he'd been fed right. Mothers are often that way.

Anyway, those first couple of hours were a little strained. This tall, level-eyed individual in Navy blues seemed almost a stranger. His talk about boot camp at Farragut, Idaho, might have been spoken in Greek, so different was it from the careless, youthful lingo he used to carry on his tongue.

He sort of scared Eva Granger. He was her only son. They'd been, during his eighteen years of life, as close as a mother and son could be. Now—well . . . he was almost a stranger. As she stirred the spaghetti sauce that Farley had always been so crazy about, a tear rolled

down her cheek and sizzled on the hot stove.

Seaman Granger was on the back porch, now, greeting Boots, the family dog. His mother could hear Boots' ecstatic tail a-thump on the linoleum-covered floor; could hear Farley saying, "Well, well, and how's the old girl?" She thought probably the hairs from Boots' shaggy, gray-white coat would play havoc with that immaculate sailor's uniform, but she didn't say anything. She just listened. Farley used to talk to Boots in a sort of human-to-human fashion. It wasn't very adult or very erudite, maybe. But—if he did it again he'd still be the old Farley, artless, boyish and not minding if he revealed his boyishness. And after a couple more "Good old Boots-es," she breathed a sigh of thanksgiving. Because he was saying, matter-of-factly:

"Boots, your eyes are as beautiful and brown as ever; your teeth are as white . . . Boots, if I ever find a girl with eyes and teeth like yours, I'll marry her."

He was the same Farley, Navy and war notwithstanding. And Eva Granger was pretty sure, suddenly, he always would be.

After all, a boy like Farley doesn't change overnight or in four months or in four years. A boy like Farley learns to roll with the punches, to adapt himself to anything he has to. He grows up, but he stays the same, inside.

Farley Granger, almost since babyhood, has wanted to be an actor, a good actor. He is working for Uncle Sam now, and will be until the war is over. But after that he will come (Continued on page 40)



Farley Granger

Finding out about Farley



Knee-pants stage: Farley with his mother. The Grangers had waited thirteen years for a child



With his father, a prosperous automobile salesman. Both parents idolized the boy from childhood

(Continued from page 38) back to the small, pretty white house in California's San Fernando Valley and take up where he left off. He is grateful to have had such wonderful picture "breaks"—Samuel Goldwyn's "The North Star" and Twentieth Century-Fox's "The Purple Heart"—before he left Hollywood.

He points out that lots of boys graduate out of high school smack into the armed forces and then, when they come back from war, a lot of them may have a tough time finding a job. He, Farley, has a job waiting for him when peace graces the world again. His contract at present is merely in suspension. The way he looks at things, he is very lucky . . . Well, he is . . . Yet it wasn't mere luck that gave young Farley the place he has in motion pictures today. Of course, his six-feet-two inches, his broad shoulders, his ingratiating, white toothed smile (and he never had to wear braces on his teeth, either), his voice—all of the components of a personality which seems to be born to mate with

motion-picture film—helped. But—"wishing made it so." It was the wishing and the hoping, the faith that he could and would someday be an actor, that really made him one, he says.

The praying, too. Farley doesn't belong to a church. When he was a youngster, he went to various Sunday schools. But he believes that if you pray for something worth while and are deserving, perhaps some All-Seeing Power will somehow arrange that you get it. You have to deserve it, though.

Maybe that is the reason he kept pinching a hard-muscled arm when he was finally given the role of *Damian* in "The North Star." Humbly, he couldn't believe he rated such good fortune. Heavens knows he had wanted the role so hard, though, that he just about had to get it. . . .

As perhaps you are aware, he had been acting in a play called "The Wookie" in a little theater in Hollywood. A very little theater. The production wasn't so very good, but Farley was. A Samuel Goldwyn

talent scout saw him and he was called into the studio to "read" for the powers-that-be. That was a great day. When Farley got the call he rushed over to Ventura Boulevard where his mother was working in a five-and-ten store (the Grangers were having it rather hard, financially, about that time).

"I've been seen! I've been seen!" he yelled. Maybe customers didn't know what he was yelling about, but Eva Granger did. She pulled his dark, rumpled head down and kissed him.

"I knew you would be, son," she said.

So the two of them, the next day, drove over to Formosa Avenue and Santa Monica Boulevard, both of them green as anything, not even knowing, exactly, what you did when you "read" for a role. And Farley, barely seventeen, as unworldly as a boy can be, scarcely ever having kissed a girl, "read" a tender love scene between *Damian* and *Marina*. Teresa Wright, at that time cast as *Marina*, was wonderful, Farley

Best friends: Farley, before he left for the Navy, with Roddy McDowall and sister



Up on wheels at four. From baby-hood, he was a mimic, starred in private-school plays



In a special "play-acting suit" made for him by his mother, he dramatized books he read



The regular-boy look: Farley was always active, played golf with his champion mother

thought. He said so when they'd finished. Bob McGuire, Goldwyn's casting director, looked at him queerly and said, quietly, "You weren't so bad, yourself, son. We'll probably be calling you. . . ."

They did call him. Farley, who until the "reading" had never been inside a picture studio, was given the role of *Damian* and signed to a contract. A hundred dollars a week. When it was done he sighed, blissfully. "Now Mom can quit the five-and-dime," he said.

Almost everybody else said, "What a break for a green kid. What a break. . . ."

Well, in a way, Farley had been preparing for this break for a long time. He had been, as his mother expresses it, "acting all over the place" ever since one day on a sandy beach in California, when he was three. The Grangers—Dad, Mom and Farley—had been in the water. Now they were sunning themselves. Dad and Mom were almost asleep when they noticed Farley was up to (Continued on page 104)



*Conversation: Intent diner-
out Spencer Tracy*



*Attention: The very
fair Hedy Lamarr*

TABLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



*Pantomime: Cary Grant uses
his own hand-sign talk*



*Dress-up scene: A smiling
Carole Landis*



*Cracker-crumbler: Ida
Lupino waits to be served*

TALK

HYMIE FINK



*Look-who's-here look:
Good fellow George Murphy*

CAN'T THEY BE FRIENDS?

No, most Hollywood stars
can't! Sometimes it's their own
fault; sometimes it's because
of situations just like these

BY "Fearless"

AS SCARCE as a movie star's friends . . .
"Why?" Fearless demanded of the little Hollywood group in which this bitter cliché was heard the other day. "Why is it the stars have such trouble making friends and keeping them?"

The answers varied, but they all made sense.

Someone said: "Rivalry makes friendships between the stars themselves pretty difficult. And immediately anyone from the outside tries to get near a star the boot-lickers have their knives out!"

Another member of that group, who had several fizzled friendships with Hollywood celebrities behind her, added, "Also no one with any personal ego could endure to spend much time with a star. Even if the star had managed to maintain balance enough to be interested in anyone else the attention a star receives on every hand makes anyone who is around him feel a complete nincompoop!"

Often, of course, it isn't the stars' fault that they lack friends. Those who might be their friends get inferiority complexes because of their wealth and fame and become defensive toward them.

Robert Taylor is a case in point.

"I keep hoping," says Bob, now Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N., "when this fight is over and I get out of the Navy that it won't be the way it was when I got out of college. After I went into pictures the gang at Pomona changed toward me; and robbed me of something I needed and valued."

"At Pomona we had a dutch treat club. We met once a month for lunch or dinner at some place we could all afford. And had fun. Well, after I began making a little money I wanted to say, 'Hi, gang! Let's go some place on me!' But I was afraid they would resent this and say to one another, 'Get a load of Brugh, showing off!' So I left it the way it was, with all of us going dutch at some modest place."

"I found out, after a while, that they were having meetings without notifying me. That hurt. But I swallowed hard and asked to hear about the next get-together. It didn't work, however. Someone got the idea I no longer relished modest restaurants and I was out."

"I hadn't changed. But the attitude toward me had."

"That's why I keep hoping there'll be no repetition on this score—no interruption of friendship with the guys I'm meeting now—when we all go back to civilian life. For it's a cinch our lives won't be as identical as they are here."

Frequently enough the stars' wealth and fame isolate them from potential friends too. As Bette Davis pointed out not long



Joan Crawford made a friend in N. Y. The result—a bad one



Vic Mature (with K. T. Stevens) found out the way to keep one friend

ago when Fearless lunched with her in the Green Room at the Warner Studios.

Bette was bursting with talk. About a new scientific discovery. About Seeing Eye dogs. About all the things her wide interests and enthusiasm embrace. Suddenly she stopped short.

"Listen to me," she said, with a Davis guffaw. "Talking my head off!"

There was amusement in her eyes. Fortunately she has a strong sense of irony. "Believe it or not," she went on, "I get hungry for someone to talk to sometimes when I'm between pictures. It's that simple. Days pass and the only time my telephone rings is when the studio is calling. Which is another less glamorous side of being a movie star . . . The nice people you meet—those whom you'd give plenty to have for friends—are shy with you because of your star status. The others, the sycophants, you remove from your scheme of things with dispatch!"

When Bette Davis says she removes the sycophants with dispatch it is rank understatement. Sycophants run, quick like bunnies, from anyone as honest and straight-shooting as she is. The very fact that she admits she isn't perpetually overwhelmed with dates proves her directness, of course. Most girls—in Hollywood or anywhere else—wouldn't say they were hungry for someone to talk to; never in a million years.

THE STARS also become wary about making friends because people so often use them as stepping stones to professional or social eminence.

Joan Crawford, not long ago, befriended a young woman whom she met on a trip to New York. She shared her flowers with this girl, autographed photographs for her and her aunts and her cousins and advised her about her problems. All went well until the girl followed Joan back to Hollywood, hung around her doorstep and finally tried to force her way into the studios and into Joan's home.

"What is it you want?" Joan pleaded. "Is it money—clothes—help in getting a job? Tell me!"

"I just want to be with you and meet other stars and go to big Hollywood parties," the girl admitted.

Experiences like this, multiplied hundreds of times, naturally make the stars timid about offering any semblance of friendship unless they're reasonably sure of the recipients.

There is a girl, fairly well off, with some entree in Hollywood, who embarrasses the stars with her favors. If she hears a star she knows, even slightly, is having a dinner party she will surfeit her with flowers. If she learns (Continued on page 108)



New Navy friends for Lt. Bob Taylor. Will he be able to keep them?



They all liked each other then—Ann Sothorn, Hedy Lamarr and Bob Sterling



Bette Davis meets nice people she'd like really to know, but—



Anne Baxter

A. B. Complex

BY ELLIOT PAUL

Delightfully intricate are the ideas of Anne Baxter. Delightfully different is this straightforward visit with her

NEATLY the dark, sleek roadster veered left across the sidewalk and stopped exactly alongside the brick walk of the dusty parking lot. The smocked attendant stepped up, the low-slung door came open and out stepped a young woman, too self-possessed to be a schoolgirl, too cleanly and marvelously young to be a woman of the world.

I was conscious of a lithe, trim figure, an outstretched hand, hair, shoulders, the cut of gray fabric but, above all, clear, youthful hazel eyes, the exact suggestion of perfume for California spring sunshine, and a voice, a low, well-modulated voice just on the mezzo side. Then a flash of recognition. And Anne Baxter's cordial smile.

The recognition, from her point of view, was easy. I wear a beard, which has been variously described, and could get by as Mr. Five by Five. But the pressure of her hand took away any awareness I might have had of being mildly comical or of small consequence in a chaotic scheme of things.

Anne Baxter's approach, in the flesh (crude word), has just the right balance between the athletic rush of the over-energetic and the studied hesitation which actresses assume when appearing in the doorway of a producer's office. Her manner is cordial, sincere, her interest is easily quickened, her gaze frank but in no way coquettish. There are moments when she looks—not exactly tired or weighed down with responsibility—but as though in the depths of her eyes there is a share of today's overwhelming human burden of longing and trying memories. Wistful, is it? Not exactly sad. Not serious in any ponderous way. Merely that here is a person, not a child;

Natural gifts plus ability to work—Anne Baxter has them both. Right below, the white-fenced house that is home to this twenty-year-old granddaughter of a world-famous architect



that no one had better underestimate her intelligence or bruise her sensitivity.

Such is the actress of whom so many of us have high hopes, indeed, that she will continue and enrich the tradition of Garbo, Paxinou, Bergman, the few extremely great ones in an industry which still is in its infancy. She has made a promising start as the drudge in "Swamp Water"; the far-seeing heroine in "The Magnificent Ambersons," the French girl in "The Pied Piper," the farm girl in "The Eve Of St. Mark," and now her greatest chance of all, the frustrated, vengeful little "guest" of "Guest In The House," produced by Hunt Stromberg.

Miss Baxter prefers a table in a quiet room, where it is quiet enough for conversation and obscure enough so that she will not be the object of attention, however discerning. She defers to her escort in an easy, most complimentary way. The day being hot, we ate something cold; a jellied

madrilene, some cold cuts with a green but not frivolous salad; a little cheese and coffee.

First of all, I must confess that I was not thinking, ever, about her being only twenty years old, not even when she showed herself at ease with a multitude of random subjects. We talked little shop, except to say that we love motion pictures, as a medium and an expression of the present and the future; also that we often deplore what gets on the screen. Very often. (Continued on page 93)

Dennis Morgan



JUST BECAUSE—

It's Dennis Morgan

BY MARIAN QUINN

This is the picture of a man happy with his wife, a man who lives simply in a fabulous Hollywood, who enjoys his wife's gay companionship, is proud of her competence as mistress of his home. He thinks night clubs are a waste of time, spends his free hours with his family in the Valley hills.



This is the picture of a father who likes to play cowboy and Indians with his three children; a sensitive sort of fellow who is a romanticist at heart, a six-footer with a capacity for kindness that makes him the most beloved Daddy on the block.



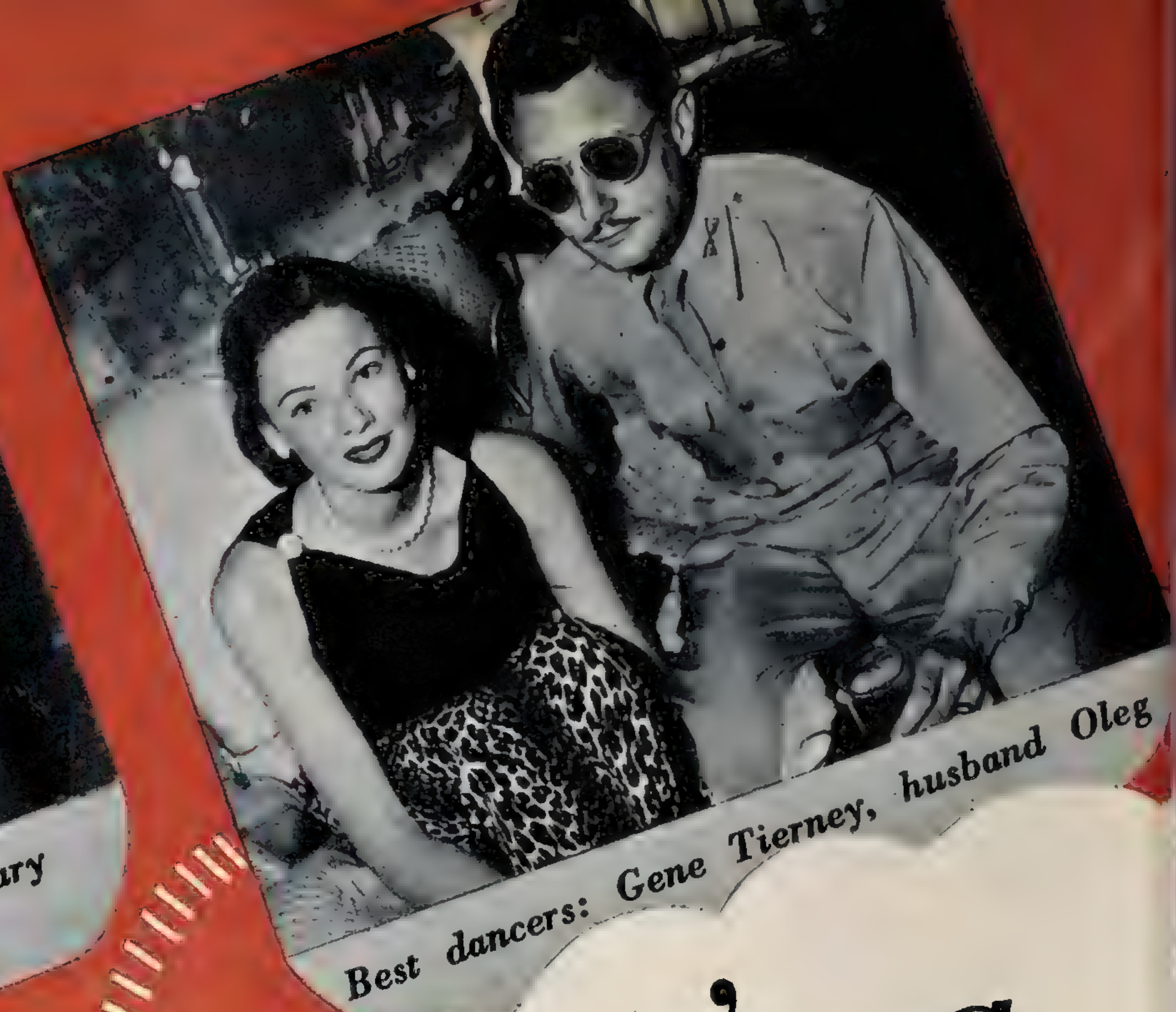
This is a picture of the outdoors and of a man who likes it, who knows the value of a steak he cooks himself on a charcoal burner in his own back yard, a golfer of distinction, a calisthenics expert, a hospitable host who likes friends and can therefore gather plenty of them about him.



This is a man who still knows how to be a little boy—to enjoy the funnies and eating chocolate candy and shooting his .22. It shows a man who has learned how to be a man, too; little "Toughy" Morner grown up into an adult who can manage his life sanely—Dennis Morgan, who has what is to be envied—a normal, complete, happy American way of life.



Good friends, good talkers: Cary Grant, Mrs. Jack Warner



Best dancers: Gene Tierney, husband Oleg



Double-barreled quartette: Ray Williams, Gable, Elsa Maxwell, Lauritz Melchior

It's a

Cocktail dance in Hollywood time
—given by internationally famous
party-thrower Elsa Maxwell for
Photoplay's editorial director

Fred Sammis

PHOTOGRAPHS



Witty duo: Darryl Zanuck with Romanoff



Old acquaintance: Charles Boyer, hostess Elsa

Party!

Shop talk: Editor Sammis, Judy Garland

Hand-shaker: Van Johnson, who goes to most parties, leaves early. With Eve Wynn and the hostess

Starred corner: Janet Gaynor, wife of Adrian, Joan Fontaine, the Joe Cottens

The place: The spacious Beverly Hills home of Countess Di Frasso which Evalyn Walsh McLean, friend of Elsa Maxwell, rented for the summer. In the formal living room, where the rug was taken up and the floor cleared for dancing to the music of a five-piece band recommended by Errol Flynn, was guest of honor Fred Sammis, receiving the guests with Miss Maxwell. In the dining room—tables laden with turkeys and hams; a busy bar; a just-for-fun slot machine. In the beautiful garden—groups of fast-talking big names of Hollywood—(Continued on page 92)

BY HYMIE FINK

Glamour talk: Lana Turner and Peter Lawford

Daters: Livvie de Havilland and John Huston

Scrap

On-the-cuff notes on the



Real name: There's plenty of it: Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner. Lana was her own invention for the films.

Case history: Lovely Lana was born in a mining town in Idaho (Wallace by name) and idled through Sacramento and San Francisco before she wound up in a Hollywood drugstore, being discovered for the movies.

Song she hums the most: "Embraceable You" . . . which will be her favorite piece in the shower, on a dance floor or anywhere else until the day she dies.

Man she sees the most: Peter Lawford—Sunday, Monday and always (for the nonce!).

The thing you most notice looking at Lana: Skipping That Figure and That Face, it's her spick-and-span neatness—from her shining shoes to her shining hair she's clean, pressed, soaped and scented. Beginning with her dawn appointments at the studio and ending with her near-dawn returns home from a date.

The thing you most notice listening to Lana: Her chameleonlike change-of-mind. Today she says one thing, tomorrow it's the direct opposite.

Favorite way of wasting time: Visiting fortunetellers—whom she loves but never believes.

Dating Peter Lawford, which she does—for the nonce—almost every night



Book on Lana Turner

lady—and bit by bit you know her better and better

What she can cook the best: Nary a thing, except for macaroni-with-cheese, on which she dines every Tuesday and Friday nights. Her recipe follows: Alternate layers of macaroni and grated rat-trap cheese until a greased baking dish is full. Spread four strips of bacon on top, bake—and you're on your own with a fork and an appetite!

Pet posy: Buvardia.

"Must" magazines: All movie magazines, which she reads avidly from cover to cover.

The funnies she reads over her oatmeal: "Mary Worth's Family," "Dick Tracy" and "Blondie."



She loves white—simple white dresses—or ermine

What most hurts her feelings: Any unfair attack on her, either verbal or printed. She'll cry for two hours over a mean story about her in the newspapers, asking her friends, "Why do people want to hurt me? I can't understand it." The reason she can't understand it is that she goes out of her way not to injure others; even going so far as to change from her costume at lunchtime so as to save a wardrobe girl from pressing it later.



She is so spic-and-span that women look with envy and men just look

Most startling costume she ever wore in a picture: It's startling only for Lana—it's a complete G.I. uniform from WAC headquarters, for her role in "Women In Uniform." She also introduces the new WAC date dress and she looks just like Lana throughout—which means oomphterrific!

Favorite role: Her part in "Ziegfeld Girl"—her first chance for drama instead of sweaters.

What's more important to her than food: Her radios and phonographs, which pour music over her from the time she gets out of bed until she falls back into it again. She dresses and breakfasts to her Capehart; she drives her gray phaeton to the studio with the radio blasting; she plays a portable phonograph on the set between scenes; and she studies her scripts at night cuddled up next to the radio. Yes, as long as Lana's blue eyes are open, so is a loudspeaker.

Habits that most annoy her in other people: Women who swear continually; and men who keep their hands in their pockets.

Pet superstition: Not lighting three cigarettes on a match—she'll do some open-field running at a party to stop three people from inflicting such bad luck on themselves!

Favorite clothes: "Luscious ones," says she—in blue to match her eyes, in white and in all shades of flame-to-pink. Her closet is crammed with suits and evening gowns. Her decision on slacks: Fine in the house, dreadful outside.

Violent dislikes: First and foremost comes cold water—she despises a cold shower or swimming pool; after that she loathes fishing, polka-dot dresses, parsnips and heavy make-up.

Most depressing duty: Eating oatmeal every morning for breakfast. But she chokes it down because of her mother's orders—and because little Cheryl won't eat hers unless Lana does too!

Worst fault: Being two to three hours late for social engagements. For business appointments she's right on the dot; but leave her alone in her boudoir to get ready for a date and she shifts dresses and hair-dos for hours while the Man of the Hour paces downstairs.

(Continued on page 74)

What gives her the most happiness: Her small Cheryl, of course



She smiles most of the time but will cry for two hours over just one thing





"THE man I'll always remember," says Jean Sullivan of "Strangers In Our Midst," "was a young chap who was a brilliant conversationalist. I must admit he used to talk mostly about himself. I didn't mind, however, as he was stimulating and his great ambitions were worthy ones... or seemed to be at the time. He was very attractive, too, so all in all I found him quite personable. He used to tell me how much he was indebted to me. How grateful he was for my advice, my encouragement and guidance. He made me feel so important to his life, I was sure I was beginning to care for him. Then one day I introduced him to a wealthy girl friend of mine. A month later they became engaged. He announced he was going into her father's business. To cap it all, he came to me and asked if I would help him select a wedding present for his fiancée!"



"THERE is one name in my date book," says Anne Shirley of "Farewell, My Lovely," "that still makes me stop and wonder every time I come across it. He was a young architect, fine in every way. We had fun together and he almost became 'the man' in my life. Except for one thing. My affection for him came close to ruining everything I had struggled for all my life. Hollywood is my life. But my architect would not understand my world. He didn't understand my friends; he thought people in 'show business' were a little on the 'freak' side. He didn't understand why sometimes I was too tired to go out. 'But I've been at the studio since six this morning because I had to have my make-up put on then.' 'But that's silly,' he'd say. So I'd go out with him anyway, and then be too tired to do justice to my work the next day. In every other way he was wonderful and friendly. If only he could have learned to understand my world and so saved me a lot of grief."

"THESE MEN—

Four Hollywood girls found that out! Consulting psychologist Lawrence Gould

N EARLY every girl, whether she be in Hollywood or any other community, sooner or later meets a man who could mean heart-break or disaster to her if she let him play the game the way he wants to play it. Such men are a minority—and there's no bigger mistake you could make than to imagine every man you meet is out to "take advantage of you." But because there are more mushrooms in a field than there are toadstools, you can't safely feel it doesn't matter whether you can tell them apart—being wrong

just once will be enough for you.

There are several types of "dangerous men" you are likely to meet, especially if you're working for a living and so are thrown with a lot of people about whom you cannot really know much. You're all the more likely to fall for one of these men if the war has broken up your normal circle of friends and left you dependent for dates on relative strangers, or even on men you wouldn't think of going out with under ordinary circumstances.

One quality all these men share

is that they're self-centered. A girl to them is a person to get something from, not to share happiness, or life, or even love with. Often they're the spoiled sons of adoring mothers and can't see why any woman shouldn't be equally willing to be "used" for their convenience or advantage. Such men are naturally on the lookout for a girl who's talented or beautiful because she will have more to give them.

For example, there's the male gold-digger, like the chap that Grace McDonald was so nearly fooled by.



"SEVERAL years ago in New York," says Grace McDonald of "See My Lawyer," "when I was first starting my career in show business, I met a very charming man who immediately took an intense interest in me. He told me he was going to see that I had an important break in a musical that was about to be cast in Hollywood, and of course I was very thrilled. He told me he had been sent out as an agent to help find new talent for the show. He was handsome and quite a few years older than I and before I knew it I had developed a young girl's romantic crush for an older man, as so often happens. It was a sad day for me later when I happened to overhear an enlightening conversation between two men. They were talking about the man I considered my ideal. It seems he had never been an agent at all and was using his friendship with me to try and get a job for himself."



"THE man I'll always remember," says Marjorie Riordan of "Mr. Skeffington," "is a man I met when I was still in my 'teens. He was intelligent, attractive, charming, and of course his worldliness made a great impression on one of my inexperienced years. During our conversation, he'd casually refer to getting married. However, he never actually asked me, nor did he ever try to pin me down to a time and place. At the time I was much too impressed to think this was strange. Quite by accident, I learned that he was already married. When I confronted him with my great discovery he was, or seemed to be, very upset. He said he didn't want to hurt his wife. Nor did he want to hurt me by telling me that he was married. His entire attitude was that he was being very kind and considerate and really being quite magnanimous and long-suffering. Personally, I think he was a first-class heel. What do you think?"

ARE DANGEROUS"

now shows them—and you—how to handle such "gay deceivers"

He uses his manly charms to line his pockets as coldbloodedly as the most "calculating" girl could, and with much less risk of suffering unpleasant consequences.

There's the fellow of the type Jean Sullivan describes, who mainly wants an audience—someone to appreciate his brilliant conversation and believe his stories of the great man he is "going to be someday." He's sure any girl will find him interesting (even when he talks about someone else) but if he can find one who will pay as well as listen, all

the better. For he never doubts the show that he puts on is worth the money.

Not so obviously selfish but just as self-centered at heart is the chap who feels that any girl who loves him should "live only for him." Like the man Anne Shirley is well rid of, he can't bear the idea of her having any interests—still less, a career—of her own.

Again, there's the man who wants as much as he can get of a girl's love and admiration, but can't understand why she should worry about

making their relation real and permanent by getting married. Often, like the "heel" Marjorie Riordan describes, he's already married anyhow, but can't see why he should mention it to the girl and "spoil things."

An even more subtly dangerous type is what I call a "two-way man"—a man with a double-track mind, in which one set of emotions pulls him one way and another set, another. As a rule, this man is married, and admits it, but his home life is unhappy (*Continued on page 71*)

Sweet



and lively

Name that's getting talked about—
June Allyson, with a twinkle in her
eye and a new kind of lease on Hollywood
BY KATE HOLLIDAY

JUNE ALLYSON is an unusual girl. She sneaks up on you. When you see her first in a picture (that could be "Girl Crazy" or "Two Girls And A Sailor") you think, "Just another blonde." Fifteen minutes later you are raising an eyebrow and muttering, "Hmmm." And, by the end of three reels, you are tossing your chapeau toward the ceiling and being restrained by the ushers.

In person, she is a strange combination of pixie and philosopher. In the pixie department, first there is her looks. Despite the fact that she claims she is no glamour girl and that the best thing M-G-M can do for her is to let her alone as to face and hair and allow her to be a "type" instead of a beauty, she does all right. She is small, to begin with, only five foot one, and built like a Ziegfeld Girl's little sister. Her hair is a peculiar shade of natural blonde. The studio calls it "silver blonde"; June herself says it's "just a funny color." She wears it comparatively short for Hollywood, just to the chin line, and it is so curly to start with that every morning she comes in and is de-fuzzed by the hair-dressing department.

Below this mop, she sports a pair of gentian blue eyes. Then there is a straight nose and a rather wide mouth which seems to beam most of the time. Her teeth are white but don't look like an ad for an orthodontist. They look—astoundingly for her profession—like the teeth she was born with.

The pixie part of June is brought out even more when she comes into the commissary. Outside of perhaps Judy Garland and Esther Williams, no one on the M-G-M lot seems to love as many people and be loved by so many people as June. Her progress from the door to her table is halted twenty times by men looking up and saying, "How-do" and girls actually smiling at her. And June smiles back, her nose wrinkling, her whole face delighted and delightful.

Lucille Ball gave June an engagement book for Christmas of such fabulous proportions that it seemed that every department of June's life should be under complete control. There is a six-inch shopping list in it, a pad for dates, another for telephone messages and a fourth that she can merely scribble notes on. Now Miss Pixie brings that book to the studio every day. She carries it with her on the set, to lunch, every-

where. But she never looks at anything she happens to write in it!

Then there's the thing about the coffee cup. June has the peculiar phobia that she cannot drink the contents of a full-sized cup. Instead, she orders the stuff, drinks half of it and leaves the rest. Then she orders another cup, downs half of that, and so forth.

This naturally caused the waitresses to tear their hair violently. But finally the problem was solved by someone's giving June a quaint cup and saucer painted with blue flowers—in demitasse size.

She has no idea why or where she got this quirk, or why her voice is different from most people's. When she first came to M-G-M they tested her, gave her a role and then told her to "go home and get rid of that cold." June felt terrified. She couldn't go home and get rid of anything. She didn't have a cold. Her voice just (Continued on page 83)



Making "Music For Millions" with Jose Iturbi



The role that started movie-goers' hats flying in air: June in "Two Girls And A Sailor"

Danny in personable
person: The newest comedian
hit of America in "Up In Arms"



IT'S

On the piano, Danny;
at the piano, Sylvia,
his talented "head"



FOR years, people have been saying to me, "Aren't you lucky to be married to a comedian. He must be a riot around the house!"

Now, Danny at home is at least as funny as the next man and, to my prejudiced way of thinking, a good deal funnier. But he doesn't tickle my ribs twenty-four hours a day. He doesn't try to. He's very easy to live with, for the most part, because basically he's a very sweet, unpretentious guy. But there are times when, like everyone else, he gets moody and depressed. Then he will sit in his room for hours on end, just staring into space.

However, when I'm the one who's feeling low, he really puts on an act to try to cheer me up. At such times, he can be hilarious. He has a wonderful eating routine he goes



"An extravagance we share is long-distance telephoning—fortunately after midnight when the Army boys don't need the wires!"

"He must be a riot around the house!" Danny is, in more ways than two, according to his delightfully distracted wife

LIKE THIS— to be Mrs. Danny Kaye

BY SYLVIA FINE KAYE

through, which is very, very funny and never fails to make me laugh. This consists of eating in all languages, with appropriate grimaces. Or if he finds me listening to the radio and out of sorts, he does an act of reactions to the various programs that is terrific. He is so much an impromptu comedian that he becomes really inspired on these occasions. Give him an appreciative audience to play to (even an audience of one) and he's in his element. Then there's no topping him.

Although Danny, while performing, has faced masses of people without a quiver of self-consciousness, off stage he has a social inferiority complex that makes him appear shy and diffident to strangers. He is generally quiet and reserved with people he has just met, which

can be quite a problem for a wife who's trying to show off her Big Boy. But once the barriers are down, he can be more exhilarating company than anyone I know. Then he is at his entertaining best.

Usually parlor comedians are not funny on the stage, and vice versa. But as funny as Danny has been in the theater and on the screen, he is much, much funnier in a living room when he is surrounded by his friends. He is an inspired mimic, but he doesn't use this at all in a professional performance because there are so many mimics in the world and he doesn't want to become known as just another one. He also has an incredible ear for dialect. He

can do any existing dialect, even if he has heard it only once.

Another favorite stunt of his is singing off-key, flat or sharp, just an eighth of a tone. One night, when Danny had finished making "Up In Arms," we had a party with Jack and Mary Benny, Van Johnson, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland there, also an operetta tenor a little past his prime. Judy coaxed Danny to sing some numbers from "The Student Prince" with the tenor. It was a warm night and the windows were open. Everyone was laughing so riotously that soon the police came to the door. They said the neighbors had been complaining. But the complaint wasn't about the noise we were making—the neighbors didn't mind that so much. What they couldn't (Continued on page 96)

Right.

Here's where you find out your clothes faults, learn how



Edith Head

*Paramount Designer and
Stylist to the Stars Will
Advise You On Your
Clothes Problems*

If you will send Miss Head a full-length photograph or snapshot she will write you a letter telling you the lines, fabrics and styles which will make you smarter

*For further information regarding
Edith Head's offer see page 73*

THERE isn't anyone who can't look better. It's simply a matter of taking the time and trouble to choose the right clothes and have them fitted properly to *your* figure.

I speak as a designer who, by virtue of long experience, knows the camouflage value of clothes; how the right lines will conceal the most flagrant figure faults, even make thin people look fat and fat people look thin.

Make clothes a business! Never shop simply because you have nothing else to do. Never buy anything as a whim. Instead, make very sure that any item you are about to purchase—whether it's as trifling as a pair of gloves or as important as a winter coat—will help build the impression you want to give, serve you upon a number of occasions and be friendly with other items already in your wardrobe.

Also, see to it that everything you buy suits your:

Income and Environment: We can't all live in a penthouse. So let's not try to look as if we did!

Age: Clothes that are too young or too old subtract from our attraction. For a fourteen-year-old to attempt to look sophisticated or for a forty-year-old to attempt to look young and innocent is nonsense.

Chassis: Above all, divorce your-

self from those styles which do not suit you, even though your soul yearns for them. Marry those styles which are your friends. In other words, irrespective of your devotion to pink peplums or the popularity of pink peplums be honest enough to say, "They're not for me!"

Clothes are so simple these days, because of Government regulations, that it takes positive genius not to be well-dressed. There are, however, a great many geniuses. Women, apparently sensitive and intelligent, who would not dream of putting whipped cream and onions together, go right on wearing pink chiffon flowers with tweed. Also, we American women act as though we—like the Indians who were here before us—believed the more we had on the more important we would be. We invariably decide if one clip is smart two clips would be smarter and six clips would be divine. At the drop of a hat we put flowers in our hair, attach feathers to our lapels and fasten dead clams on our wrist. We have yet to discover the value of moderation, the drama of a simple black dress with one large clip, or a nunlike gray chiffon with brilliant fuchsia slippers.

However, what we do not know we can learn—and be lovelier for it. Every day studio youngsters come



*Florabel Fuss: She feels the more
she wears the better she looks*

*Tessie Too-Tight: She thinks snug
clothes will make her look thinner*



*Alice Out-Of-Place: She wears
penthouse party dress to the off*

Dress!

BY
EDITH HEAD

DRAWINGS BY VALENTY

to look smart—and get your chance to be personally advised by a famous designer

into my office and announce very simply, "I want to learn how to be well-groomed!" That's the first step, of course—knowing that you're not but that you can be. Many women never approach it.

When Betty Hutton first came to the Paramount studios she went in for long blonde curls and a lot of color. But because she had an open mind it wasn't long before she was dressing beautifully.

It was the same with Veronica Lake. She used to wear dirndls and dirndls and dirndls. But suddenly she caught on and emerged from just a pretty girl with one eye into a very smart clothes-conscious young woman.

The younger we are the more rapidly and easily we learn. That is worth remembering. For in the matter of appearance no one stands still. Grooming is never static. We either get much worse or we get better.

Fitting is all important! It doesn't matter how rich a fabric or how smart a design—if a dress doesn't fit properly it doesn't serve you properly. The most perfect figure in the world cannot stand badly fitted clothes. It is a hundred times wiser to have a few clothes and to spend as much as need be to have them fitted properly to *your* figure than it is to have twice as many clothes

which have not been fitted to you at all.

Cláudette Colbert knows the value of having her clothes meticulously fitted. She will stand endlessly before the fitters' mirror, uncomplaining, interested, aware. That's why she looks the way she does.

GENERALLY speaking, clothes should not be overfitted, but casual. Seams should follow the contour of the body. Hemlines and waistlines should be arrived at by the trial and error method. They should, in other words, appear where they are most flattering to you.

If you have a large bust do not have your clothes so tight you suggest a sausage. The larger a bust the lower it will fall. This means that your waistline should be lowered, that you should favor a V-neckline rather than a round or oval cut, that you should invest in a good brassiere and that you must avoid fabrics which catch the light or cling too tightly.

If you are flatter than you wish you were raise your waistline and nip in your clothes at this point. Wear soft fullness. Wear fichus. And remember there is nothing wrong with bust pads. It is very stupid to pretend there are no such things.

Which brings me to the matter of

shoulder pads. You naturally want to look as if you had nice broad shoulders. Therefore, if your shoulders are sloping or narrow, pads become the thing. Make sure, however, they aren't too evident. They should appear to belong to you and not to the dress.

If you have more hips than you wish you had—and most women do have since a woman's hips are important from a functional point of view—favor the two-piece dress, dressmaker suits or a jumper dress which doesn't accent the waistline. Remember in choosing these clothes that fitted jackets are only for those with slim tapering figures. Cast your eyes towards box jackets and the hip camouflage they afford. See to it that your shoulder line is broad—to balance your hip line. Avoid tight skirts and hip-line trimming or pockets.

Many women are highwaisted with round watermelon hips. They should drop their waistline.

If you would like to appear smaller than you are keep an unbroken line in your clothes, do not wear colored belts, bustles or anything of the sort. Remember always that wide belts are for sixteen-year-olds who are definitely slim. Stay away from anything that sparkles. And break (Continued on page 73)



Sally: She dresses young, thinks that deceives her public

Curving Cora: The hip-hip-hurray girl who never learned camouflage

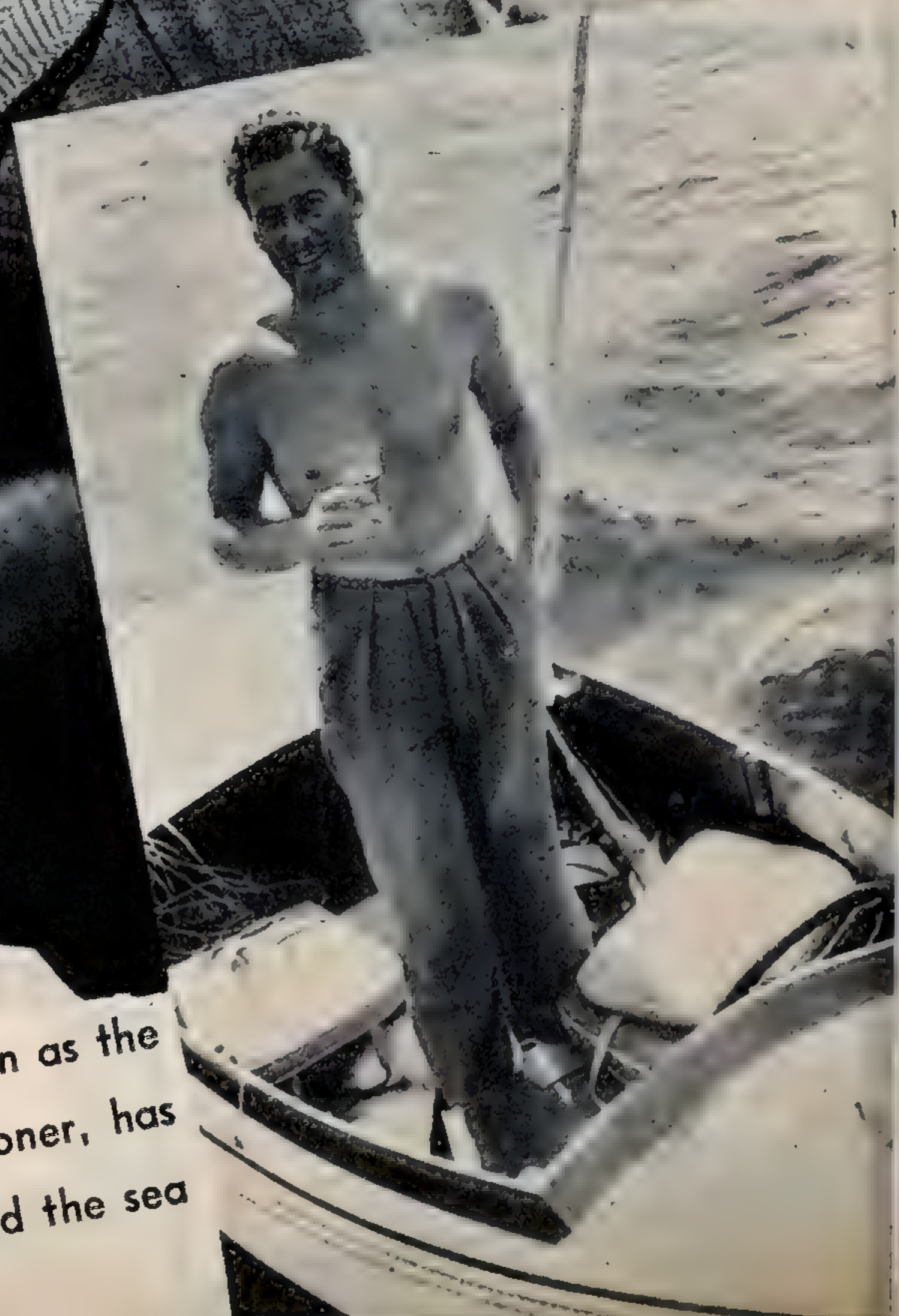


Prunella Pull: She looks flustered and is—because her clothes don't fit



Portrait

Looking over race
horses, part of the Flynn
devil-may-care sportsman life



He started out at nineteen as the
skipper of a schooner, has
always loved the sea

of a Restless Soul

Fabulous facts about a fabulous man—Errol Flynn, bad speller, good fellow, lazy adventurer who wins your heart

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



At the opening of his art gallery—with Nora Eddington, a romance some Hollywoodites say is "the one"

HE ran away from school three times between the ages of eight and twelve.

He was nineteen years old when he aided in the delivery of babies among the natives of New Guinea.

He was terrified of girls when a boy.

He abhors wearing neckties, has never read Flash Gordon or Superman and has a surprising lack of self-confidence beneath his devil-may-care attitude.

His full name is Sean Errol Flynn.

He was born on June 20, 1909, and admits he is lazy. "I never run when I can walk. I never walk when I can sit and I never sit when I can sprawl."

He recalls with amusement an incident at a Sydney, Australia, school, when his fellow students double-crossed him at his own machinations. His teacher was so thoroughly unpopular with the students that they planned revenge. Young Flynn's scheme was for everyone to stand up at a given signal and at the same instant overturn their desks. The double-cross came when Errol carried out his part of the bargain but found himself suddenly a lone conspirator. He was immediately expelled.

He is characterized by a brittle defiance.

He never drinks cocktails.

He once answered when asked to give a thumbnail description of himself: "I'd say that by instinct I'm an adventurer. By choice I guess I'd like to be a writer. But by pure, unadulterated luck, I'm an actor." He does not tango or rhumba.

His keenest disappointment is his

failure, after several attempts, to pass the physical tests for enlistment in the Army.

He is very bad at spelling.

He is six feet, two inches tall and has a very poor memory for names.

He hates wearing evening clothes and he looks upon Hollywood as "just another kind of gold mine," something like the one he found more than ten years ago in the then virgin New Guinea gold fields and he'll be on his way again when he thinks he has acquired sufficient dust.

He never wears jewelry and thinks Malay Street, Singapore, the most interesting street he has ever seen. He was born in a stone farmhouse at Antrim, Ireland.

He is a congenital loafer.

He has never had a tooth extracted.

He prefers tea to coffee, dislikes flowers in his bedroom and when he was four years old his mother caught him astride a five-year-old boy, brandishing a knife at his victim's throat. "We were just playing 'Mutiny On The Bounty,'" he explained. "I'm Fletcher Christian and he's Captain Bligh. I was only going to slit his throat!"

He never wears a wristwatch and looks upon Franklin D. Roosevelt as the outstanding contemporary figure in the world. He has never subscribed to a clipping service.

He is bored by gambling in any form.

He has never worn glasses and his father, Professor Theodore Thomson Flynn, is now a biologist on the faculty of Queen's College, University of Belfast.

Errol Flynn once worked in a soft-drink plant in Australia as a bottle smeller. "I was supposed to smell every bottle that was returned to the plant. The idea was to detect any foul odors, such as kerosene, turpentine, gasoline, and to put those bottles aside for special cleaning treatment."

He prefers traveling by plane. He is not allergic and at the age of seventeen accompanied his father on an expedition into Tasmania to hunt the duck-billed platypus.

He hates waiting in hotel lobbies.

HE dislikes parlor games, experiences stage fright on every opening night in the theater, and visited Spain during its civil war, impelled by the desire to know the truth about it at first hand. He came back with a violent loathing for fascism.

He never wears a hat.

He is very fond of beer but refrains from it due to an aversion for large stomachs. His smile is easy and slightly crooked, the left side of his mouth lifting higher than his right.

His aversion to regimentation invariably makes him late for appointments. He has a keen sense of the ridiculous and firmly believes that in the long run American culture profits by our wholesale college system.

He was nineteen when he served in the South Pacific as the skipper of a two-masted schooner engaged in fishing, pearl-diving and freighting. His favorite radio programs are symphonic.

He has no superstitions.

His waist (Continued on page 110)

PHOTOPLAY'S

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Hollywood favorite-in-miniature of Cpl. De-Bruhl is Margaret O'Brien. He requested a picture of her talking over a telephone



Cpl. W. H. DeBruhl from Waycross, Ga.



Pfc. Dudley L. Davis from Atlanta, Ga.

Pfc. Davis, in special training at Atlanta-Southern Dental College, wanted Joan Leslie in a dentist chair because "she's truly the girl I'd like to extract my first tooth from!"

Stars get their pictures taken by Hymie Fink—in the special pose requested by service men and women



Pvt. Jerome W. Palmer of Ft. Sam Houston, Texas

Says Pvt. Palmer, who hasn't seen his twin brother in seven months, "I'd like to see my two favorite sister actresses, Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine, in arms."

Special bid to service men and women—come have some fun with Photoplay's "Command Performance." Just write the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., telling exactly what you like to see your favorite star doing.

The picture of the star, if available, will be taken by cameraman Hymie Fink and it will be reproduced, with your picture, in Photoplay. The original picture, autographed by the star you, will be forwarded to you. This applies only to the pictures that have been published in Photoplay.

Special hint: The more action you ask for in those pictures, the better. Give your rank, name and address, name of your home town—and be sure to enclose a picture of yourself. We're sorry; but we are unable to return your photograph.

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



For the girl who questions "the old rules" about love—a straight-from-the-shoulder answer

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Although I am very much in love with a boy who is now in the Navy and have promised to marry him when the war is over, I am now suffering from doubts over the wisdom of marrying him.

This boy has very high ideals; he doesn't smoke or drink, he is courteous and handsome. Yet my family doesn't approve of him for me. You see, he quit school in the seventh grade and has earned his own living ever since. I am now a freshman in college and I am going to secure a very good education.

At first, after this boy went off to war, I decided that I would forget him, but I don't seem to be able to do this. Do you think I should lower myself to his standards of living, or should I live up to the ideal my parents expect of their daughter?

Margaret Betty H.

Dear Margaret:

There is one big thought that you must bear in mind: That is, that this young man has earned his living since he was a small boy, thereby proving himself an ambitious, worthwhile person. Women set their own standards and you must make your decision in

this case by yourself without any parental influence.

Our country is full of men with little educational background, remember, who have made great business success and are great leaders. If you really love this boy, you will be willing to take a chance with him since you will have no doubts of his sincerity and integrity. There should be no question of "lowering" yourself; rather it should be a decision to try to make yourself worthy of a man who has already proved himself, during a time when you yourself have still been only a student.

If there are any doubts in your mind at all about the advisability of marrying

this boy, it may mean that you do not love him enough for marriage. I suggest that you be very honest with yourself, think these facts out carefully and then make your own decision.
Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Since I was drafted last March, I have been corresponding with several girls whose addresses I received from some of my fellow soldiers. I have never seen these girls and my sole purpose in corresponding with them is just to get more mail.

One of these girls has become quite serious and says she wants to marry me after the war is over. I didn't take her seriously at first and I kidded her along.

After our correspondence reached a point where I thought it would be best to break it up, I wrote her and told her just how I felt and that we'd better quit corresponding. A few days later I received a reply and in it she pleaded with me not to quit. She seems to be an awfully nice girl, and I don't want to hurt her. She is seventeen years old and is going to high school. I am nineteen and single, of course.

Honestly I don't know what to do. Do you honestly think there can be such a thing as love through correspondence?

Pfc. Meade J.

Dear Pfc. J.:

I chose your letter to answer because it was so similar to a number I have received lately. One chap was in a worse predicament even than you are. To please the girl in the case, he had actually written her a swoon-special love letter. He knew he was going overseas and that he wouldn't be back for at least two years, so the burning letter seemed to be good fun.

Unfortunately the young lady's mother chanced upon the letter, didn't understand the background and created plenty of trouble.

Why don't you continue to write friendly letters to this girl, simply ignoring her proposal that you get serious. It's barely possible that she has a girl friend who is engaged, so your friend wants to feel equally important. I hate to be a traitor to my sex, but for a moment I must admit that we are sometimes tempted to show off in front of our friends if they show off before us. You've seen some men do the same thing, I imagine.

To be serious for a moment, I don't believe that it is possible for two persons to fall in marriageable love simply by corresponding. I do think it entirely possible for two persons to fall in intellectual love through letters.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I really don't know how to go about explaining my problem, but I'll try my best. First of all, I'm only sixteen years old and a little young to have such a problem.

I'm in love with a twenty-one-year-old lieutenant and he is very much in love with me. He is already married with a nine-months-old

CHEER THE WINNER

... of a \$25 War Bond! The writer of this letter found a solution to her problem through Claudette Colbert's "What Should I Do" column. And she's found the solution for a lot of other teen-agers in her community. It's imagination and initiative like this that makes a better world!

Dear Miss Colbert:

I do wish that I could tell you of my appreciation to you in person. I had a problem, but I guess I was too shy, or perhaps afraid, to ask your advice. Well, I read in the July issue the letter from Francine D. about things to do in a small town. My problem was something like that.

You see, the kids in my town had things to do but not the right things. After the movies one night my girl friend and I went into a root-beer drive. Kids not over sixteen were drinking spiked cokes and some were even drunk. My girl friend and I were shocked, but we didn't know what to do.

Then I read your column. We immediately got to work; had parents sign a paper asking for recreation for the kids of our town. Then we took it to the City Board and they gave us an old storage building to start a recreation center.

That was only three weeks ago; now we have it all fixed up and kids are coming to it. They like it a lot better than drinking. We're even helping in the Fifth War Loan drive by selling Bonds. We also make bandages for the hospital.

And so you see, Miss Colbert, we'll never be able to thank you enough.

Phyllis Cotter,
Marion, Indiana

baby. He never loved his wife and she has always known it. She thought her love strong enough to hold him and climaxed the situation with a child not planned for. He has had many love affairs of which he told her to show her he didn't love her.

I have known him six months, Miss Colbert, and truly I love him. He has the deepest respect for me; Although he has been spoiled by many women he expects nothing from me but kisses. I hope you understand what I mean. I do believe a boy can make a mistake in marriage once and find great hap-

piness in his second marriage.

One side of me says I am very young and will love again. The other side says I am a mature girl for my age and that this is the real thing. I know that love, to be real, must deepen after marriage. It hasn't in his case, yet our companionship means more to both of us all the time. I've never enjoyed anyone's company as much as his. I have great admiration for his intelligence. We have exactly the same tastes and think the same things important and we laugh at the same type of humor.

I want to marry him, but I love him enough to let him go if it is best for him.
Elaine C.

Dear Miss C:

Despite your youth, you seem to me to have a very sensible, adult attitude about your unfortunate romance. To be quite frank with you, I think you are entirely too fine a potential wife to be wasted on this man. If it is true, as he says, that he has been spoiled by women, has had many love affairs and feels no responsibility for the welfare of his small child, he is zero-zero as a marital prospect.

The graceful and generous thing to do, I should think, would be to see this man at intervals gradually spaced wider and wider. Don't create a scene and don't get into a session of discussion—it won't get you anywhere. A thing of this sort can leave a very bitter taste in memory's mouth if badly handled. However, if you allow the emotion to dwindle to warm, impersonal friendship, you will have brought something fine and lasting out of a confused and difficult relationship.

Whenever you feel romantic or tragic about the situation, give yourself a pep talk. Find new companions and the first time you go out on a date with another boy and have a really super time, reward yourself by buying some little thing you've wanted for a long time. A good girl medal.

May those medals accumulate rapidly.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married ten years. We have two small children—a boy seven and a girl five.

When we married, he told me that he had married me, not my family, and he didn't want to have anything to do with them. Yet, only a few weeks after our marriage, his sixteen-year-old sister came to spend the summer with us. For two years she was with us all summer and at Christmas (Continued on page 112)



SKIPPER at the American Airlines Admirals' Club—Miriam Audette helped club members waiting between planes at New York's La Guardia Field. War workers like Miriam are needed for all types of jobs—in transportation, in offices, in stores. Consult your local U. S. Employment Service to find how *you* can serve.

Miriam Audette of Glens Falls, New York, engaged to Ordnance Officer Frank L. Havel of St. Louis... They met at the Admirals' Club last October, and became engaged in March



Miriam's exquisite skin has a white-flower texture—a dewy-soft freshness

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Miriam's complexion makes you think of a Romney portrait—her skin has such soft delicacy. She's *another* bride-to-be with that soft-smooth "Pond's look."

"I really do adore Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so fluffy-light when you smooth it on—and it certainly makes your face feel gorgeously clean and soft as can be."

THIS IS MIRIAM'S
DAILY POND'S BEAUTY CREAMING . . .

She *smooths* on Pond's luscious Cold Cream and pats briskly over face and throat to soften and remove dirt, make-up. Then she tissues off.

She *rinses* with *more* soft-smooth Pond's—sending her white-covered finger tips over her face in little whirls. Tissues off again. "It's this *double* creaming that makes my face feel *extra* special—so *beautifully* clean and soft," she says.



Use Pond's Cold Cream Miriam's way—every night and every morning, for your in-between beauty clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the *big*, luxurious jar—large sizes save glass. And, you'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the wide-topped *big* Pond's jar.



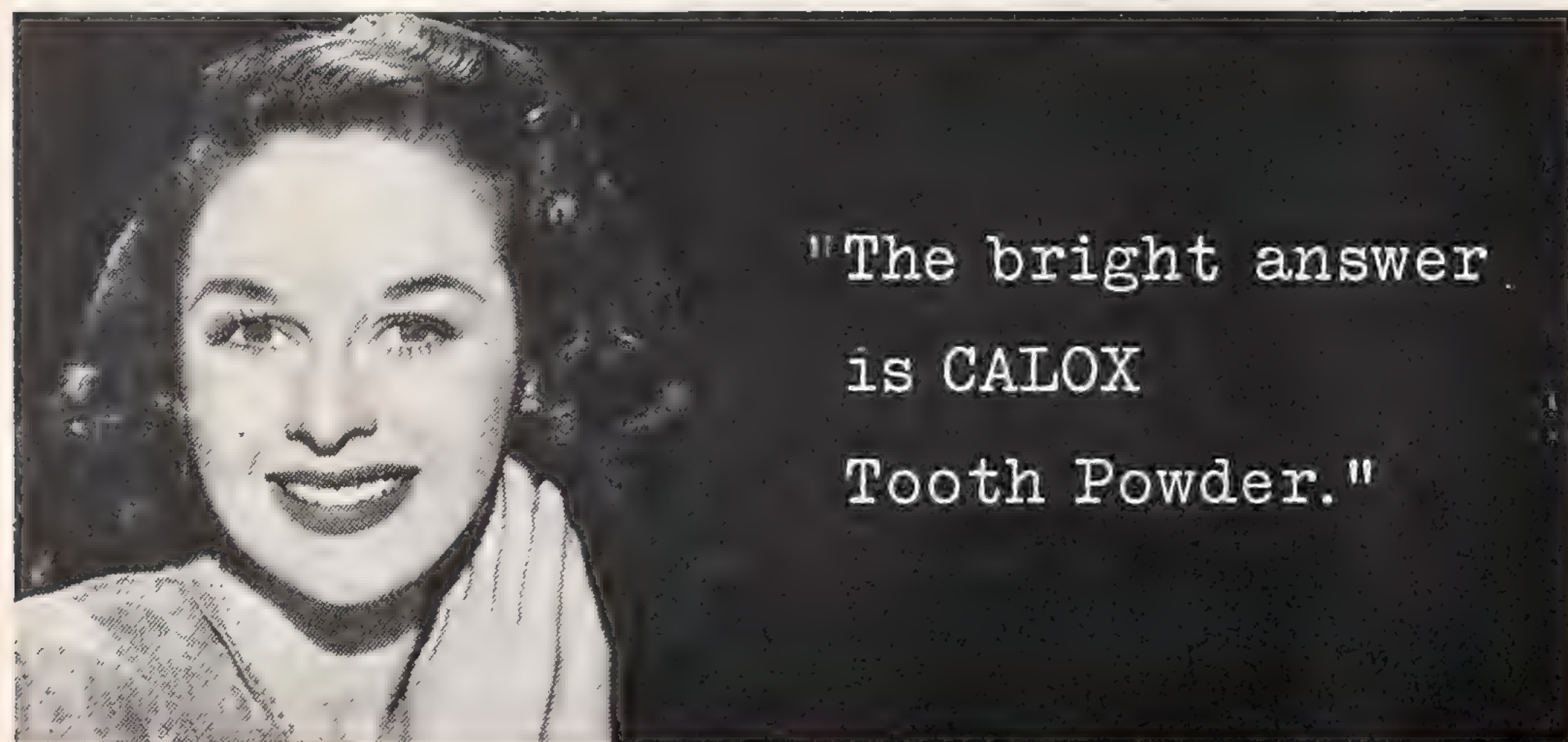
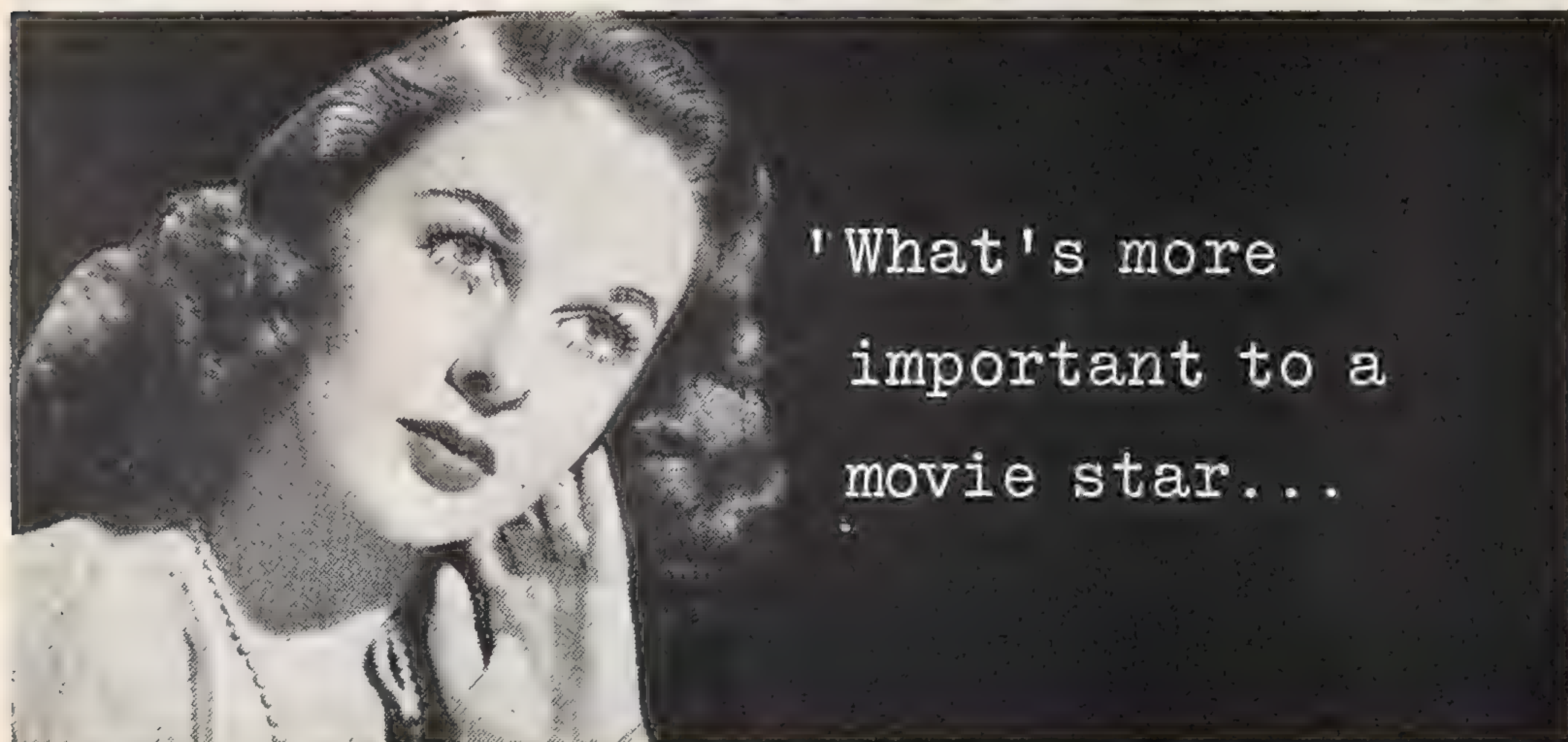
HER RING—a handsome 2½ carat diamond in an unusual platinum setting. Two small diamonds are set on either side of the center stone.

**A FEW OF THE
POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES**

Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Lady Louis Mountbatten
Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps
Mrs. John A. Roosevelt
Mrs. William Rhineland Stewart
The Countess of Radnor

SUSAN HAYWARD speaking:

Appearing in "AND NOW TOMORROW" a Paramount picture.



A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for people who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Calox offers you:—

1. **SCRUPULOUS CLEANING.** Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains *five* cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. **LUSTROUS POLISHING.** Calox brings out all the high natural luster of teeth.
3. **CALOX IS GENTLE.** Double-sifted through 100 mesh silk.
4. **NO MOUTH PUCKERING MEDICINE TASTE.** Children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. **MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY.** McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



THIS IS MRS. RICHARD BROWN

of whom you should be ashamed!

MRS RICHARD BROWN did not attend the memorial funeral services which were recently held for Sergeant Abbott. She's never even heard of Sergeant Abbott. But she should have been there, should have heard the whole service—should have listened to the sobbing of Sergeant Abbott's mother. Because Mrs. Brown helped kill the sergeant.

She has almost forgotten the beautiful sight she saw in New York Harbor recently. One morning Mrs. Brown stood on the deck of a ferry and gasped in delight as twenty-five PT boats shot out of the Hudson and headed across the bay. She saw the first of those graceful PT boats loaded by crane into a huge, gray-painted cargo ship.

"You should have seen them," Mrs. Brown said to her sister, later. "Twenty-five—I counted them!" Her sister told her husband about it. And her husband mentioned it that night to the boys on his team at the bowling alley. Doubtless they mentioned it too, somewhere else, saying, "Someone who knows told me . . ." But somewhere in that chain—no one will ever know where or when—an enemy agent learned about those PT boats.

Two days before, near Des Moines, Iowa, David Redstone had a thrill. His car was stopped at a railroad crossing, and as the train passed, he saw it was filled—every car—with paratroopers. "Over twenty cars!" he said at work. Some of the men told friends about it that evening. And somewhere in the chain of talk David Redstone started and his friends kept up, the news reached the ears of an Axis sympathizer.

In Phoenix, Ariz, Frank Berry was feeling proud—and tired. And with good reason. He'd just finished working on a rush job for the Navy—a huge order for special night binoculars. The order was finished on time, shipped to Boston, and Frank Berry was proud of his part in the job. Not unnaturally, he bragged a little. And presently, somewhere in the chain he started—and which others kept up—the enemy learned of those glasses.

A great many specialized things are needed for an invasion. PT boats, night binoculars, paratroopers.

And so, because of Mrs. Brown who has a service star in her window, and David Redstone who puts fifteen percent of his pay into war bonds, and Frank Berry who wears a Navy "E" in his lapel, and a lot of other people like them, the enemy learned enough facts to spell "invasion."

The invasion succeeded, but the cost was terrible. Many memorial services were held here. Sergeant Abbott's, among others at which Mrs. Brown, David Redstone and Frank Berry were not present. Because they'd never even heard of the sergeant. Never knew they'd killed him and the others. And they still don't to this day.

BY JACK FINNEY



Free as the wind...

• Free to work with all your heart. Or play hard as a five-year-old. Free to live *every* day to the hilt.

Sound good to you? Then listen...

Out of 10,086 typical American girls who wrote why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins—8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"...

For gentle Modess is so much *softer*—with its downy, softspun filler! So much *safer*—with a triple, full-length, safety shield at the

back that gives real *full-way* protection!

As Mrs. M. D. sums it up, "*Now I have real peace of mind, no worry about accidents—real comfort, too!*"

So be in on the secret of wonderful freedom—try Modess. It costs no more!

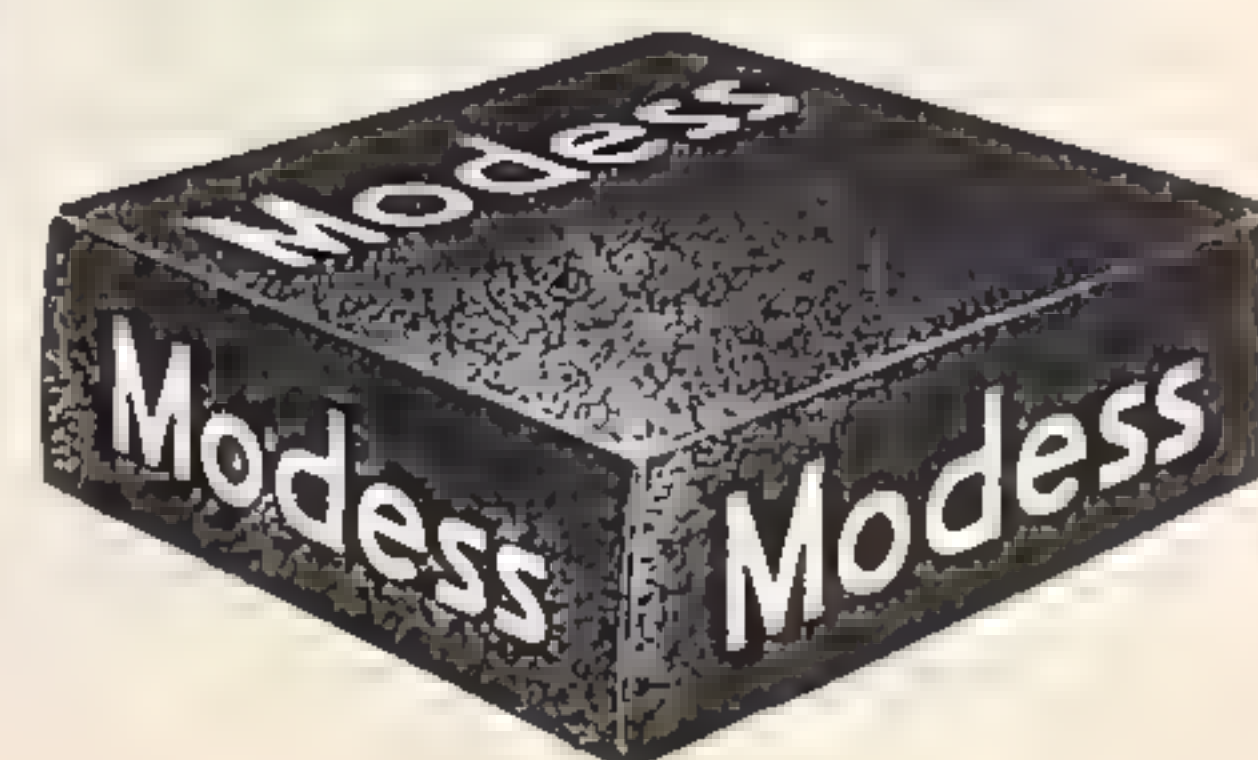
FREE! Send for New Booklet

"Growing Up and Liking It!" Tells the "why" of menstruation. Bright, lively, picture-packed. Mail name and address to Martha Steele, Box 343-C, Milltown, N. J.

Discover the Difference
—Switch to

Modess

SANITARY
NAPKINS



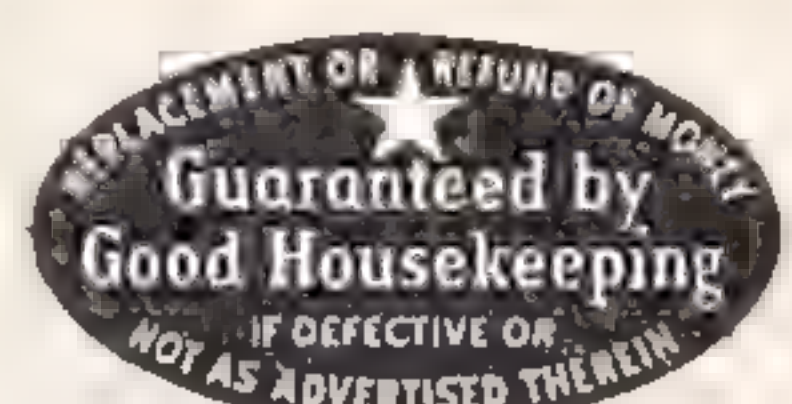
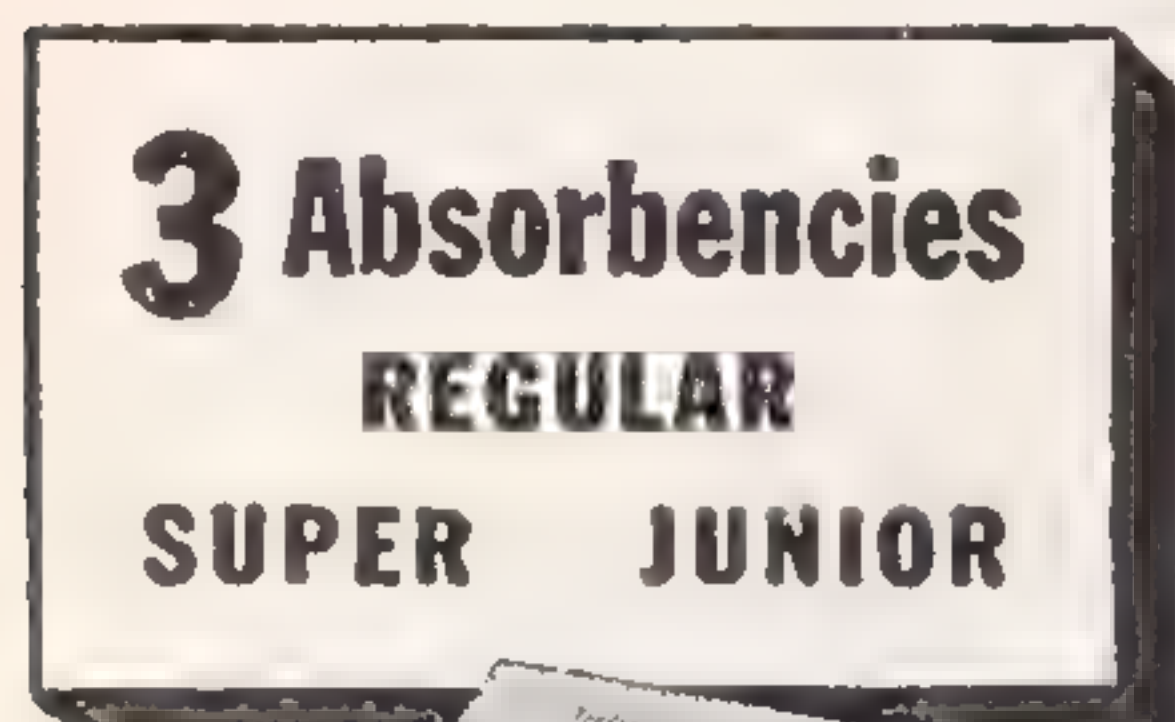
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HER mother is a marvelous mother, but a little inclined to cling to habits already formed. If her mind were just a shade younger, how much better she could understand her daughter's modern point of view . . . Take the subject of monthly sanitary protection, for instance, and the use of *Tampax*. Here the mother might well learn from the daughter, both being of "Tampax age."

Isn't it worth a good deal to you to be free from the harness of belts, pins and pads? Then try *Tampax*, which is worn internally. No odor, no chafing, no bulges, no sanitary deodorant. Quick changing. Easy disposal. Originated and perfected by a doctor, the wearer does not even feel it . . . Pure surgical cotton . . . Dainty patented applicator for quick and easy insertion.

Tampax comes in 3 different absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. It is neat and convenient. May be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



BRIEF REVIEWS



Love scene par excellence: Experts
Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid in Warners' "Give Me This Woman"

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ADDRESS UNKNOWN—Columbia: Paul Lukas becomes so imbued with Nazism that he sends the daughter of his former partner in San Francisco to death and then drama and suspense are injected into the story when messages in code, unfavorable to the Nazi cause, pour in upon Lukas in Germany from San Francisco and he is unable to explain them. Lukas is superb; K. T. Stevens, Peter Van Eyck, Mady Christians and Carl Esmond are good.

✓✓ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, THE—Warners: Mark Twain, the great humorist and writer, comes to life in the superb performance of Fredric March. His experiences on the Mississippi, in the raw frontiers of the West, in his happy marriage to Alexis Smith, in home life in New England and later in his travels around the world are richly told in this picture that's overly long but always interesting.

ALLERGIC TO LOVE—Universal: A lot of nonsense about Martha O'Driscoll's not kissing Noah Beery Jr., until after they're married. Then, of all things, she discovers she's allergic to him and sneezes violently every time he comes near her. So violently, in fact, that their mutual friend David Bruce must cart her off to the hospital.

✓AND THE ANGELS SING—Paramount: The singing Angel sisters, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler, don't like to sing, but reluctantly consent to appear one night with Fred MacMurray's orchestra. But when Fred skips off with Betty's money, the foursome follow him to New York to try and retrieve it and from then on there's plenty of trouble and songs involved.

✓ANDY HARDY'S BLONDE TROUBLE—MGM: Andy Mickey Rooney Hardy is on his way to college when he meets twins Lee and Lyn Wilde, who, incidentally, wrap up the picture for themselves. There is too much plot for us to unravel, but you'll enjoy every minute of it. For good measure Bonita Granville is thrown in as Mickey's big dream and Herbert Marshall as the professor.

ARE THESE OUR PARENTS?—Monogram: This attacks the juvenile delinquency problem from the angle of delinquent parents and as such takes on importance, although the story of a girl who is denied the love of her mother when she needs her most and so plunges into trouble is rather poorly developed. Helen Vincent is outstanding as the mother and Noel Neill and Richard Byron are the neglected offspring.

✓✓BATHING BEAUTY—M-G-M: Beauty comedy, melody and aquatic perfection combine with Red Skelton to make this a great big bouncy musical that you'll love. Red's a song-writer who marries Esther Williams only to have her leave him at the altar and return to her job as swimming instructor in a girls' school. Red of course follows her, and you'll laugh like mad at the trouble he gets into. With Harry James, Xavier Cugat and Basil Rathbone.

✓✓BETWEEN TWO WORLDS—Warners: Intelligently directed, beautifully played, this remake of "Outward Bound" is one of the month's outstanding. (Continued on page 120)

SHADOW STAGE

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"These Men—Are Dangerous"

(Continued from page 55) and he'll hint to you, or say outright, that his wife has never understood him and quite possibly he's "married in name only." But sometimes he'll have some other sort of obligation that puts marriage "temporarily" out of the question for him—a mother he must take care of, old debts that he has to pay, and so on. He'll probably tell you all this in advance and ask you with the most disarming frankness to be "just friends" with him.

What makes this man really dangerous is that he's so obviously "sincere." It's even quite possible that he's as miserable at home as he tells you he is and that his wife treats him very badly indeed—for, although he doesn't realize it, there's something about a man of this type which unconsciously attracts bad treatment in the same way as a woman does who has a "martyr complex." But at any rate, he's wholly truthful when he says he's desperately lonely.

If he falls in love with you, as he's very likely to do, he'll "worship the ground

DANGER SIGNALS

(If you say—or feel—things like these look out!)

1. "I know all the tricks and there is no man who can fool me."
2. "I'm certain he loves me and that's all that matters."
3. "I judge a man by the way he treats me, not the way he's acted toward other women."
4. "I want a man who knows how to give a girl a good time."
5. "He thinks he's a wolf, but watch me take the conceit out of him!"
6. "I don't care what people say about me—after all, the world has changed since grandma was young."
7. "Of course I'm not going to take him seriously, but he's such fun!"
8. "I don't like him so much, but he'll help me to get places."
9. "He wouldn't dare to try any rough stuff with me!"
10. "He's never said anything about our getting married, but I'm sure he wants to."

you walk on" as devotedly as any man could. You may well find such love hard to resist, to say nothing of the fact that, being older than you and perhaps a more important person in the world's eyes than most of the men you have known you may also be so flattered, you won't see what you are letting yourself in for. If the man is someone you're continually thrown with in a business way that will complicate your problem still more.

To be strictly honest, I can't say that such relations always turn out badly. But they do at least nine times out of ten. For the truth is, no matter how strong and wise this man seems, he's a weakling at heart—if he wasn't he would have done something *before* to get himself out of the "spot" he is in. He hasn't the moral courage to "put up or shut up"—that is, either admit what he wants, go after it and take the consequences, or make the best of his life without it. He's more afraid than he's willing to admit that a change will "hurt him professionally," or be disapproved by people whose good will he can't bear to lose.

So, if you let him, he'll string you along indefinitely, promising in all sincerity that he'll do something decisive as soon as



"How's that again?"

Well, Miss Inquisitive, we weren't talking to you, really. We were telling your Mother about Fels-Naptha Soap... but you can listen too.

We were just reminding Mother that you'll soon be big enough to toddle around and 'get into things'. You'll need a complete change of costume often—on short notice. And that's when *she'll* need Fels-Naptha Soap!

She'll need it to get your washing done in a jiffy. To get *all* the dirt out without rubbing your little dresses into rags. To get them so white you look 'sweet enough to eat'.

Does she *have* to use Fels-Naptha Soap? No, but if she takes the advice of a lot of Mothers we know—*she will!*



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Yes—

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up miracle awaits you in the new duo-tone Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you are!

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:

- Apply rouge before powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toward the nose.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the duo-tone secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do,

you'll never know how lovely you really can be.

And Lips to Match—

Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

\$1, 25c, 10c

17

PRINCESS PAT

conditions are a bit more favorable, but never quite willing to take the plunge. In the end, the hopelessness of the whole thing will be too much for him—or for you. You will quarrel, each of you will blame the other and all you will have to show will be a lot of wasted years, if not a reputation damaged beyond repair. I have seen this sort of thing happen so often, I can almost predict in advance when the "break" will come.

NO less dangerous in a very different way is the playboy—sometimes called the "Good-time Charlie." At heart, this chap is a little boy who never grew up—and a rather badly spoiled boy at that. But he can be very charming, all the more because he shrugs off the worries which occasionally spoil the disposition of a man who has a normal feeling of responsibility. Being with this lad is the perfect "escape" from your own worries and annoyances. When he's in the money, he will take you to the very nicest places and make you feel that you "can have anything your little heart desires." And when he's broke—as he's likely to be, periodically—he'll be so amusing and ingenious that it will still be the best fun in the world to be with him.

This sort of man will not "mean" to hurt you. If he finds that he has ruined your life, he'll be genuinely sorry for as long as he can bring his mind to dwell on an unpleasant subject. He just closes his eyes to the painful fact that girls can't get away with the things men do: That while, for example, if he gets himself talked about, it won't interfere with the sort of life he enjoys leading but a girl whose name has been linked with scandal—even falsely—is more or less at a disadvantage ever after. Of course, I'm not saying that this is fair, or the way things should be; but it's how they usually are.

THE most dangerous type of all to get involved with is the true "wolf," as the name was used before people began to make fun of it. Fortunately, true wolves are rare—perhaps one man in a thousand—but they are as mercilessly savage as the animal they're named for, and much cleverer at hiding their true nature. If you meet a man of this type, he will call you by name but in his heart, you'll be just a number. The wolf's ruling passion isn't hunger for love—of which he has never known the meaning. Deep inside him, though he seldom will admit

it, he is in agonizing doubt of himself. And the only drug that will dull his pain is to prove, over and over, that he can "get any woman he wants." But if you once let him prove this where you are concerned, you'll mean as little to him as the stubs of last night's theater tickets. Even if he knows that he has hurt you, he will be more pleased than sorry, for that will be one more indication of his "power over women."

BUT hate can and does make people deviously moniacally clever. Where a man who is truly in love is apt to be awkward and to put his worst foot forward, the woman plans each "campaign" as a general would plan an invasion. Pleasing women is his business, and he knows his business the way Harry James knows the trumpet, or Frank Sinatra his own type of singing.

If you're vain, he'll flatter you on just the points on which you want most to be flattered, and if you're ambitious, he knows the right promises to make—and how to dodge keeping them when the time comes. Outside of the fact that he's a little too smooth it's almost impossible to spot him except by one thing which you can find out if you take the trouble. Do a bit of sleuthing, and you'll find how many other girls have gone before you. And don't get the idea that you're different because that isn't what matters. The way a man treats a girl depends upon what sort of person he is, and few men change radically once they've grown up.

But with all I have said about "dangerous men," the real danger is still to you. Apart from sheer force and violence, no man can do any more harm to you than you let him. It's your inexperience, your hunger for admiration, your need for someone—no matter whom—who loves you that may make you vulnerable to the men I have been talking about. So watch your step, but watch yourself still more closely. And remember one thing: The further you go with any man, whether he's safe or unsafe, the harder it will be to stop.

Look out for the danger signals in yourself that I have listed and "proceed with caution" when you see them. There's a good man waiting for you, even though you may never have seen him and he may be thousands of miles away. Don't let either your impatience or another man's false glamour ruin your big moment for you.

THE END

IT'S VICTORY—

For Farley Granger

Highest number of votes in this month's Color Portrait Poll went to

Farley. His portrait in color therefore appears on page 39

Second Winner—Dennis Morgan

Pictured on page 48.

Whom would you like to see pictured in color in Photoplay? Send in this ballot to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of _____ in Photoplay

Right, Dress!

(Continued from page 61) your bust fullness by some vertical line, either through dressmaking detail or color.

THERE used to be a lot of talk about stripes serving as camouflage—horizontal stripes to cut off the height of tall girls, vertical stripes to emphasize the height of little girls. As far as I am concerned this is sheer poppycock.

Hillary Brooke, whom I am dressing now, is five feet, eight inches. Not for the world would I attempt to make her look a fraction of an inch shorter. Veronica Lake, on the other hand, is barely five feet. Not for the world would I attempt to make her look a fraction of an inch taller. Tall girls give clothes importance. Little girls can be trim or dainty.

Color is another item for consideration. For, as I see it, color is either friend or foe. It depends upon how we use it.

Most people are afraid of color. They say they can't wear gray. Which is ridiculous. They simply cannot wear certain shades of gray. Or, even worse, they say smugly, "I always wear blue. It is my favorite color." Such an attitude is too likely to prompt you to dress dully.

Perhaps the worst thing of all is to go overboard on color. I consider a woman goes overboard on color when she wears, with a black dress, say, a magenta hat, magenta shoes, magenta gloves, magenta

If you want—

—Edith Head to advise you on your clothes problem—

send her a full-length photograph. On the back list your weight, height and the measurements of your hips, waist, bust and upper arm circumference. Also your name and address.

Send your photograph to Miss Edith Head, c/o Photoplay Magazine, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, California.

jewelry and carries a magenta bag. Such endless dabs of color are confusing and give a very "busy" appearance. Better, by far, to wear one large hunk of magenta costume jewelry and keep all other accessories the color of the dress itself.

It isn't those who spend the most money on clothes who are the most smartly dressed. It is those who spend the most time and thought on clothes. Like Loretta Young, who dresses very simply indeed but is always meticulously and immaculately turned out. Which is very important. For if when you go out you know you are neatly and securely and smartly put together you do not feel you have to hike your girdle, adjust your slip straps, pull your stocking seams straight. You have physical poise, as well as mental pride. And so you walk with grace and pride.

Remember, there isn't anyone who can't look better . . . And now is the time for it. Just because we are at war doesn't mean we have to go around looking grim and drab. Drabness has no place in our modern life, in our national scene. Taking the time and trouble to choose the right clothes and have them fitted properly to your figure is not only vital to your personal improvement but to improvement in home-front morale.

THE END.

Powers Models tell how to have *naturally* lustrous, shining hair



WHY POWERS BEAUTIES USE THIS REMARKABLY BEAUTIFYING SHAMPOO

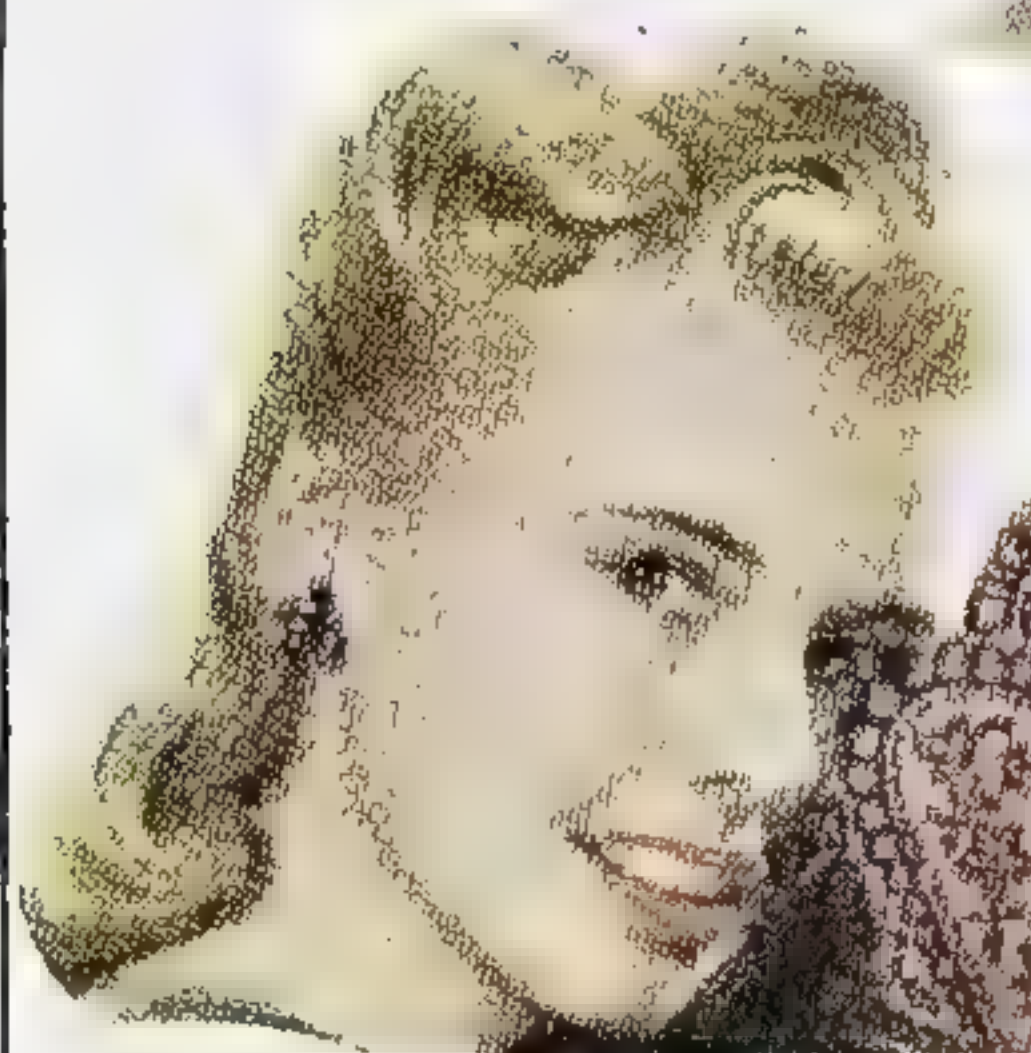


Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff.

Its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle.



Brings out the natural sparkling beauty hidden in the hair.



10-Minute "Glamour Bath" Leaves Hair Silken Soft, Bright and Glossy For Days!

John Robert Powers, famous beauty authority, continually emphasizes to his stunning "million dollar" models—the importance of naturally lustrous, silken-sheen topknots. And here is why he advises his models to use *only* Kreml Shampoo:

1. It takes only 10 minutes to "glamour-bathe" your hair with Kreml Shampoo—to thoroughly cleanse hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff.
2. Kreml Shampoo leaves the hair so much softer, silkier and easier to arrange.
3. It brings out natural brilliant sheen and highlights that last for days.
4. Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals.
5. Instead—it is a *mild* shampoo—it has a beneficial *oil* base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle.
6. Kreml Shampoo rinses out like a charm—never leaves any excess dull soapy film.
7. It is also unsurpassed for shampooing children's hair.

Buy The Large Size — Let Your Whole Family Enjoy The Beauty Benefits Of:

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



Scrap Book on Lana Turner

(Continued from page 53) **Favorite Food:** Home-made bread—and after that, macaroni, and after that, Irish stew.

What she could have been instead of Lana Turner: She could have been Julia Turner the dress designer, with a big income tax to pay! She designs many of her own dresses and has since cradle days. The most copied Turner-special was a fluffy white piqué pinafore, with small red hearts marching along the hem and shoulder frills—and with deep white lace lining the inside of the skirt.

Pet pick-me-up between meals: Milk with ice-cubes in it.

Habit she's trying to break herself of: Sitting with her feet turned over and both ankles settled on the floor.

Pet beauty secret: Why tell it?—most of us can't profit by it anyway! It's her magic knack with her hair, which she can arrange in a long page-boy; or braided in a coronet; or in shining buns over her ears; or in a sleek knot in back—or any other way at all! All of her hairdresses she designs herself; give her a comb and mirror and she could put Charles of the Ritz to blushing shame!

What makes her yawn the most: Anything businesslike, from income-tax blanks to bank reports.

Favorite Book: "The Lady In The Lake," by Raymond Chandler—a chilling murder mystery. She reads nothing else but whodun-its, and devours them at the rate of five a week.

Best women friends: Among others are Betty Grable and Eve Wynn, wife of Keenan.

Ex-boy friends: Too numerous to mention.

What she wants in a husband: More than looks or anything else she asks two things: That he be considerate, that he be thoughtful.

What she'd be like as a wife: She wouldn't be a good cook, a bustling housekeeper or a hostess catering to the "right" people. She *would* be an immaculately groomed companion, a loving mother, a perfect supervisor of a cosy home . . . and a gay personality.

Amount of sleep she gets a night: Nine hours, without fail.

What gives her the biggest kick in life: Baby daughter Cheryl. Beautiful clothes of all kinds. Music, bowling, dancing—and friends collected for an evening of laughter.

Most frightening moment: When little Cheryl was taken away from her right after birth—to receive a dozen blood transfusions.

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That the public will always be as loyal to her as her friends—because she's never malicious, scheming or coldblooded. Everyone knows that whatever her antics in private life, they are only the results of her impulsiveness, her amazing beauty, and her joy of living—nothing more.

THE END

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PHOTOPLAY'S FIRST RUN FASHIONS



*Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
have the wish I wish tonight.*

...and JOYCE REYNOLDS' "Star Wish" is coming true in Warner Brothers' "Janie." Pretty, petite Joyce poses for Photoplay in a young sophisticated Margot jacket dress of black Enka rayon faille, sparkling with sequins. Complexion-pink vestee. Sizes 7-15. Best & Co., New York. Black sequin calot by Madeaps.



STAR GAZING WITH PHOTOPLAY

It's autumn — time for October's bright, blue weather. Pegasus, the flying horse of the heavens, is directly overhead in the night sky . . . the sun is in the sign of Virgo. In fashion time, you're thinking of new dresses, new twinkling touches to make old dresses new.

Photoplay has studied the galaxy of new fashions and picked a few of the brightest ones . . . all youthful and gay, yet dependable and constant as the Pole star.

**Rising Star JOYCE REYNOLDS in
a "Hi Dee" Junior dress for sunup to
sundown. New high-rising skirt of deep
violet cotton velveteen; tuck-in wool
jersey blouse in light lilac. Sizes 7-15.**

Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia



Costume Maker

Betty Barnes

Bewitching blouse with a stand up ruffle lovely as a necklace . . . demure as downcast eyes . . . gentle as a whisper . . . and anything but innocent. Made of a fine rayon crepe by Colonial Mills with the fine tailoring touches that mark all Betty Barnes creations. About \$5. At stores listed or write to BETTY BARNES BLOUSES, 1375 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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and lissome look!*

MILLER-SMITH HOSIERY MILLS
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.



MORNING and EVENING STARS Like Venus, the first star you see in the morning and the last star to shine at night, these bright little dresses play the double role of daytime work and datetime play fashions. (Right) Rich twill-back velveteen in prism colors for junior figures. Sizes 7-15. \$14.95 at The Emporium, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago; Lord & Taylor, New York. (Left) Smart shirt 'n' waist fashion in a one-piece L'Aiglon dress of rayon crepe. Raspberry, aqua or sand printed top with black skirt. 12 to 40. Under \$13 at R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

Photographed at the Hayden Planetarium, N. Y.



Reaching for the Moon?

If you're 5' 3½" or 5' 4" and want to look taller and slimmer, you can thank your lucky star because now there's a young-looking fashion designed just for you. It's the new Korell dress scientifically styled for the junior woman your height — sized to fit without alterations. Photoplay is proud to be the first magazine to point to this new fashion star. Illustrated in smooth rayon gabardine, lovely pastel colors. Sizes 12+ to 22+. \$10.95 at Davison, Paxon Co., Atlanta; Franklin Simon, New York; Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.



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STARSHINE AT NIGHT Dazzling as the milky way . . . dramatic as the Northern Lights, this telescope-trim black dress with detachable peplum banded with light-catching angel skin braid. A Sheila Lynn fashion of rayon crepe. Black only. Sizes 8-18. About \$22 at Russek's, New York; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Thomas Kilpatrick Co., Omaha.

Timely Twinklers



A.



B.



C.



D.

A. Slak-Jak for over skirts, over slacks. Copied from your best beau's wool shirt, but cut to your proportions. All wool clan plaid. 12-20. \$10.95 at Saks-34th St., New York.

B. New two-way blouse by Koret Knits of California. Wear it buttoned down the back or front. 100% wool jersey in new colors. About \$5.

C. A bright-striped Glentex scarf of sheer rayon that feels like tissue wool. \$2.25 at B. Altman Co., N. Y.

D. This Glen-top comes with snood attached. Hand-crocheted chenille. Gay colors. About \$3.00 at R. H. Macy, New York.



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(Please print name and address carefully)

P. P.

STARLET

Star-dusty pastel checks for the starry-eyed junior — this little two-piece Joan Miller Jr. Dainty pink, blue, lilac or green checks on a white wool and rayon blend fabric. Baby collar and cuffs and belt trim of soft white Chanalaine jersey.

Sizes 7-15. \$14.95 at
Bloomingdale's, New York;
Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,
Chicago; The May Co.,
Los Angeles.



Turn to Page 130 for a representative list of stores throughout the country where you can buy these Photoplay First Run Fashions.

Sweet and Lively

(Continued from page 57) broke and sounded "slightly as if I were going to die" by itself.

But the preview cards of her first picture made her a hit. And now the bosses on the lot go about telling each other that they always knew her speaking voice was unusual and that was one reason why they signed her in the first place!

June claims, incidentally, that she can't sing.

"All I do is holler," she says. "I'm loud, anyway, even if I'm not good."

FOR the afore-muttered serious side and the circumstances which fostered it, you must go back into Miss Allyson's personal history.

Up to the age of eight, June's existence was more or less normal. She had been born in Westchester County, New York, and her mother and father had been divorced when she was six months old. For this reason, and because there was a tearing need for money, her mother had gone to work and June had been left in the care of certain aunts in the neighborhood.

At eight, the blow fell, literally and figuratively. For, while playing outdoors, a dead and rotten tree suddenly gave up the ghost and descended on June. When the medics rallied 'round, it was discovered that she had suffered a fractured skull, two broken legs, a broken right arm and injuries to her back which necessitated her wearing a brace for the next five years.

Thus, for twenty-four months, June lay in a hospital bed and wondered if she would ever walk again. The medics wondered, too, and it is only because of their skill and her desire to be like other little girls that she became whole once more.

By the time she was in high school she was well. Amazing as it may seem, she was also an athlete of no mean proportions.

But, outside of school, she was a pretty lonely little girl. For, after her release from the hospital, there was a three-year period before her high-school career in which she still needed special care. Her aunts could not give her this and her mother was unable to because of finances, so she was sent to a place which was a combined hospital and boarding school. During this time, June seldom saw her mother and it was only after the latter married a second time when her daughter was fourteen that the relationship was really taken up again. Then, sadly, the girl went home to find that she almost didn't know her parent. They both regretted it, but the damage had been done through the unhappy and precarious preceding years. The result was that June asked permission to live alone in a woman's club in New York City, to go to school there and to remain as much on her own as she had been ever since her accident.

This "on her own" spirit is one of the things which makes her, at twenty, really remarkable. For it is not only indepen-

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VAN JOHNSON

and for November Photoplay's striking color portrait of him

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DRESSES

AS BEAUTIFUL INSIDE AS OUT



(above) Slimming Classic, front-button dress of colorful, versatile Verney rayon faille. Reliance Manufacturing Company, 212 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois, 200 Fifth Avenue and 1350 Broadway, New York City:

dence of a sort not commonly found in girls as young as she, but a knowledge of what she intends to do with her life and a calm intelligence. In words of one syllable, Jane is no dope.

At fourteen, she wanted to be a doctor, an ambition no doubt inspired by her lengthy sojourns in hospitals. But then, one day, she went to see a movie called "The Gay Divorcee." That did it. June took a look at Fred Astaire, did a quiet nip-up or two and decided that the only way she could ever come into his august presence was to get onto the stage.

Things rode along in this fashion for a few months until one of her few intimate friends dared her to try out for a Broadway show. June went—and suddenly found herself a member of the line of "Sing Out The News."

At the end of two months, her mother insisted that she finish high school. June went back to the books and graduated in time to answer another chorus call for "Very Warm For May." Then came "Panama Hattie," and "Best Foot Forward," in which she not only danced but sang three songs. The agents began to congregate in her dressing room. One of them was from M-G-M; next stop, Hollywood.

TO MEET June casually is to encounter a small blonde elf, a girl with enough energy for several people, tremendous ambition and numerous talents.

Underneath all that, however, there is a sane, mature woman who has spent much of her life lying quietly and thoughtfully in bed, who has been on her own, fighting against pain and loneliness and fear, since she was eight—a woman that had to learn how to laugh when she was in high school, yet at the same time a woman who glories constantly in the mere fact that she is alive. This is the person who still manages her own career, who lives alone in a five-room apartment, who suddenly looks straight at you with eyes that have momentarily lost their twinkle and says solemnly, "I hope I will be good enough to be a star."

She buzzes about nightly with Van Johnson and John Hodiak and the other local lads in a gay and charming manner that is a delight to watch. Even more consistently has she been seen with the recently freed Dick Powell. These dates by the way, are really on the friendship side. June claims she isn't serious at present, thank you.

"All the really pretty ones are in the Army," she says, mocking the allure of even Messrs. Johnson, Hodiak and Powell. "Except Clark Gable, of course. He's out now. But I don't think he's honestly interested in me!"

What about her first idol, Fred Astaire? Yes, she finally met him. It was awful.

"I was covered with grease and had on old slacks and no make-up," she said, sorrowfully. "My car had broken down and I'd been trying to fix it. And, at last, I barreled around the corner to the lot and there was someone I knew and Mr. Astaire. After all the years of planning how beautiful I'd be! It was tragic!"

She shook her head. "But that's life, I guess," she finished.

See. We told you she was a philosopher.

THE END

More! More! More!

Everyone wants to see more of

June Allyson

Watch for Photoplay's distinctive color portrait next month

Heartbreak Story

(Continued from page 31) parties, preferring to stay with Lance at home until his bedtime and then go to bed herself, secure in the knowledge that he was there with her. When the child had been taken ill during the previous year, she had almost worried herself into a hospital.

Cary talked to Barbara now, urging her to let neither the shame of those charges nor her dread of going through the ordeal of a court trial induce her to so much as suggest a compromise. He also cancelled every engagement on his crowded calendar, including pictures, so he might constantly be at her side. By virtue of his understanding devotion he fortified Barbara with fine determination and the courage to face a showdown.

"Make no mistake, Elsa," she told me at dinner one night shortly afterwards, "this time I'm going through with it!"

Her eyes flashed and her lovely little pale face was set and determined.

"Good girl, Barbara!" I said. "The evidence in the British papers during your divorce should alone be enough to uphold you."

BUT the Count's case never came to trial. On June 29 he filed for a dismissal of that suit.

He must have known he had little chance of proving his charge that Barbara used obscene and indecent language in front of their son. There would have been so many character witnesses to testify for her. I myself would have been one of the first. For Barbara detests vulgarity or coarseness in either action or language. Her prudish streak is actually incredible in one born and bred in such sophisticated surroundings.

However, even though the Count's charges would not have stood up in a court trial they had very definite nuisance value. No woman—no mother especially—wants such accusations as the Count made emblazoned across newspapers all over the land. And if you are one of the richest girls in the world, like Barbara who inherited forty million dollars, it obviously would be far easier to pay anything that might be satisfactory than to permit this to happen.

Since that unhappy day when Lance didn't come home, Barbara, distraught and sad, has gone scarcely anywhere. And she wears none of her jewels any more, where she used to take delight sometimes in putting on various pieces of the fine jewelry she possesses, her historical and famous emeralds especially.

Backed by Cary, however, she still holds firm to her resolution to offer no settlement, but to fight back.

She has good reason to be distraught, I think. Although this is not generally known, Count Haugwitz-Reventlow is a Prussian who, with his brother, Heinrich, fought against us in the last World War. For the record he was born in Charlottenburg, that part of Berlin which corresponds to our social register section in New York known as the East 70's.

It was in 1924 that he and his brother changed their nationalities to Danish in order to inherit a large estate, Saxkjoebing, in Denmark, where they subsequently lived. The name of this estate was Hardenburg Castle, but most entailments and the money that went with it were inherited by Heinrich. Kurt, eventually and unfortunately for Barbara, succeeded in marrying her after a whirlwind courtship.

It wasn't until after her marriage to Reventlow that Barbara learned he had been born in Germany and fought in the last war. Perhaps he thought to lessen the blow this was to her when he added,

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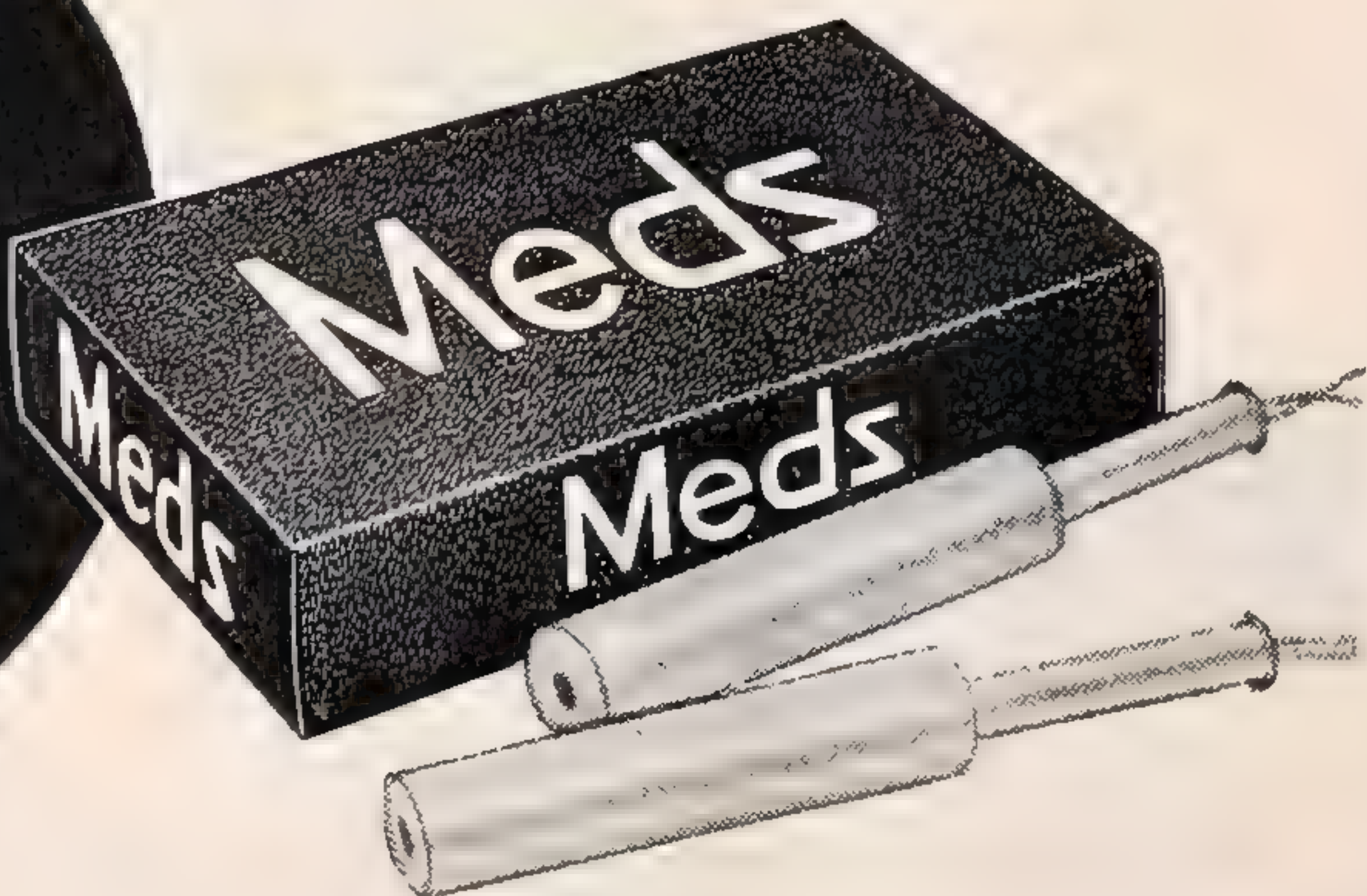
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in effect: "Of course, I never actually fought the Americans. I only took photographs of the battles."

Good old Frank Woolworth, founder of the five and ten cent stores, would, no doubt, be sickened to know a "gentleman" of Berlin, who belonged to the Garde Corps of Kaiser Wilhelm and fought against democracy in 1914, had married his granddaughter, Barbara, and pocketed over three million dollars of the Woolworth fortune.

HOLD no brief, though I have real affection, for my little friend, Barbara Hutton Grant. In the beginning she certainly was a bad "picker." Many rich American girls, for reasons not clear in the mind of your curious, happy, though unrich reporter, have to go through the hard and dreary process of buying themselves titled Europeans.

Barbara, however, is very quick to acknowledge her mistakes. And it is so easy to judge others.

As a child Barbara knew very little happiness. She lost her mother, who was supposed to have committed suicide, when she was only four. Her father never was close to her. A governess brought her up. In early childhood her greatest treat was to be taken by her governess to the Woman's Exchange or some tearoom for luncheon.

She was a sensitive, shy, lonely child. And as she grew older, with the shadow of one of the world's largest fortunes hanging over her head, she was, no doubt, unconsciously imbued with the idea that she would be the victim of unscrupulous persons. All of which is most detrimental to a normal or a happy adjustment.

I thought Barbara, when she was eleven years old, was the sweetest little thing in the world. I knew her well. She was quite plump then, full of vitality, and longing to be friends with anyone who cared enough about her to penetrate her shy exterior. She loved music and had a very high pretty voice which she has still; although she never sings any more now.

Her love of music, however, is deep and sincere. Oddly enough, her first two



"My Dear

that's her last year's hat!"

—and hurrah for "her." She's the woman who's standing behind the sacrifices our boys are making.

She's the woman who's not afraid of the comments of her smaller sisters.

She's the woman who's preventing that terrible threat of inflation from becoming a reality, by not buying something she really doesn't need. She's the woman who's helping to win this war!



husbands, Alexis Mdivani and Count Haugwitz-Reventlow cared little for music. Cary, on the other hand, plays the piano very well and has a charming, natural singing voice. With him Barbara enjoys the symphony season at the Hollywood Bowl where they take a box and attend regularly.

I used to wonder if Barbara would go through with her marriage to Cary. Failing completely to judge the characters of her two former husbands, she had made two drastic mistakes. I knew Cary had brought more joy into her life than anyone ever had. I knew she was fond of him. But I wondered, frankly, if she would have the courage to try it a third time.

Back in 1940 when Cary began to court Barbara she lived in a big house formerly owned by Buster Keaton, a film comedian of the old days. About the grounds of this house guards always were posted. For Barbara then received many threatening letters from supposed kidnappers telling her that death for her son would be the penalty unless she paid ransom. How strange it is that the boy's own father should be the one who, in the end, spirited him away.

BARBARA and Cary have, since their marriage at Arrowhead Springs, lived in Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s house on the Pacific Palisades in Santa Monica. There in an atmosphere of quiet and peace, Lance has been brought up with the utmost care. I have never known a healthier or happier child. Cary has been more than a father to him and has taught him the normal, manly sports of swimming, bicycling and horseback riding. In short, Lance soon came to adore Cary because he found him such a happy, splendid person. And that made Barbara's happiness complete.

Last winter when Barbara visited New York we couldn't prevail upon her to remain longer than the few days she originally planned. She was, every minute of her stay, eager to return to Cary and her son. Dining informally with her and her aunt, Jessie Donahue, one evening I asked again why she didn't stay on, for a few more days at least. Before she could answer she was called to take a long-distance telephone call.

"That's why I can't stay on," she said, returning to the table. "That was Cary. He wants me back right away, definitely refuses to allow me to remain longer . . ." She wasn't complaining about any part of this, however. She was, in a way, boasting. Her face was wreathed in smiles.

They have always lived quietly, Barbara and Cary. They've never given large parties but have confined their entertaining to a few friends and intimates. During the happier summer of 1943 they held open house on Sunday. Friends came for a buffet supper and stayed to play The Game, then very much the vogue. Guessing games Barbara adores. And she nearly always wins.

In the film colony Barbara is much loved. And her generosity persists, in spite of the fact that she often must have been victimized. She has helped many musicians gratify their wish for careers. Last year, for instance, there was a young harpist in the army, Cpl. Bassa Pearson. He was without question the most wonderful harpist I have ever heard. He was only twenty-two and looked forward to a concert career when the war was over. I remember with what pleasure I heard Barbara say to him:

"The moment you are demobilized communicate with me. I will arrange a concert in Carnegie Hall in New York or in any other city you wish."

All Barbara can do now, of course, is

MARJORIE REYNOLDS,
SOON TO BE SEEN IN
"MINISTRY OF FEAR"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Marjorie Reynolds

with Hands alluring

MEN certainly do like it when a girl's hands are soft and feminine.

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The Stars' own Hand Care is Jergens Lotion 7 to 1



Jergens Lotion

for Soft, Adorable Hands

NEWS FLASH!

Glamorous Hair Wins Sailor at Canteen Dance



What fun at the canteen since Johnny cut in and said, "I had to dance with you, Glamorous—how could anyone resist your bright, sparkling hair!" Yet not so long ago Canteen dances were as dull as my own drab-looking hair.



"Boys naturally go for girls with lustrous hair," Mary, the girl at the beauty shop told me. "Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? You'll be thrilled with the beautiful highlights—the glorious sheen it gives your hair." It sounded wonderful—and it certainly was!



Last night Johnny said, "I'll always love your bright sparkling hair." I smiled as I thought how Colorinse started him sailing my way.

P.S. For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

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In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG
For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down—just a few drops of Hairlac will keep your coiffure in place throughout the day. 2 1/2 oz. bottle 25¢.

Nestle HAIRLAC

wait. Los Angeles District Attorney Fred N. Howser holds the Count violated no California law when he took Lance to Vancouver, B. C. "My office, however," he adds, "will consider further information proving a violation." Likely enough writs of habeas corpus and other legal formalities will have to be satisfied before Barbara's legal rights can be established and she can hope to have Lance safely with her again.

Meanwhile, Barbara has the support of Cary and her friends. And she has a staff of three big attorneys, among them the famous Jerry Giesler, to advise her in the suit she has opened, accusing Reventlow of having exerted hypnotic influence over her in order to gain a portion of her \$40,000,000 fortune and asking for the full custody of Lance, because her ex-husband is not "a proper or fit person" to have charge of the boy.

Waiting is hardest of all. Today Barbara needs Cary as she has never needed him before. And he is behind her and beside her, one hundred percent.

He is as upset about the situation as she is and talks of little else these days. He worries about Barbara, feels this is a horrible affair for her to face, but is sure that ultimately she will win out.

From his courage, Barbara takes courage too. In spite of the tired lines around her eyes, the change in her is evident—a look of strong determination about her.

I dined with Cary and Barbara the other night. During dinner as he passed Barbara's chair I saw him bend swiftly and kiss the top of her head. In his eyes was the greatest tenderness. A little thing perhaps. But seeing it I knew that however long and severe the ordeal ahead may be Barbara, fortified by his strength and affection, will offer no settlement but will fight back. And in the end I know she will win. For with all my heart I believe in a democracy like ours justice always triumphs if you have the patience and courage to give it a proper chance.

THE END



Turning into a typical happy Hollywood couple: Alexis Smith with her new husband, Craig Stevens



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Miss Christmas Tree

(Continued from page 33) So she picked the orange and sent it to the doctor across the ocean. We have since laughed many times over what happened to the "live" orange. By the time it reached its destination it had withered into a small gourd—but Dr. Lindstrom was so impressed he took a picture of it!

Since that day I have liked to feel that Ingrid was my friend. We have often discussed being "career women" married to doctors, but I have never had as long an uninterrupted talk with her as I did the day I went to visit Ingrid in her little "white house" on the Selznick lot.

She does not like to entertain at her apartment because, as she says, "It is so small an apartment. It does not look one bit like a movie actress's home."

But she loves her dressing room on the lot and particularly the little white picket fence that surrounds the bungalow.

She speaks English much better, almost perfectly, and makes no pretense of hanging onto an attractive little accent—a practice unfortunately indulged in by several other of our best "imports." With the loss of her accent, several other mannerisms have also gone overboard. She still has the same firm handclasp, but it is more American. It would be foolish to say that her American success has not given Ingrid a new poise and surety.

Yet that same becoming shyness clings to her personality. Her smile comes more often—but it comes slowly and softly.

I HAD BEEN on the set with her for a half-hour or more while she finished a scene for "The House of Dr. Edwardes." Ingrid plays a woman psychiatrist and she was wearing a doctor's apron and of all things—glasses. As soon as she finished she put on a much more becoming pink gingham dress.

Before director Alfred Hitchcock could call her again, she said, "Come on. We can't talk here. Shall we go over to my little house?"

The bungalow consists of four rooms, living room, dressing room, kitchen and bedroom, and is furnished in Ingrid's favorite color combination of blue and beige. The living room was filled with flowers, there were books and magazines and boxes of candy about—and if she wanted to she could live in her dressing room in great comfort.

I had stipulated that I wanted no one present at our talk, because I wanted to talk to Ingrid about her marriage and her private life. So avidly is she revered and admired by her studio "protectors" I was afraid, out of deference to their idol, the boys might try to switch me off the subject.

She has never liked to discuss her husband or her marriage for two very good reasons: She feels her private life is her own and she even more thoroughly believes that Dr. Peter Lindstrom's is his!

Like most doctors' wives, she knows that medical men shy from publicity like a fractious steed from a rattlesnake.

But I am a girl not long in getting to the point. Safe in the "little house," I asked: "Ingrid, how do you and Dr. Lindstrom solve the problem of two careers?"

"We are happy," she said simply and not at all abashed. "When you are happy there are no problems. We were unhappy only when we were separated for so long."

"I am so glad those days of working and studying alone are over for both of us. My husband is now working every day at the General Hospital in Los Angeles. He is a brain surgeon. As you know, there is such a shortage of doctors and there is



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much need for men in his line of work."
"Did you have trouble adjusting your
lives after your long separation?" I went
on, remembering a party I had attended
recently at which both Ingrid and her
husband were present.

Every woman in the place was wearing
her best finery. Ingrid, only, remained
"underdressed" in a simple dinner gown,
her healthy hair brushed back from her
face, her whole being shining with that
scrubbed look that makes other women
seem too artificially groomed. Within five
minutes every man in the room was sur-
rounding her.

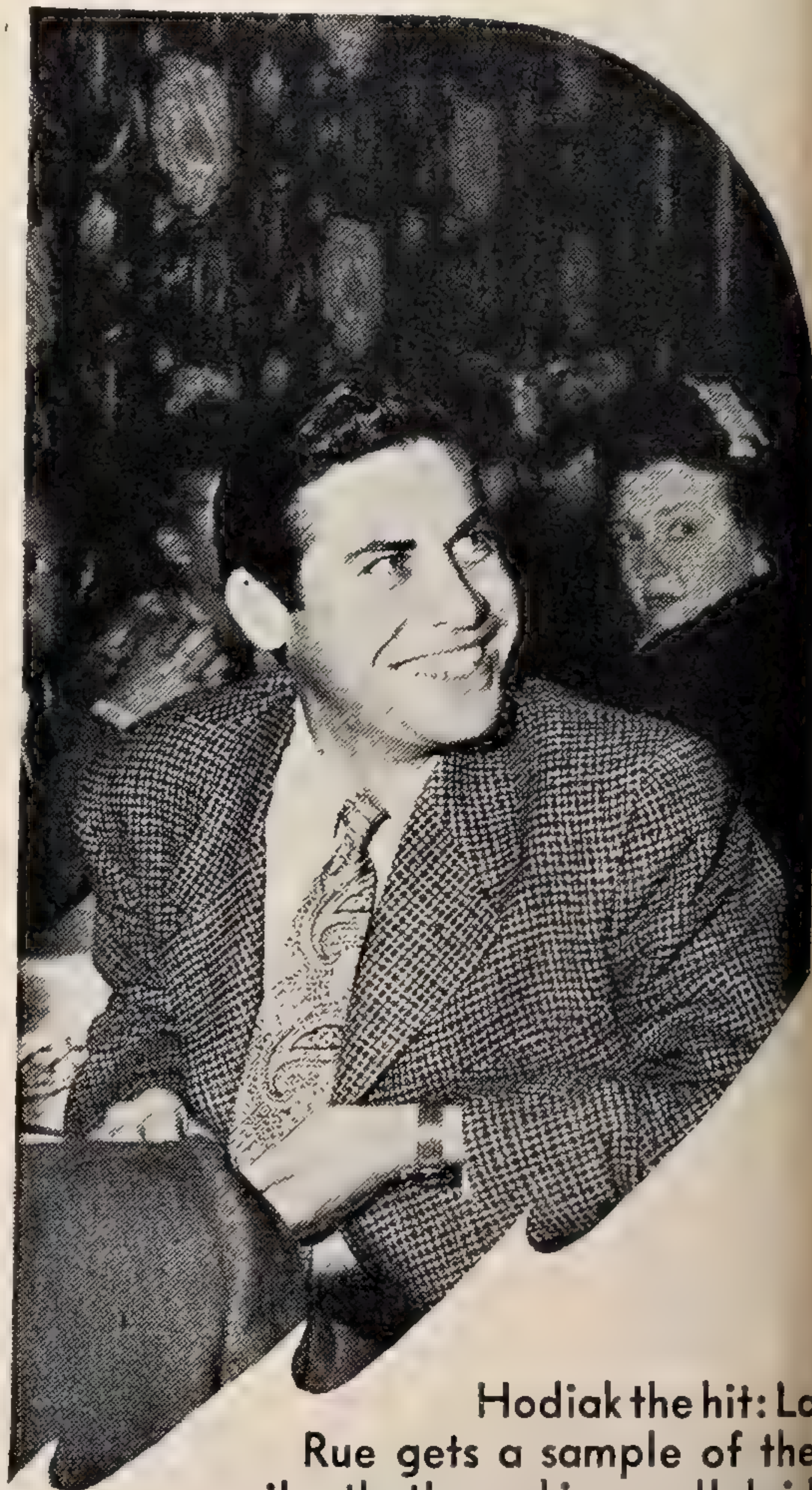
Dr. Lindstrom sat quietly on a divan
talking with his hostess. But Ingrid's eyes
continually sought his. She was con-
stantly leaving little groups of admirers
to join him and to ask if he were enjoy-
ing himself. "Is everything all right?"
she would ask like a mothering hen, if
such a prosaic expression can be used
about a woman as lovely as Bergman.

She's spoiling that nice man, I thought.

Finally, the tall, attractive Dr. Lind-
strom threw back his head and laughed.
"Everything is perfect," he assured his
wife. "I am having a very good time."

Ingrid laughed when I recalled the eve-
ning to her. "Yes, that is right," she ad-
mitted. "He goes out so seldom I want
very much for him to have a nice time.
If I seemed to be catering to him—it is
not because he is jealous. He is not in the
least jealous of me. He is far prouder
of any success I have achieved than I am.
He is never disgruntled or unhappy over
attentions paid me. But," she observed, "I
can see why some marriages break up
when there is a woman's career involved
and when the husband does not have the
innate sweetness of the man I was lucky
enough to marry."

"Perhaps we are fortunate in being
Swedes. Our people have a wonderful
sense of homemaking. They are sensible
people and to us divorce is almost un-
known. Once we are in love and mar-
ried—we stay that way."



Hodiak the hit: Lo
Rue gets a sample of the
smile that's making celluloid
time for its dark-haired possessor

I asked Ingrid how she spent her days when she is not working.

"I must have my exercise," she answered, "plenty of it. I swim a great deal with my husband, we play tennis and ride horseback. Swimming I like best. It is so completely relaxing for both of us."

"What about Pia?"

Ingrid replied, "She is five now and has just had her tonsils out so she is not swimming this summer. That makes her very unhappy—but she goes with us to the beach or to the home of some friend who has a swimming pool."

"Do you know," she laughed, "when we find our home I do not wish for a big elaborate house? But I must have a swimming pool and a tennis court. My husband jokes about this. He says, 'Ingrid wants just a *simple* little place with a swimming pool and a tennis court'—but soon we will find it and I do not care where it is located except that it be near the hospital. His work is so necessary and so vital. I can live anywhere. Pia doesn't mind where we live just so it is California."

THE little girl looks more like her mother than like Dr. Lindstrom and while Ingrid indulges in little "doting mother" talk, it is obvious that the child is the apple of her eye.

Pia likes best the days when her mother is not at the studio. Usually on these occasions the two of them cook. Ingrid cooks marvelous Swedish dishes but the Lindstrom family likes American, Mexican and Spanish dishes, too.

"I am not a great cook," she protests, "but anyone who can read a cook book should be able to put dishes together. The point is—discipline. Do as the directions say—and don't depend too much on your feminine intuition!"

When she speaks of her work Bergman has almost the detached viewpoint of an outsider. She enjoyed "Gaslight" and "Saratoga Trunk" particularly, because they were costume pictures and she likes to "dress up." But in her heart I think she believes her best screen work was in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde." "But I had less response from that than any picture I have made. People seemed to forget it so soon," she said, but there was no criticism or complaint in her voice.

"I am enjoying making 'The House Of Dr. Edwardes,'" she went on, "because the psychiatry angle is so interesting."

I asked her if Dr. Lindstrom was helping her with the medical scenes.

"Oh, no," she replied, "his specialty is brain and nerve surgery. But I read every book on psychiatry I could get my hands on. But I had never read Freud, or other books on psychoanalysis, so I delved into them trying to learn something about the way the treatment affects the patient and what it is doing to restore unbalanced minds. You see, I did not want to play the scenes with a blank mind and a blank face."

I said it sounded like a lot of hard work.

"Perhaps," she agreed with the soft curve of her smile. "But I have found that an actress can make only one bad picture in America. After that—she is forgotten. So it is good for a player to have to study and work hard. I do not want to be forgotten."

I could have told her that the fans love Ingrid Bergman enough to permit her more than one bad picture. But I didn't.

Behind that sweetness of hers are a fineness and an adherence to principles that will keep her feet planted on the ground as well as on that pedestal on which Hollywood and the public have enthroned her.

THE END

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It's a Party!

(Continued from page 51) L. B. Mayer, head of M-G-M; Frances Goldwyn, wife of Sam; Mrs. Zanuck, who was hostess Maxwell's right hand; her husband Darryl, vice-president in charge of production at Twentieth Century-Fox; George Sanders, Errol Flynn, Ronald Colman, George Brent and—

Lana Turner with Peter Lawford: They came late and stayed together through the whole party in a tiny corner of the foyer, with Lana doing most of the talking for the two.

Van Johnson: He came alone, but went to Mocambo afterwards with Lana and Lawford and the Keenan Wynns.

Charles Boyer: Greeted friend Elsa Maxwell with great enthusiasm. Their mutual interest: Free France and its struggle for rehabilitation.

Joan Fontaine: She arrived with columnist Harry Crocker, her constant current escort, entertained the guests with an impromptu solo.

Joe Cotten: Everybody had a gay "hello" for an affable fellow who's one of the best liked men in Hollywood.

Clark Gable: Handsome in civilian tweeds, he brought Kay Williams, looking cool and blonde and reserved.

Judy Garland: She entered alone but had a fine time talking shop-talk with Editor Sammis and dancing with Van Johnson.

Livvie de Havilland: Came with current love-of-her-life Major John Huston.

Jeanne Crain: Newcomer who plays opposite Lon McCallister in "Home In Indiana," she brought all male guests to sharp and flattering attention.

Mike Romanoff: Life-of-the-party figure whose wit—and whose restaurant—have established him as a party-list personality.

Ann Warner: Wife of Jack, she is one of the best liked women and a socialite name in Hollywood.

Cary Grant: Good friend of the Warners, he chatted a long while with Ann. This was just the day before the former husband of his wife, Barbara Hutton, spirited her son away to Canada.

Gene Tierney: One of Hollywood's most beautiful, she came proudly with husband Oleg Cassini in his Army uniform. He is one of the best dancers on the Coast; they rhumbaed while half of the town's famous stood by and admired.

Carole Landis: Bright and on her toes, she was the center of political-argument groups without which no party is ever complete.

The arriving time—6. The leaving time—11—with memories of a party that goes down on the gold-star list of Hollywood party history.

THE END

What Could You Expect?

Just This:

A collection of eyebrow-raising anecdotes in

"That's Hollywood For You"

by **Sidney Skolsky**

November Photoplay

A. B. Complex

(Continued from page 47) We talked about Dwight Morrow and Steinmetz, one a genius of finance, the other of physical sciences. Anne not only likes modern painting, for instance, but she is not all wet about it.

In music she made excellent choice. Her voice was vibrant when she spoke of Hugo Wolf, who wrote in some ways the sweetest songs in the world.

NATURAL gifts, plus capacity for work. That is Anne Baxter's formula. She got her apprenticeship in summer stock and learned from Eva Le Gallienne. For three years she toiled under Maria Ouspenskaya. Of all her teachers she speaks with respect and affection.

"How did you learn to dress?" I asked, for Anne was truly *chic* and, while in Hollywood conventionally beautiful girls are a dime a dozen, not once in a blue moon will a man see a beautiful woman with sound ideas as to style.

"My grandfather was a great architect," she said. "My father spread over the East the bottled sunshine of Kentucky, as head salesman for a fine distillery. And mother is an interior decorator.

"She is the kind of interior decorator," Anne continued, "who causes guests in a home she has decorated to say to the hostess: 'How did *you* decorate this room so well?'"

Nothing pleases Anne Baxter better than to be understood. She glows, she rewards one, she moves her eloquent hands unconsciously. On one of them she wears a moonstone, not too large, not too small, set simply but with art. She was speaking about how, at times, she found herself believing so profoundly in a director that—Anne glanced at the table searching among its objects for a simile or metaphor. At her left, in this instance, near the wall, was a ludicrous rooster which held in some unbiological way a lampshade aloft.

"If (the director) told me I should paint that thing green and put it in my room. I'd have to do it," she said.

"I'm never afraid of being influenced too much," Anne continued, "because (and here she smiled a little ruefully) in the end I find myself doing about what I please. I'm obstinate."

"Firm," I corrected.

"That sounds athletic," she said, with a little frown of distaste.

She likes walking and often takes long walks, by herself. Frequently some cluster or company of trees or shrubs will catch and hold her attention, suddenly will become detached from its surroundings like a picture in a frame and will seem to have some special meaning, a gesture to make, a word to impart.

"That piece of ice in the glass," she said. "Just now, as I looked at it, I saw that it was very beautiful, as wonderful in its way as my moonstone. I thought of an evening I felt like swimming late, all alone, in my pool. . . ."

WHEN I mentioned Garbo, Paxinou and Bergman a while back, it was not necessary for me to remind the reader that two of that distinguished trio are Swedes and the other a Greek. Anne is American. North American. America has begun turning them out, may heaven be praised. Anne wants to travel, extensively, and without fanfare. She plans to do so after the war. She is determined not to overwork, or pile up more money than she needs and can reasonably use. She is not politically minded, but she is humanly minded, and therefore aware that social adjustments are always being made and that trying to hold back time, tide or progress is folly.



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Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** WHITE CLAY
PACK

Furthermore, she likes good jive, along with her Debussy and Borodin and Grieg.

I definitely had the impression that Anne Baxter had health and common sense as well as an amazing aptitude for acting. Hers is a balanced personality. She is in tune with the best of her epoch and seems to know its place in the historical pageant, the best of which she hopes is to come.

"There are bad men and women," she said, carefully. "I think those who assume that all their fellow men are good, at heart, are dangerously mistaken. Vipers are few, but they exist."

"Do you think most people are good, that great numbers of the good oppose a small, vicious minority?" I asked.

"The great majority seems to be inert. The ones I feel sorriest for are those who don't seem to know what to do with themselves. Many women, particularly, are at loose ends. They have no place in life that pleases them or gives them a sense of usefulness. That's not a question of class, or of natural gifts," she said.

"Luck?" I suggested.

Very gravely she said, "That also exists."

She was grateful for her own good luck, as well as her talents, her fine up-bringing, her liberal education, her quick reflexes, her height, weight, complexion and early success. She knows she is just getting started in an art form that is still in its childhood, in a country which still is groping, a world emerging from the mists of barbarism. Nearly everything lies ahead.

I looked at her across the table and the poet's words, "where brook and river meet," came perversely to mind. "Some brook!" was my unspoken comment and I thought of the river with awe. I think Anne Baxter does, too, sometimes. She feels a sense of true responsibility as a member of a struggling human family. I could not help wondering how far, really, the influence of such an actress is projected, what really such a personality means, displayed on the screen. In each part she is different, another facet of Anne Baxter is turned outward. And there are many more. And they bind and contain a shape and a pattern.

I think it would be almost impossible not to love her, to wish her well, to be eager to serve her as she serves or comfort her or encourage her. That is an artist's function. To be loved, and to serve.

THE END

★
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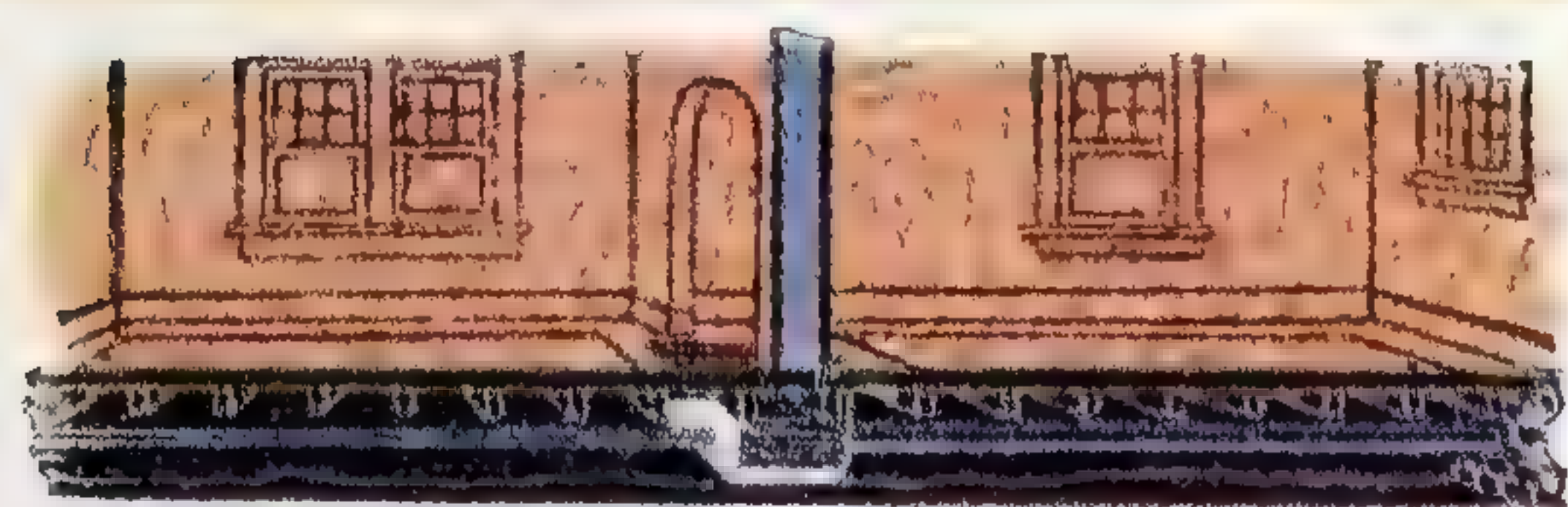
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It's Like This to be Mrs. Kaye

(Continued from page 59) stand, the police said, was the person who kept spoiling the beautiful music by singing off-key. We decided later that the complaint must have come from a musician who lived across the street.

WHEN Danny and I were married, we had \$70 between us and a bench in the park. He was then completely unknown, having appeared on Broadway in one small musical show, for which I had helped write the material. By great good luck he was booked into La Martinique, the New York night club, at a salary of \$250 a week. I had written seven or eight numbers for him and was to be his accompanist. That \$250 was the biggest salary Danny had ever made and we were quite excited about it. The Friday of that week I don't think I shall ever forget. I wasn't feeling well, and hadn't been able to appear at the club. After he finished work, Danny came home loaded with flowers for me. Then he took a thick envelope out of his pocket and covered the bed with \$5 bills—50 of them. He had asked to be paid in small bills to make the amount seem more impressive.

Next to his craze for baseball, Danny is passionate about medicine and Friday night at La Martinique soon became known as Doctors' and Dentists' Night. The club is in the Medical Arts Building on 57th Street and Danny knows a great many physicians. Frequently, when they had an interesting operation to perform, they would telephone down to the club and he'd run to the operating room between shows. Sometimes he'd become so intrigued with the operation that he'd be late for his act. I remember the first time this happened he came panting on the stage to apologize to the audience. He said he was sorry to have kept them waiting but he'd been watching someone's left kidney being removed. He got a big laugh on that; the audience thought it was a gag. Whenever he fails to come home in time, I know he's either at a baseball game or watching an operation. Through the years I've learned that both I and his favorite dish may be burning in the kitchen, but neither of us can hope to compete with a good, juicy appendectomy.

DANNY'S great extravagance is buying gifts. He spends very little on himself—he never owns more than the few suits and shirts and ties he wears continually. Our lawyer, Louis Mandel, gives us each a limited allowance for day-to-day expenses; all other bills are paid through his office. When Danny was appearing in "Lady In The Dark," he was always broke. This was a mystery to me, for even his restaurant and night-club checks were signed for and I knew he seldom spent money on anything else. The mystery was solved one day when he proudly handed me a jeweler's box containing a garnet ring and a necklace I had admired weeks before. He had saved \$250 in an old shoe in his closet so he could surprise me with the gift.

He could easily have got me the present and had the bill sent to Mandel, but then it wouldn't have seemed to him that he was buying it himself. He is under the childish delusion that if he doesn't pay for something out of his pocket, he isn't spending his own money. Even now he comes home with gifts for me—novelty pins, pajamas, sweaters—which he has scrupulously bought out of his allowance.

Danny's mother died when he was very young and he never felt any strong home ties. The first four years of

our married life were spent in hotels and sub-leased apartments. He never wanted a place of his own until we came to Hollywood for "Up In Arms" and got a house. Then he realized how pleasant home life could be. There was a sense of permanence about it that he thoroughly enjoyed.

When we lived in temporary quarters, we used to go out almost every night. Since we've been in Hollywood, we've spent most of our evenings at home. If Danny is working on a picture and has to get up early, he goes to bed at ten, leaving me to entertain our friends.

It's been said we run the best Lindy's in Beverly Hills. We have an excellent cook and Danny now prefers to eat at home. We entertain a lot, because, with Danny on the Goldwyn lot all day long, that's the easiest way for him to see the people he likes. About the only time he went out during the filming of "Up In Arms" was when a Brooklyn gangster's brother, now in the Army, came to visit us. Danny took him all over town.

His biggest sacrifice when we first got married was to get home to dinner on time (he never quite made it). Now there's no keeping him away. He's a fiend for Chinese and Italian dishes and must have them at least twice a week. Me, I used to be able to take them or leave them alone. Through the years I've also cultivated a taste for them, although I'll confess I still prefer a big, thick steak.

I'M TOLD that I'm a good cook, but I seldom get a chance to perform in the kitchen. Occasionally, however, when we've been up until three a. m., Danny loves to have me make biscuits and scrambled eggs or a souffle. He says it gives him a thrill, which in turn thrills me; I'm certainly not the girl to duck when her husband is throwing a hunk of flattery her way. Occasionally Danny messes around with innumerable pots and pans, making a concoction he calls spaghetti. It's usually terrible.

An extravagance we share is long-distance telephoning. Danny is gregarious and likes to keep in constant touch with all his friends. We're both bad correspondents, so that, when we're in Hollywood, the telephone seems the easiest means of communicating with the people we know in New York. By now they've got used to having us call any time from three to six in the morning—fortunately, too, that's the hour when the Army boys don't need the wires! We will sometimes phone because we must get a recipe for a dish Danny enjoyed at a friend's house months before. Or at least that's the excuse we make to ourselves, to justify the extravagance.

All my adult life I've liked to work at night and sleep late into the morning. Danny, fortunately, also prefers to keep the same hours. By now he's used to having me wake up at four or five a. m. to start work on an idea, after which I go back to bed. When Danny isn't making a picture, we generally rise about noon and lounge around the house until evening.

He had no definite ideas about women's clothes, except that I've learned from bitter experience not to wear earrings and under no circumstances to bring home a hat with a veil on it. In turn, he's almost given up wearing bow ties, about which I do have definite ideas, none of them flattering.

He's called me the head on his shoulders, by which he means not only that I write his material but that I help keep him together. I know of no set of shoulders I'd rather decorate.

THE END.



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AS THE TWIG IS BENT

Ever since her daughter was a little kindergartner—her devoted mother has endeavored to be her confidant and guide to see that she gets the *right start*.

As "her baby" grows older—mother helps select that thrilling "first party dress", the new wall paper for that "very own" bedroom—she consoles about braces on teeth, runs in stockings—lost hockey games. And then comes an eventful day—a day when mother explains how many girls and women on "certain days" of the month often suffer distress from female functional monthly disturbances and how Lydia E. Pinkham's

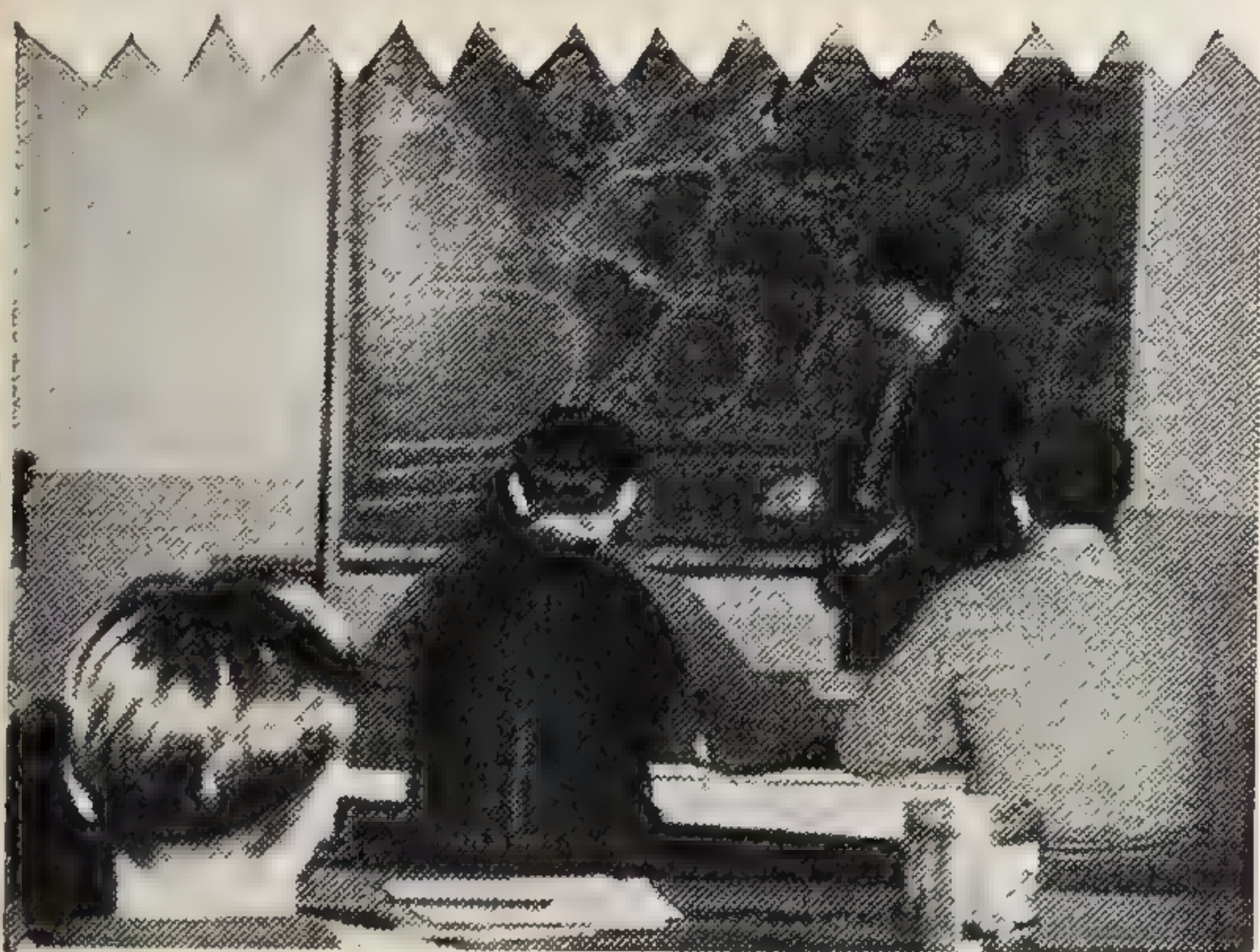
Vegetable Compound is so effective to help relieve monthly pain and accompanying tired, nervous, restless feelings—due to this cause.

She tells her daughter to try Pinkham's Compound to relieve such symptoms. Taken regularly it helps build up resistance against such distress. A wonderful suggestion which daughters everywhere should pass on to *their* daughters.

Buy Lydia Pinkham's Compound today. Follow label directions. It's well worth trying.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Behind Barbed Wire!



These letters were written by Americans in prison camps in Germany. Read them—and then you will want to read the rest

U. S. Merchant Marine Unit
Marlag U Milag Nord
Germany

Dear Peg,

Well looks as if winter is finding me here again, I don't mind tho' so much. Have been here 13 months now but the time has gone fast. I'm always busy. I'm in show business among other things and have another show coming up, in January, called "On the Spot," a gangster play. I'm also librarian and a member of the camp entertainment committee and busier than the cat on the tin roof.

Please write and thank the War Prisoners Aid for their many kindnesses.

"Hello" to all.

Wayne

Stalag Luft. III
Germany

Darling—

Our theater is almost completed and many of us have found in working thereon an opportunity to forget our local situation. The YMCA (War Prisoners Aid) have been a godsend in helping us to keep these camps full of active young men busy. We have classes, libraries, orchestras, dramatic organizations, dialectic organizations, church services and religious education, athletics of all sorts and even two newspapers. None of these things are like home, but they suffice and there is something for everyone to do. The Red Cross on the other hand has done magnificent work also. Bill K. tells me you and the kids are well. God bless you all,

Bub.

* * *

To Americans in prison camps over there War Prisoners Aid, agency of the National War Fund, has sent nails, glue, paints for theater sets built on prison grounds. Provided 1,259 make-up kits and 3,283 wigs for dramatic shows. Established universities in camps where prisoners can complete high-school and college courses. Shipped thousands of books to prisoners.

* * *

Help those men behind barbed wire remember there is an America.

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BETTY HUTTON starring in "AND THE ANGELS SING" a Paramount Picture

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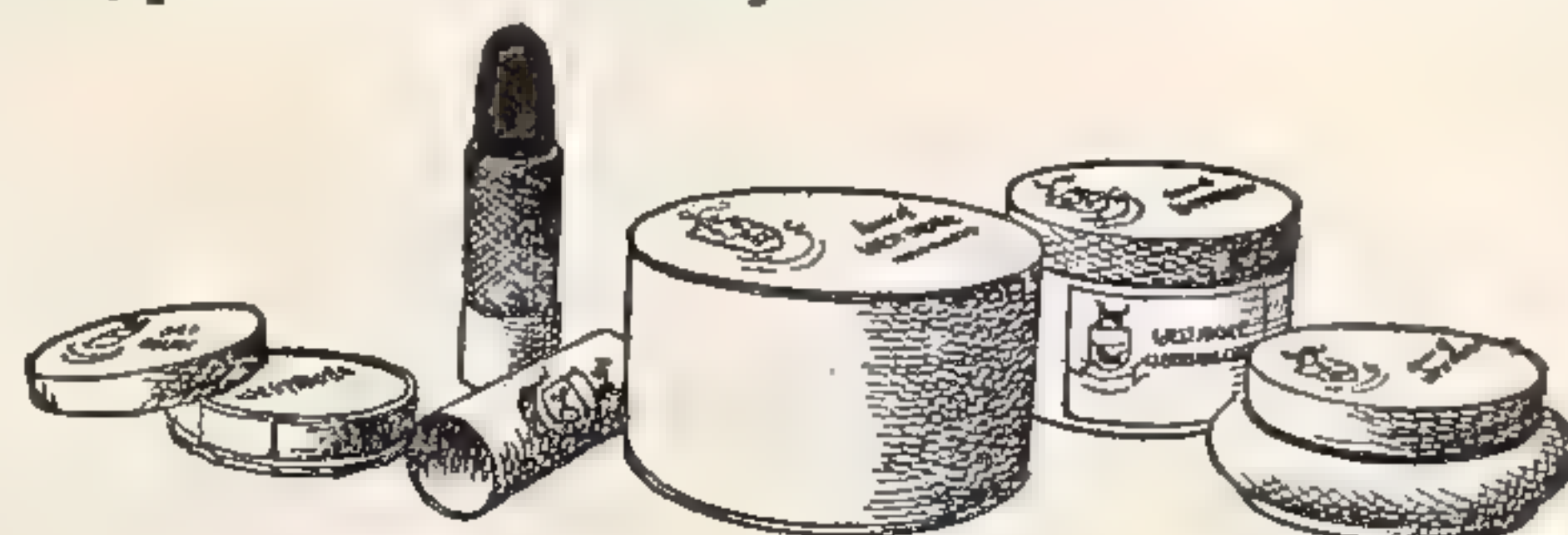
TONIGHT... today... in just one minute... look your loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore's new liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge. See how it camouflages large pores and little lines. Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth well-groomed, flawless-looking face-do all day... or night. Non-drying, definitely! Overglo has an emollient lanolin and oil base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Six skin-flattering shades. \$1.50, plus tax.

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Complete your make-up with
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Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.



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Deodorant
wins
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☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a *powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.



**QUEST
POWDER**

The Kotex Deodorant

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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with ...

**Kurb
TABLETS**



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!
Good for headaches, too

What's Wrong with Veronica Lake?

(Continued from page 35) it isn't in Elaine's, for I never want her to have to face situations like that. I didn't want to have to face and take them either, and I honestly believe that if John hadn't gone into the Army I would have quit the screen altogether. But when he did go in (and I am and was so proud of him for that) there was our baby to look after, and our small investments to try to protect. I only made a small salary then. After deducting taxes and agents' commissions out of that, it went a very little way toward supporting a house and a child. So I had to go on."

"Speaking of children," I said, "you are accused of having twice gone into production on a picture without admitting that you were about to become a mother."

The alluring Lake eyes met mine evenly. "That's true," she said. "I did. The studio was angry because they were trying to protect their investment. But I was trying to protect mine, too. The first time was on 'Sullivan's Travels' and the last time on 'The Hour Before The Dawn.' I wanted both babies, though I lost my second one through premature birth. Everyone knows how terribly much childbirth costs and I just couldn't afford to take the six months off that I would have to have if I admitted expecting them. So I worked. I worked right up until a week before Elaine was born. The final thing I did was to take a portrait sitting, which doesn't have much to do with acting, admittedly, but I wanted to co-operate as far as I could right up to the last minute."

WITH a great sense of timing, possibly inherited, little Elaine Detlie trotted into the room at that exact moment and let me go flatly on record as saying she is the most enchanting three-year-old I've ever seen. She has her mother's pert nose, but otherwise doesn't resemble her greatly, being dark-haired and very dark blue-eyed. She beamed with laughter and for the rest of the interview, when she wasn't actively crawling over her mother, she sat in the middle of the floor, making us home-made bus tickets, which she solemnly presented to us at intervals, in baby imitations of the real article with which she has become acquainted since gas rationing.

Veronica's battling young face relaxed at sight of her. "Believe it or not," she said, "but I discipline her. I know how important the first five years of a child's life are for her life-long character and I want to give Elaine the happiest kind of adult existence. Most people have happy childhoods. I didn't, but that gives me all the more reason for wanting one for my baby. Learning obedience early seems to me most important."

She caught my look and laughed. "Oh,

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Great Author--

★ Pearl Buck

Great Portrait--

Katharine Hepburn in color
November Photoplay

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Flush Out Poisonous Waste

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

I could learn to be obedient, too. But as a matter of fact I am, until somebody begins playing rough with me and makes me fight back.

"Take the case of my not wanting to make another picture with Alan Ladd or disliking being in 'Bring On The Girls' or being late on the set.

"Let me make it clear that I don't worry over the size of my roles. Certainly the part I played in 'So Proudly We Hail' was little more than a bit. But I didn't mind that. It was a good part and that is what matters. On the other hand, I didn't like becoming a team, Ladd and Lake, like MacDonald and Eddy, or Powell and Loy. I believe if once you get established that way, it seems to work out that the members of the team, broken up, are never as successful as individuals. So, after I'd made two pictures in succession with Alan, and they suggested casting me in a third, I objected. It was nothing against Alan, whom I consider a very fine actor and of whom I'm very fond as a person.

"At first I didn't want to play in 'Bring On The Girls.' It's a musical, and whatever talents I have I think lie in dramatic lines. I can't sing. I don't dance superlatively. I was cast for a cigarette girl, straight part, while around me Sonny Tufts sings and Marjorie Reynolds dances."

"You're licked on that score," I said. "I saw the preview and you made the cutest cigarette girl yet."

"Well, all right," grinned Lake, "but I didn't just walk right through it. I did try to make it stand out.

"When it comes to my having been late, and even running out for two days, I stand accused. I admit I am a complete moron about hours and that I literally never know what time it is. I have watches and clocks all around me and never see them. When I get doing one thing, whether it's eating, or fitting clothes, or discussing politics, I never can seem to remember that I must go on, at some particular hour, and do something else. But honestly, I'm trying to reform. Now if you check up regarding my newest production, 'Out Of This World,' you'll see I haven't been late once.

"That leads back to that portrait sitting with Freddie March, a sweet guy. I'd been called for it for a certain day—and, well, time got away from me. Freddie, however, was on time. So was the photographer. There they sat and waited for me. Finally they notified the front office and the front office called me. I tore down to the studio and found Freddie ready to slit my throat, for which I can't blame him, but at the moment it made me mad, too. The crazy part of the whole affair was that we had to take love scenes and, when I saw the finished results, I roared with laughter. Such pure loathing you've never seen on any two faces, particularly when they were lying so alluringly cheek-to-jowl. So I went to the studio and apologized. Then I went to Freddie and apologized. He was a dear and agreed to make the sitting over, and that time the results were slick."

"ALL RIGHT," I said. "You can't blame it on a watch that you—well, altered your birthplace and your real name? What's your excuse for that?"

Veronica grinned in her impish fashion. "None," she admitted, cheerfully. "I was wrong. I know it now, but somehow Lake Placid, N. Y., sounded to me like a so much more romantic place to be born than Brooklyn. My mother's husband's name was Keane. I didn't want to go into all the explanation that this was her second husband, so I just used his name."

"Which brings us to those night club

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NEGLECTED CUTICLE

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(Price 39¢ plus 20% Federal Tax)



Porcelain-lovely Betty Ribble



dates," I said. Now I really expected her to whirl on me.

Instead her face softened again and for a moment she looked younger than small Elaine.

"There won't be any. At least, what few there will be, will be with only one guy." Her voice was low and her eyes were hidden beneath her fringe of golden, unmasked lashes.

"André de Toth?"

Her voice was caressing. "André de Toth, yes."

I recalled what little I knew, his tall handsomeness, his Hungarian birth, the brilliant future that has been freely prophesied for him as a director in this country.

"I haven't heard that sound in your voice since the first times you used to talk about John."

"It hasn't been there. Sure, I've gone out dancing since I've been separated. It seems to me a girl who is twenty-one and who has worked hard all day is entitled to a bit of dining and dancing now and again. But the very fact that I had half a dozen different dates shows that I wasn't serious about any of them. Now—well, I'm not sure yet how important André is to me, but I know he's important enough that if the time comes that I want to discuss him, I'll want to tell all or nothing. Come around in two or three months. Maybe I'll answer more questions then."

Suddenly she screamed. "What time is it?"

"After seven."

"Oh, how can it be? I'm an hour late for dinner with André right now."

She stopped for no last glance in the mirror, no fresh lip rouge, no nose powdering.

She ran down the steps, backed her car out of the driveway and kicked it into high gear. In the rear-view mirror her saucy eyes winked at me as she went roaring away.

"Isn't everything wonderful?" she shouted back. "Isn't it just too perfectly wonderful?"

I guess it is, when you are twenty-one, beautiful, on the threshold of a new romance, and when your name (screen) is Veronica Lake.

THE END



DICK POWELL: Check-off: Dick Powell, rumored to be June Allyson's heart, signs for his supper at Metro

Tender moment
for this girl with a

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make skin lovelier!"

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved! "I never neglect this care," says lovely Rosalind Russell. "I cover my face generously with the creamy Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly, rinse with warm water, splash with cold—then pat to dry." Why not give your precious skin this gentle care that really works! See if you don't win—quickly—a smooth, really lovable Lux Complexion!



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It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it



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Finding out about Farley

(Continued from page 41) something. They nudged each other. "Look at him," they whispered. . . . He had tied a long piece of seaweed around his waist, letting it trail behind, and was imitating the walk and manner of one of the local bathing beauties—one of those who never go near the water—as she promenaded across the sand, her robe blowing out behind her. He was imitating her so exactly that even as "Mom" told him it wasn't nice to mock people, she was chuckling inwardly at the perfect caricature.

After that, Farley was always "dressing up" and staging theatricals. Sometimes he would wear his father's clothes and his "productions" would be lustily masculine. Sometimes he put on something of his mother's and would be the finest of fine ladies. Everything he read—and he could and did read many a book before he was six years old—he dramatized.

IN those days, when the family lived in San Jose and his father was a very prosperous automobile distributor, he went to private school and was producer, director and star of many a school theatrical venture. The Grangers, who had waited thirteen years for Farley's appearance, idolized him and gave him just about anything he wanted. Most of his wants, though, were simple enough—cast-off clothes and a few props for his inevitable "plays." As for these "plays" . . . it didn't seem to matter whether he had an audience or not, although he usually grew more dramatic if he caught anyone watching him.

He still does. He'll be acting around the house by himself when perhaps, out of the corner of his eye, he'll catch his parents taking it in. Then he'll pull out all the stops; wind up, usually, with a hug for his mother and laughter, wonderful laughter.

They've always had fun, the three Grangers. When they lived "up North" and had a lot of money, Mrs. Granger was a well-known golf champion and sometimes Farley went around the course with her, during matches. One time he had his picture taken putting and it ran in the paper.

They had fun, too, when the depression came, their money went, and they moved to Southern California and ultimately to their San Fernando Valley home. They called it, then, "the little house with the big mortgage" and they all worked to preserve the one and destroy the other. Farley got jobs running errands, selling papers, mowing lawns. He was proud of his "income," although he wasn't expert at handling it. If he didn't give the money to his mother outright, he would spend it all on presents. "F. E. Granger—Free-and-Easy Granger," she used to call him. And he would grin that beguiling grin of his and admit it

OF COURSE, sometimes, there were hurts. There was Stubby, for instance, and the memory of Farley and Stubby and what happened to them both tears at Eva Granger's heart to this day. Stubby was the family bull terrier, a lovable, clownish fellow whose world consisted of Farley. But it happened that, for a bad debt, Mr. Granger was forced to accept a very valuable Pekinese named Valentine. It wasn't a bad deal. He figured if he could raise some of Valentine's puppies, he could make some money. The only thing was—Stubby. Stubby was wonderful with human beings, but bull terriers don't like other dogs. It is in the breed and they can't help it. Stubby hated Valentine, lady dog or no, the minute she set foot on the place. It was obvious that the two of them couldn't live under the same roof. So the Grangers,

senior, unbeknownst to Farley, gave Stubby away.

Eva says she will never forget that awful day when Farley came home from school and Stubby was gone. She tried to explain to him it really had to be that way and he seemed to understand. But later, she happened to go out in the back yard and there, kneeling on the grass by Stubby's house, cheek against its sloping roof, Stubby's food dish in his hand, was Farley, talking to the Stubby who didn't live there anymore.

"They shouldn't-a done it, Stubby," he was saying, in a voice choked with despair. "You were a good dog, Stubby. You deserved a silk bed and a dish of solid gold. You were a good boy, Stubby. They—they shouldn't-a done it . . ."

Eyes blinded with tears, Eva Granger rushed into the house and phoned the people to whom they'd given Stubby. "I've got to get him back," she wailed. But—a deal was a deal and there were reasons why she couldn't get him back. So she never even told Farley she tried. And, she says that to this day, Farley has never mentioned Stubby's name. Never . . .

Eva Granger says Farley never talks about things that hurt. Never has. He didn't even explain what happened to him that tragic day shortly after the Grangers moved to Southern California and he came home from school with bruises on his face, a black eye, and a leg so stiff he could scarcely walk. But when his mother asked him, frantically, if he'd had an accident, he told her, as always, "It wasn't anything . . ." She learned later a gang of boys had beaten him up for no particular reason. But he would never tell about it, nor who the boys were.

"He is like that," Eva Granger says.

YES, there were ups and downs for young Farley Granger when he was a kid around home, but mostly there were "ups," at that. They used to laugh a lot, the Grangers. Eva Granger still does when she remembers how she used to come into Farley's room in the middle of the night when he should have been sound asleep and find him literally shaking in his bed over the horrors of Edgar Allan Poe. She'd scold him for reading so late, tell him it served him right if he were scared. And he'd admit it and then grin up at her . . . "Aw, Mom, you're not really sore . . ." And of course she'd have to admit she wasn't.

Eva laughs, too, as she remembers how she and Farley Senior watched Farley Junior preening before the mirror in the new suit they'd gotten him for graduation from Junior High in North Hollywood. He'd turn this way and that and strut a bit, unconscious of his audience. Suddenly he cast a jaundiced eye over his shoulder at the rear view of himself and suit; gave his stern a disgusted slap.

"Too fat in the fanny!" He threw a pillow when his father and mother laughed out loud.

Of course, they had their family tiffs and Farley wasn't always a paragon. His mother admits that, though grudgingly. For one thing, Farley's reading used to make trouble.

"He'd get that nose of his in a book and I couldn't pry him loose," she confides. "Or when I did pry him loose, he'd flare up as though I'd insulted him. Temper never lasted long with him, though, I will say. The next minute he would be sorry as everything."

Well, after all, reading isn't a cardinal sin. Moreover, Farley always read good books. The shelves in his room are full of Hendrik Van Loon, Eugene O'Neill, Shakespeare, Poe.

His big collection of records is good, too.

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt

The youngest daughter-in-law of America's first family is gifted with a lovely complexion and exquisite taste. She likes her make-up to look very soft . . . very casual . . . but perfect. "I believe that the best possible base for make-up is a smoother, fresher skin," Mrs. Roosevelt says. "So—three or four times a week—I give myself a 1-Minute Mask."



Mrs. John A. Roosevelt—devotee of a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream

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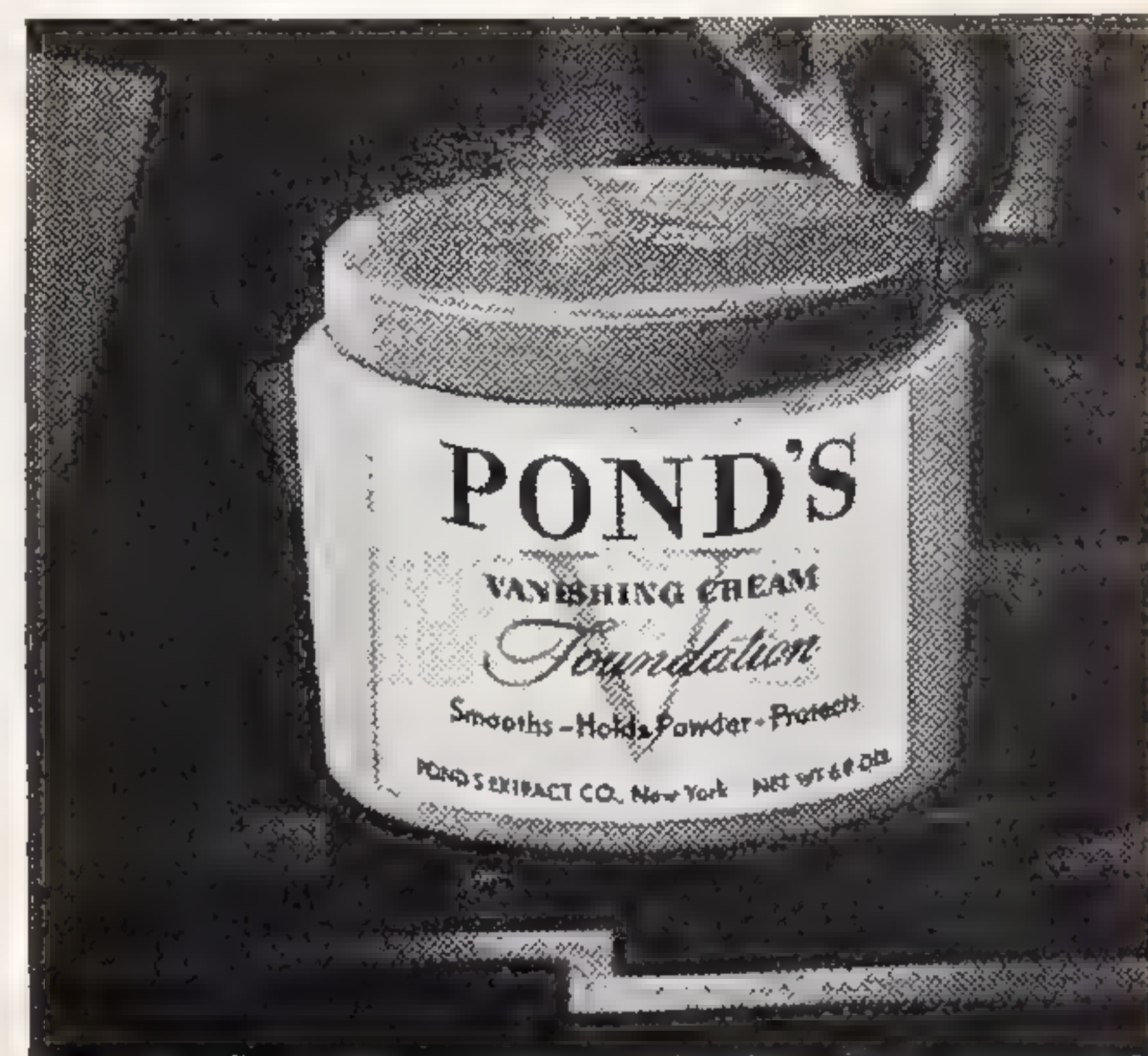
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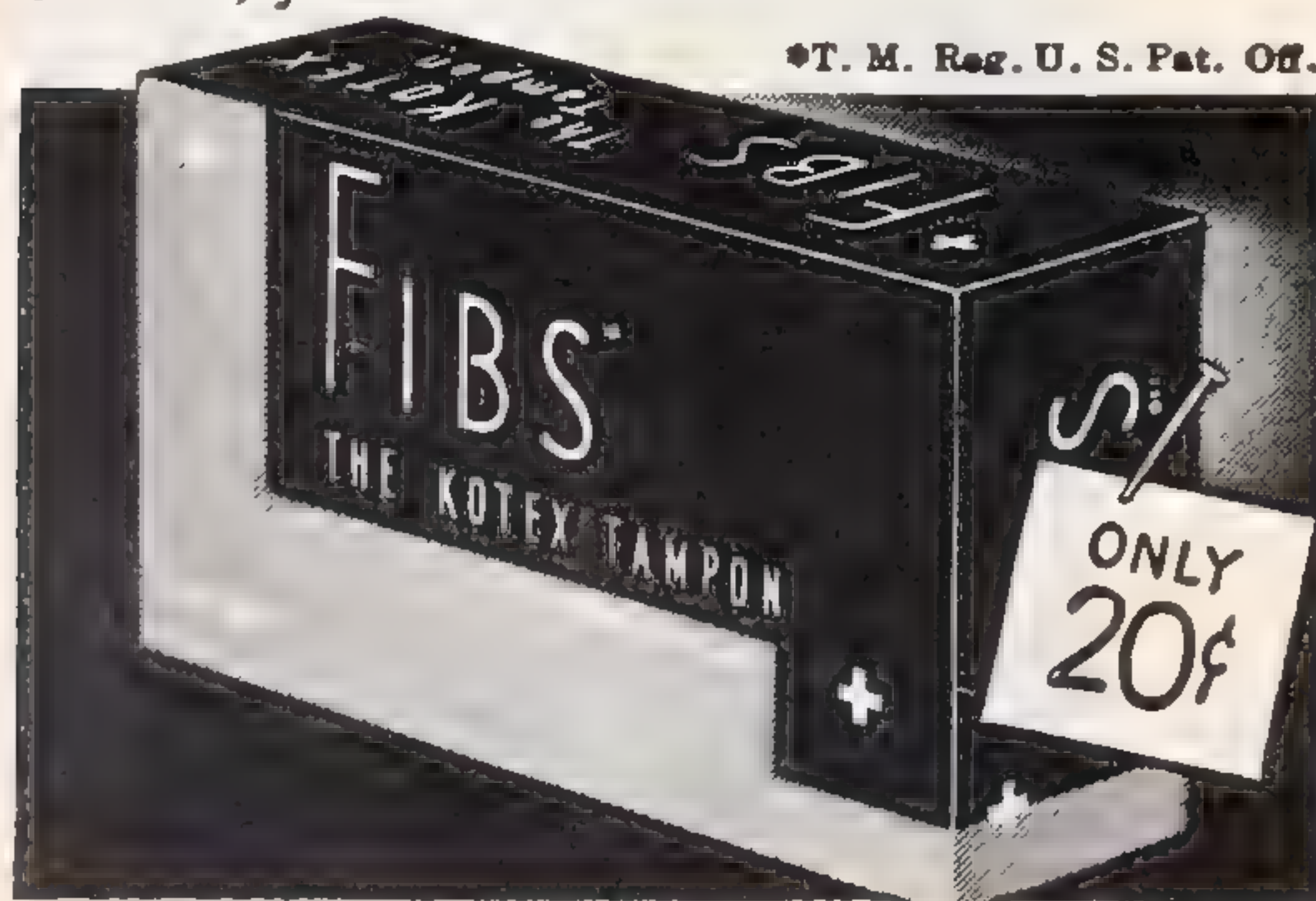


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Motley, but good, including as it does Gershwin, Verdi, Bach, Sibelius, Friml as well as the "hot" bands. "Of course, he can cut an excellent rug, or however you say it," his mother adds.

"Farley is a normal boy."

Girl friends? Nice kids, like Jane Withers whom he met on the Goldwyn lot during the filming of "The North Star"; June Haver and Virginia McDowall whom he went to school with on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot while "The Purple Heart" was in production. He took June to the premiere of "The Song Of Bernadette" and writes to her regularly. For her high-school graduation present he sent her an exquisite nautical pin and matching earrings and for her birthday a gold Navy bracelet. And on seaman second class pay. Apparently, it is still "Free-and-Easy Granger."

Roddy McDowall, although two or three years younger, is a bosom pal of Farley's, as is Mrs. McDowall, for that matter. It is Roddy and Farley who have organized the fabulous "Imperial Eagle Studios," complete with an 8x10-foot blue print of the lot, glittering star and story "properties." The works, in fact. Roddy started the idea; Farley moved in in an advisory capacity. They cast this and that story, "borrowing" stars at will from Hollywood studios. They have their own stars, too—flesh and blood ones such as Ty Power and Anna Neagle, the beautiful British actress, as well as make-believe stars who embody the best points of several of filmdom's big shots. As it happens, Roddy seldom aspires to be a star in "Imperial" productions; he'd rather produce. Farley seldom refuses.

Of course, like everything else in and of Hollywood, "Imperial" has little place in Farley's present scheme of things. The U. S. Navy sees to that. In other words, he's working like a so-and-so, as he mentioned to his mother last time he was home on leave. If he had wanted to enlist about the time "The Purple Heart" went into production, he could have perhaps selected some special branch of Naval training which interested him. But he chose to be in "The Purple Heart," even though he knew this would mean that with the arrival of his eighteenth birthday, about the time the picture was scheduled to finish, he would be inducted, thus losing his opportunity to make a choice. Obviously, this was a tough decision for a kid who knows that sooner or later he must be in the armed forces, but Farley never hesitated. "The Purple Heart" meant a further—and a great—chance to act. He took it—and was inducted a few days after production finished. He went to Farragut, "cold." No one knew he'd ever been in pictures until "The Purple Heart" finally got up that way. But he's doing all right, his superiors say. He works hard, drills, swims, keeps up with the best of the "boots"; gripes about the food because he wouldn't be even a potential American fighting man if he didn't, but not about anything else. As his mother reveals, he

was never one to complain. All he said when he came home on leave was, "Don't ask me a lot of questions, Mom; it's good to skip the whole business for a while..."

He'll get by all right. And if he's gone a long time and his fans forget him, he can start all over again. A good many American boys will start all over again after the fighting is done. Maybe, though, people won't forget Farley, no matter how long he's gone. Maybe a lot of people will be like the woman at the vegetable stall in the North Hollywood market Mrs. Granger tells about. It happened two years ago. As Mrs. Granger was making her selection she noticed nearby a "real sight." You know... a huge, wobbling woman of the type who adores sleeveless dresses, skirts to the knees, bare legs, inadequate underwear. People were staring at her and Mrs. Granger stared, too. Finally, she turned to the customer next to her.

"Will you look at *that!*" she ejaculated.

The other woman smiled. "I know... I saw her," she said. "But what I am really looking at is that handsome boy over at the packing counter. That tall, dark boy there. Watch him. It'll do you good just to see him smile..."



Sketch of Farley by Fred Sprague sent to his mother who says, "It looks so much like Farley when he is deep in thought or dreaming."

Mrs. Granger turned her eyes away from the "sight"... Saw Farley, who had a job at the market that summer, wrestling with a carton of groceries. He smiled at her and waved. Of course she wouldn't have been human if she hadn't said to the other woman: "That's my boy..."

Eva Granger ran into that same woman at the same market just the other day and the woman asked after Farley. Evidently, she hadn't seen "The North Star" or "The Purple Heart," because she never mentioned his being in the movies. She just said, "How is that boy of yours, with the wonderful smile?" And—after Eva Granger had told her—"I'll never forget him..."

Nor, we think—we *hope*—will very many others.

THE END



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Can't They Be Friends?

(Continued from page 45) another star is arriving in New York or California on a certain train she will wire that star on the train announcing she will be waiting at some junction—where he or she won't be mobbed by fans—with her car. She wants nothing in return for all she insists upon doing—often to the extreme annoyance of the stars—but a chance to shine in their reflected glory.

In more ways than one this girl proves a great nuisance. Through her wish to be interesting and exciting she has carried stories that have made trouble or at least friction. Also, through her wish to be important, she asks countless and sundry people to telephone her whenever she is at a star's home. The last time she left Hollywood two stars who had entertained her had to change their private, unlisted telephone numbers. They were private no longer. Anyone and everyone who had anything at all to sell was deluging them morning, noon and night with telephone calls.

ANOTHER thing which might be called a stumbling block in the path of friendship with stars is the stellar temperament. Stars are inclined to Tell All at the drop of a cocktail cherry. Few people like to be the recipient of confidences which no one but a father-confessor should receive. More than once Fearless himself has tried to prevent emotional actors and actresses from confiding too much, aware they would, in turn, talk to someone else and if the story leaked out he, Fearless, might be blamed.

All stars are not so courageous and direct as Basil Rathbone was upon the occasion when a very unpleasant story appeared in a column, a false story which

was damaging to Basil personally and might have been damaging to his career. Basil promptly telephoned a close friend who often had been entertained at his home. "Did you give out that story?" he asked, point blank.

The friend was appalled. However, his convincing denial brought a handsome apology from Basil and, because both men were intelligent adults, the matter was smoothed over in no time. That sort of thing, however, is one of the penalties of visiting too intimately in any home upon which the limelight shines.

By all odds the most difficult type of Hollywood friendship is that between two stars. As Anne Baxter said with her refreshing honesty:

"I'd love to have a woman friend in my own profession. But how can I and still be sincere? In a one-industry town like Hollywood it's inevitable that we'd both be up for the same part and then the rivalry would be on. Rather than be a two-faced friend, I stay to myself so far as my own sex is concerned."

Her point was well illustrated in the case of Maureen O'Hara and Martha O'Driscoll who had been good friends until they were both cast in "The Fallen Sparrow" with John Garfield. Maureen, who had had a run of pictures that didn't do too much for her, was fearful of Martha's more spectacular part. The arguments waxed warm in the front office Maureen won the contest but she lost a friend.

There was also the beginning and end of a friendship between two other top-ranking girl stars. They lived fairly close to each other and meeting one day decided it would be fun to go bicycling together. Several days later the star

whom we'll call Mary returned home from her day's work at the studio to find a gleaming, custom-built bike standing in her hallway. A card attached to the handle bars read: "Here's to our Sunday rides," and was signed with the name of the other star, whom we'll call Gloria.

Everyone loves surprise presents. But probably stars are more childlike about them than most people. Because—except for lavish gifts from people who want a return—stars usually are the givers.

The following Sunday Mary rode over to pick up Gloria. She wore simple dark blue slacks and a white T-shirt. If she took a tumble it wouldn't matter. She found Gloria in white shorts, a white silk shirt and a white silk bandanna waiting beside a white bike which sparkled in the sunshine. To Mary's horror Gloria promptly headed for Sunset Boulevard. It was before the days of gas rationing so, of course, the boulevard was crowded with Sunday motorists who just knew the girl in white on the white bike must be a movie star and soon recognized Gloria looking as glamorous as a star is supposed to look and then, alas, recognized Mary, looking the way a star is not supposed to look.

That, need we say, was the end of the beautiful friendship.

REMEMBER when all Hollywood was agog over the friendship between Ann Sothorn and Hedy Lamarr? Hedy even asked Ann to live with her when Ann was divorcing Roger Pryor. That friendship has almost reached the ice age.

Hedy, charming though she is, is a little slap-happy about keeping engagements. She is likely to arrive on the wrong night or not to arrive at all when you invite her to a formal dinner party at which the seating arrangements are planned ahead of time. Ann, on the other

hand, almost makes a fetish of punctuality and conscientious regard for appointments with not too much patience with the social lapses. And in the delicate mechanism of a two-star friendship, such lapses can so readily take on a who-does-she-think-she-is interpretation.

All of which undoubtedly explains why Hedy didn't go to the phone one day when Ann called; why Hedy since has been explaining and explaining to everyone that she can't bear to talk on the telephone even when it is—almost—necessary.

No doubt about it, friendships between stars and people who are close to the Hollywood scene, but not in any sense competitive, work out much better than friendships between the players themselves. There's the long-standing friendships, for instance, of Barbara Stanwyck and her hairdresser, Hollis Barnes; of Ray Milland and Jerry Asher, a studio press agent; of Victor Mature and a Hollywood editor, the latter being perhaps the most outstanding example of how to make—and keep—friends in Hollywood.

To this rule, however, there is one notable exception. . . . Anne Shirley and Deanna Durbin have been friends for years. Anne was matron of honor when Deanna married Vaughn Paul. During the past three years she and Deanna have even lived across the road from each other, an intimacy which even nonprofessional friendships often do not survive. Anne and Deanna, however, make a point of not being too intimate. Frequently they do not meet for several weeks at a time. Then there's a grand reunion; with so much to talk about.

Real friendships in Hollywood are rare. And they probably require more tact, more tolerance, more diplomacy—more careful tending—than they do in any other spot in the world.

THE END

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Portrait of a Restless Soul

(Continued from page 63) is slim, his shoulders wide and his first professional appearance before a motion-picture camera, long before he turned to the stage after years of adventuring in the Antipodes, was in the role of his maternal ancestor, famed Fletcher Christian of Bounty fame.

He speaks French and two New Guinea dialects.

He never attends his own previews and thinks few important Hollywood people are truly happy.

He is stubborn about taking advice.

He joined the New Guinea constabulary as a youth and went on a hunt for native headhunters who had killed three white men. He helped capture eight of the ring-leaders. "The governor, thinking to make an example of the eight, invited every native chief within summoning distance to the hangings. The native chiefs came, expressed their gratitude to the governor for inviting them, enjoyed the hangings and returned to their villages to continue their pet hobby of hunting white and native heads."

His weight varies between 185 and 195. He dotes on California's perpetual sunshine and deplores the quick temper that has gotten him into some undesirable scrapes.

He rebels against routine.

He was taught the fundamentals of self-defense by a tutor who felt that, since the boy could not be taught the usual subjects, he should learn something. He is very fond of highly seasoned dishes.

He was divorced from beautiful French Lili Damita about three years ago. He has attended school in Australia, England, France and Ireland.

He is very fond of caviar and has slept

on park benches and washed dishes in cheap restaurants.

He never collects souvenirs.

He prefers belts to suspenders, has a fatalistic outlook and was ranked second only to Frank Shields by Hollywood's tennis colony.

ERROL FLYNN never plans ahead, never gets seasick and dislikes hunting chiefly because at one time he had to live by it.

He is a very bad cook but, at the age of seventeen, he shipped as second cook on a dirty three-masted schooner. His favorite wine is Chateau Lafite-Rothschild.

Sailing is his dominant passion. He has read James Joyce's "Ulysses" and confesses he doesn't understand it. He was a member of the British Boxing Team at the 1928 Olympic Games and experienced his first sensation of being knocked-out when contesting with the American amateur, Eddie Egan, in Amsterdam.

He once worked on a copra plantation in New Guinea.

He plays golf badly.

He sleeps heavily, enjoys Turkish baths and believes life has been more than generous to him.

He is an expert horseman. He fought to have Olivia de Havilland's role built up in "They Died With Their Boots On." He has a quick and incisive wit.

He is a strong believer in matrimonial vacations and is not interested in the architecture of a house so long as it is low and warmly informal. He never uses a cigarette holder.

He first went to Australia at the age of seventeen with his father, who had tired of seeing him expelled from schools and

gave up trying to have him tutored. He has the posture and gait of a trained athlete.

He is very forgetful, very impulsive and a very good conversationalist.

He likes Scotch-and-soda.

He likes puttering around machinery although he knows nothing about it. He deplores Hollywood's reluctance to go in for more controversial and significant subjects. His hair is brown.

He does not like night clubs.

He views people and things with a certain amount of unexpressed cynicism. He has had several magazine articles published, many of them in *PHOToplay*.

His eyes are brown and he is not impressed with Hollywood and all that the glamorous name implies. He does not get restless because he is alone.

He admires Walt Whitman above all other American authors.

He alternates with pipes, cigars and cigarettes. He dislikes entertaining large groups of people. He sees no reason why two professionals should not achieve happiness in marriage.

HE is an exceptionally fine swimmer, has no particular ambitions beyond a lust for living a full and rich life. He has a grimly realistic attitude towards life.

He enjoys food with the zest of a growing boy.

He thinks the most exciting places he has ever visited were Shanghai, before the Japs got it, and Abyssinia, before Mussolini conquered it. His human contacts are marked with patience and tolerance.

He has a passion for deep-sea fishing and once played a corpse in "The Case Of The Curious Bride." He could have, had he desired, made a mark for himself in the prize-ring.

He is very fond of all kinds of seafood. He knows nothing about the graphic arts

and is of the opinion that women generally are not so happy today as they were before their so-called suffrage.

Errol Flynn would achieve happiness anywhere, under any circumstances. He studies dialogue very easily and nurtures a fervent hope that eventually some form of socialistic democracy will prevail throughout the world. His first important role was in Warners' "Captain Blood."

He wrote and has had published a novel, "Beam Ends," in which he describes a 3000-mile voyage he and an equally adventurous-minded group made in a battered, old forty-foot sailboat from Sydney to New Guinea.

He likes quiet evenings at home.

He insisted that Ronald Reagan get equal billing in "Desperate Journey" and he likes motion pictures for a lazy reason—because of the long periods of leisure between pictures.

His quest for gold in New Guinea resulted in an unforgettable experience for him. He found a priest dying in the jungles. He administered to the victim of the dreaded black fever but the priest finally died. But before dying he gave Flynn a slender gold chain to which was attached a medallion of St. Christopher, patron saint of travelers. The star of "Uncertain Glory" still wears the chain and medallion whenever he travels.

Errol Flynn is determined that he shall quit Hollywood before Hollywood quits him. "I just can't picture myself a broken-down actor running around Hollywood begging for jobs. No sir, when I feel I'm through I'll be on my way, without regrets. I'm not sure what I'll do if that time comes. Maybe I'll just sail around for the rest of my life, stopping whenever and wherever the mood strikes me. It's a big world and there are lots of parts of it I haven't seen yet."

THE END



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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 66) holidays. The third year, my sister wanted to spend Christmas with us but my husband threw a fit and said nothing doing.

Right after Christmas, my husband's bachelor uncle moved in for two weeks! Also, during our first two years of marriage, my father-in-law (divorced from my mother-in-law) always spent two or three week ends per month with us. Yet, when my father—who lived in the next state—stayed with us two weeks while he found a job (and paid me \$10.00, whereas none of my in-laws had ever given me a red cent), my husband asked him to move.

His work nowadays takes him out of town a great deal and I have heard talk about him. Yet he is always quizzing me about what I do when he is away. I feel like it takes a very low woman to step out when she's married and has innocent children to care for.

It's the one-sidedness of our marriage that is driving me crazy. He never takes me anywhere. He goes out alone, or reads the paper, then goes to sleep. There was a skating rink in our town last summer and a young married girl friend of mine was learning to skate. I mentioned it to my husband and he got furious. "You just keep up the good work around the house," he said, "and you won't feel like skating."

Even my mother-in-law says I take

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more than anyone but a saint could stand. He's very hard to work for and sometimes all four of his employees have walked out on him because they couldn't stand him. When I mention some mean thing he has said or done, he raves and rants and says I can leave. Then he says he'll kill me if I do. He has two guns and every time he gets mad he's going to shoot someone.

He swears that he can take the children away from me if I leave. He says he will tell stories in court that will make me the laughing stock and the scandal of the state. When I said that I had never done one bad thing in my life, he said he knew I hadn't because he would have killed me if I had, but that he will make up things that will fix me.

I'm sorry to bother you with this mess, but I really need help.

Mrs. Yvette X.

Dear Mrs. X:

I agree with you when you state that you need help.

In general, I would say that your husband was born five hundred years too late, and in the wrong country. He belongs in the dark ages when men looked upon women as chattels.

In particular, I hope that every mother of a son who reads this magazine will turn her attention to the young gentleman in her home and make certain that he learns fair play. Your husband is the most perfectly selfish human being of whom I have heard in a long time and I fear that the trait is ingrained.

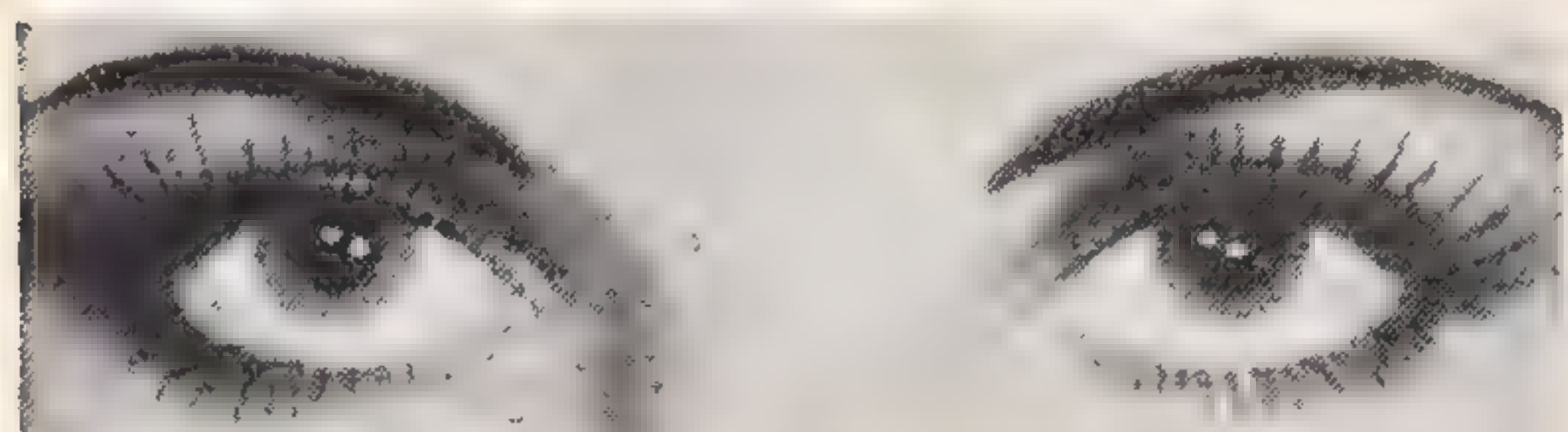
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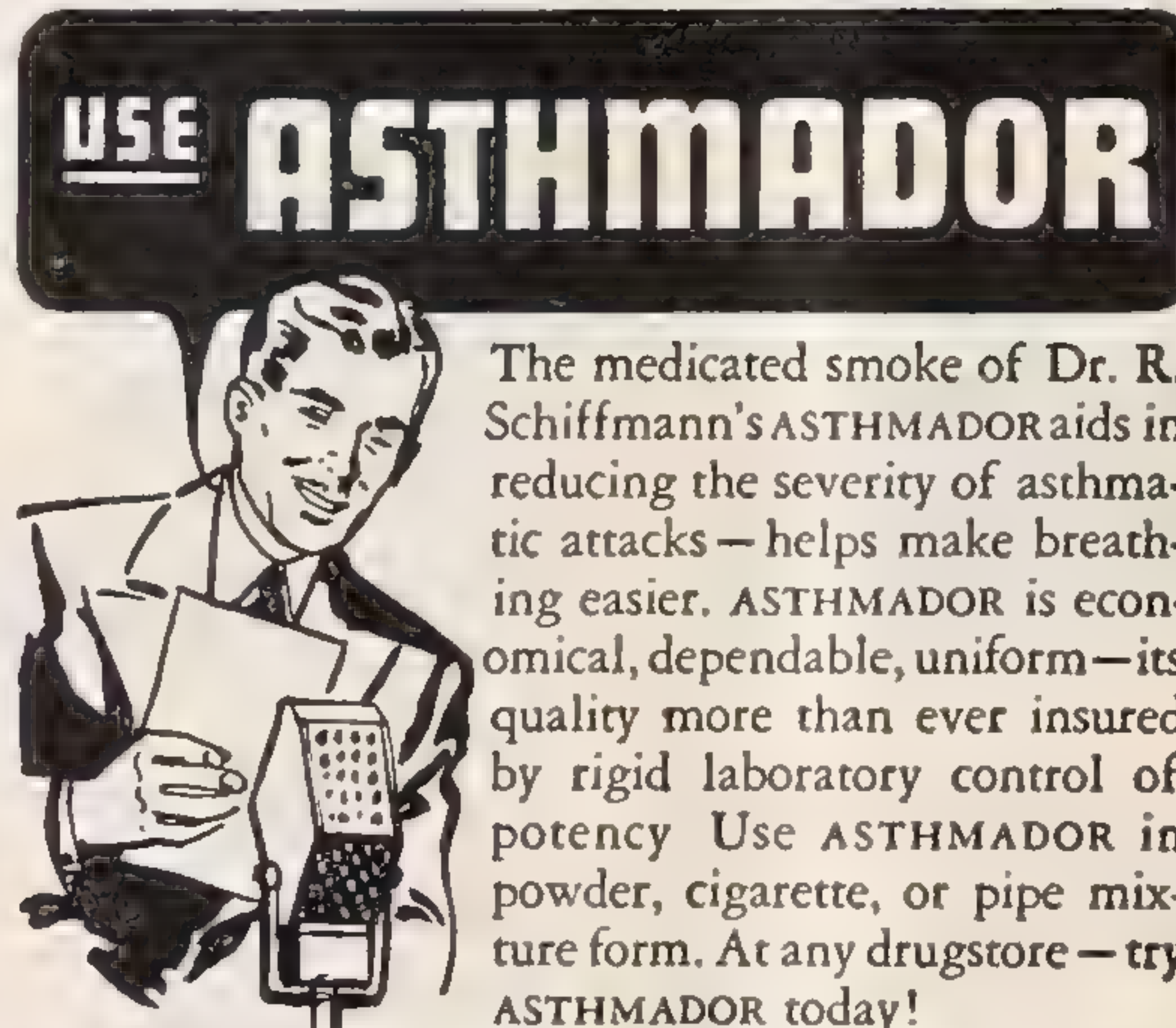


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to your basic fineness—is that you have always let your husband “get away” with his spleenishness. A bully will continue with and augment his bullying as long as he can find someone to knuckle under. Don’t make a violent break from his rules and regulations. Do it so gradually that he isn’t furiously aware of it. Make arrangements with some trusted woman friend to bake her a cake, or knit some garment, or do some sewing. Then, in exchange, have her attend to your children some afternoon. Even if you have to go alone, go to your local movie. You really need relaxation and a change of scenery.

Then, the next time you and your husband get into a domestic battle, don’t lose your head. Be sweet if it strangles you. When he has finished his tirade, say with as much perplexity as you can summon, “I don’t understand you, darling. Usually you’re so reasonable about things. A man as intelligent as you are should see how much I need to get out occasionally.”

Simply refuse to argue with him and don’t be hurt. Praise him, even when you would like to throttle him. In dealing with an egotist, you will have to be cold-blooded and practical.

Rather soon you may find that your husband, ingratiated by the praise you heap on him and puzzled by your new attitude, will be a somewhat reformed character. But, if the situation should get worse, remember this: No court on earth will take your children away from you. Keep that in mind and you may be able to work your marriage out, not happily, but with a measure of contentment, because one can remain almost anywhere so long as escape through an open door is possible.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

The question I am going to ask you is one that I imagine almost every one of the thousands of girls in service has asked a friend or perhaps only herself.

Recently I was transferred to this base where my students consist of aviation cadets and squadron pilots who are learning radio navigation and orientation procedure. One of my recent student officers used to be in my college “Abnormal Psychology” class and he laughingly told me that I was certainly deep in the field of Psychiatry. Unless you can imagine the mental gymnastics a pilot laboriously performs in order to find his location on a radio range in ceiling-zero weather, you won’t appreciate the humor in that statement.

But I have deviated too much from my intended course. The topic is, as you probably suspect, love.

However different we are, we have one thing in common—loneliness and periods of depression in which we want, almost above anything else, to feel that someone loves us.

We look at the men in our classes, or the men with whom we work, and we nearly always find some man who appeals greatly. We know that his work is hazardous; we know that he may never return. In many cases marriage would be impractical and, honestly, many of the boys don’t desire a permanent relationship. Their attitude, and one can’t blame them, is “Life is short; life is lonely; life is puzzling. The thing to do is to snatch whatever happiness is possible.”

I am well aware of all the religious, ethical and social taboos, but all our patterns for behavior are based upon a peacetime, not a wartime, manner of living. I have a friend, doing the same type of work that I am doing, whose sweetheart was killed in North Africa. They had gone

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through high school and college together, had bought a crazy, ramshackle car together, had even decided what lot they wanted to buy in a new subdivision near their home town. Now she says bitterly that she is sorry that she always kept this man at a proper distance.

Now, to become specific, there is a student in whom I am deeply interested. I know that we have perhaps four months in which to be together and I have been wondering about the old rules.

I'd appreciate an expression of your viewpoint.

Kathryn T.

Dear Miss T:

Don't feel that your problem is unique or a latter-day development in civilization. Every woman who ever watched a column of soldiers march down a street toward eventual battle has, out of intense generosity of spirit, asked herself much the same question.

The entire subject is much too huge to compress into the narrow space of this modest column; furthermore, I have no intention of getting myself into the Battle of the Century by giving a blanket answer.

However, I will be glad to comment on your specific case. First of all, I do feel that love, romance and emotion have been given far too much space and time in our culture. I think it is high time we turn an intellectual viewpoint upon our responsibilities—that we return to the early-day respect for duty.

You are training men in a knowledge which, if properly used at a given time, may well save their lives. In order for any human being to teach successfully, one must be able to command the undivided, unswerving attention and the clear respect of one's students.

If you are tempted to lend a doubtful and temporary comfort to one of your students, you will find that after he is gone, there may well be another and another. These things are never secret. The word will pass around. Suddenly your value as a member of the military forces will have ceased entirely; the men, in viewing you as a possible conquest, will be giving you abstracted attention.

Regardless of the problems of others, you have a clear responsibility, a duty to perform. You can do it splendidly, only if you maintain a fineness of character which will allow your students to see something of their mothers, their original teachers, in you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I left home when I was eighteen and started singing in night clubs. During this time I met a fellow with whom I fell very much in love.

It was about a year and a half later that I found I was to have his child. When I told him, he was very happy, but there was nothing he could do as he was married and had two children, but he and his wife had been separated for two years before I met him.

The baby is now seven months old and the sweetest little guy in the world.

Yes, you've guessed it: I have been seeing the baby's father again. I know it isn't doing me any good and I keep telling myself that, and I promise myself that I'll never see him again, but when he calls I simply go to pieces.

I know he loves me. His wife knows about us. As a matter of fact, Roy took me over to her house to talk things over with her and told her he loved me and wanted a divorce, but she just laughed and said he really loved her and she wouldn't give him a divorce under any circumstance.

I have never taken one penny from him

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2
BATHASWEET SOAP

3
BATHASWEET Talc Mitt

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2. *While* bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps.
3. *After* the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:—
Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning

for my baby or myself. I worked until two weeks before the baby was born so I could pay for all necessary expenses.

I don't want pity, Miss Colbert, I just want advice. Sometimes I think it would be better to leave this city, but I don't have the strength to walk out on this man. Some people think I'm a bad girl, but I'm really not. I am now twenty-two.

Alsteada C.

Dear Miss C:

You are at a crossroads in your life. Either you can continue on the path you have chosen, or you can make a clean break and a new life for yourself and your baby. You asked my advice, and this is it. Perhaps you might not like it, but it is the only way I can see it.

Your duty now is to your child—to give it a background as much like that of other children as possible. You should leave your town, work in another and distant city. You should establish, while your child is still young, a firm, solid and substantial home background. This will be an impossibility in the town where you are now living.

You may think me ultra frank, but it is my opinion that, if a man really wants a divorce, he will get it and this gentleman seems not so inclined. It is time for you to wake up and face the facts that there is no conventional future for you with this man.

In making your new life, you may meet some other man whom you could love and marry. If this is so, perhaps he will adopt your baby, after you have explained the facts fully to him, and you can give the baby a normal background.

I am heartily sorry for you; however, I do not feel that you have faced facts squarely. I hope I have helped you and wish you success and happiness, if you choose to venture into a new life.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a woman fifty-three years of age. One would think I ought to know all the answers instead of writing to a lady young enough to be my daughter. But its because you are in a position to understand the situation I am in, I write to you.

First of all, I've been in show business for twenty-two years. I played in every branch of the game, except burlesque. I started in doing leads. I mention this so you will know that I understand the theater and its requirements.

I have written a play especially designed for the screen. It is a modern drama, the title of which is "The Man Who Died Twice." Not too big a cast, very picturesque scenes, good "meaty" parts for the main characters.

I have written to several people but have not received a reply. I have read about the good luck of some writers who have sold an original story to the powers in Hollywood and I'd like to do the same.

Marguerite O'B.

Dear Mrs. O'B:

Your letter appealed to me a great deal and I'm sorry I couldn't reproduce all of it in this column, as you have had a very interesting life.

The reason you have heard nothing from any of the studios to whom you have written is this: No studio reads or agrees to review an unsolicited manuscript from an unknown writer because of the danger of litigation. There are many suits filed each year by well-meaning but deluded persons who think some notion of theirs has been plagiarized.

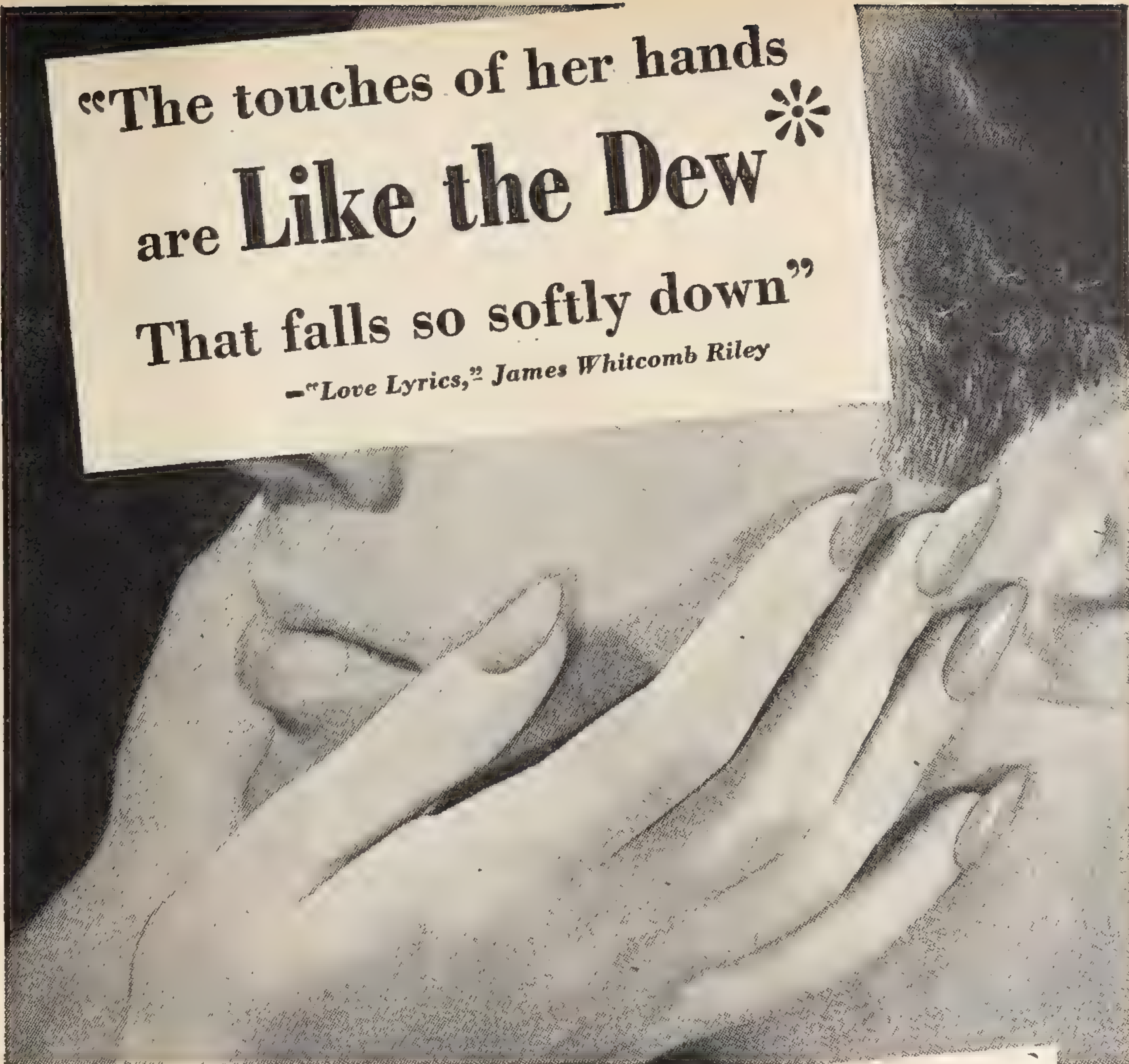
I would suggest that you submit your play to a story agent in New York, or have the work handled by some capable literary agent.

The best of luck to you.

Claudette Colbert.

"The touches of her hands
are Like the Dew"
That falls so softly down"

—“Love Lyrics,” James Whitcomb Riley



* Like the dew?...
Not when you wield a
Welding Rod,
lady!



Must war work or any work AGE your hands?

YOU know that old saying about "look at a woman's hands to know her true age."

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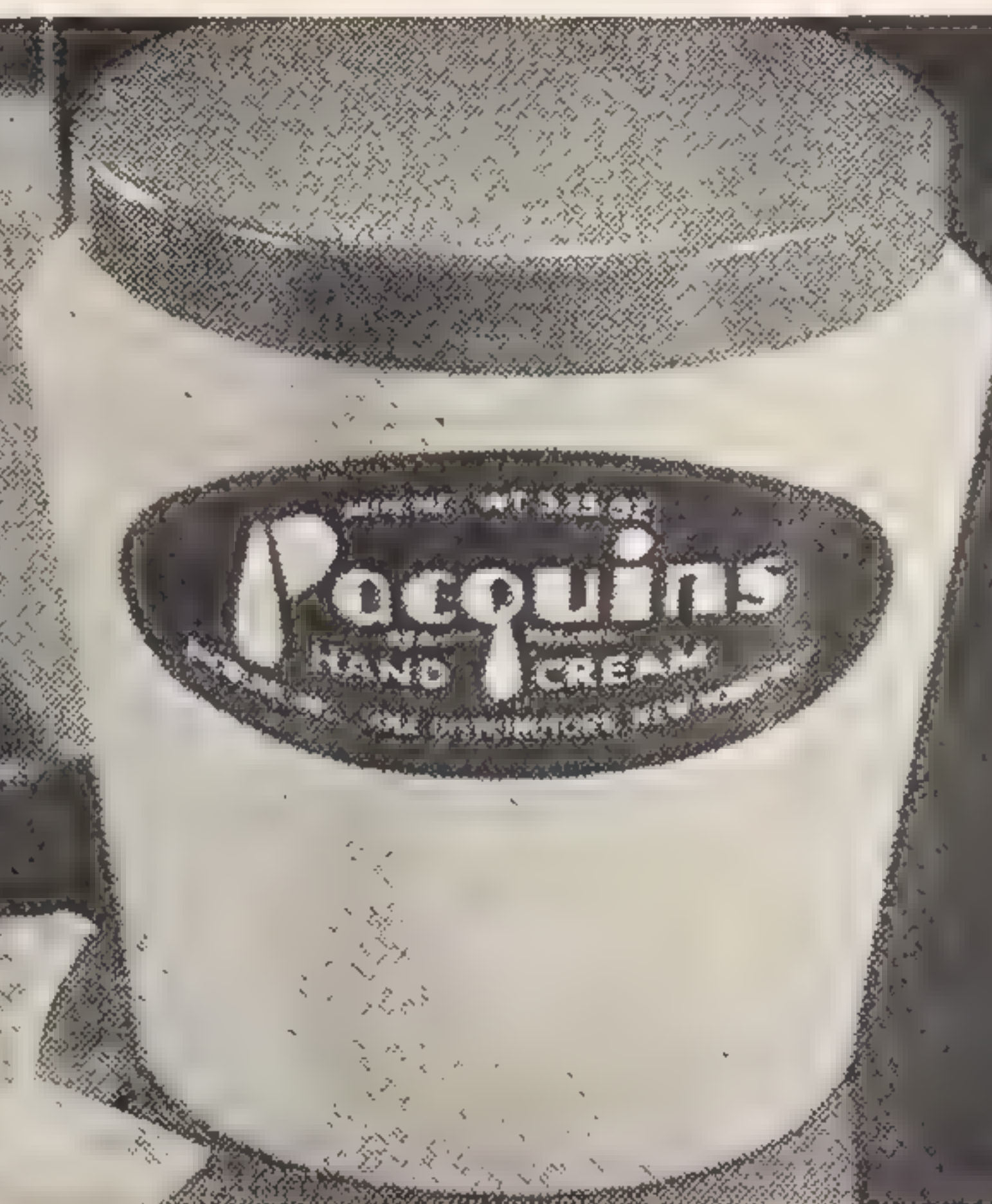
mantic, looking as young as you!

It's creamy-smooth, divinely fragrant, non-greasy. See if your hands don't smooth out *faster* and stay smoother *longer*. Wonderful for elbows, knees, and ankles too.

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Many a modest LOVELY has a . . . *Wayward Skin*

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Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream provides this special care with special ingredients. Oils that smooth and soften and supple. Cholesterol, for its help in retaining vital moisture in the skin. And something more . . . something no other cream offers . . . friendly,

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At night and by day, trust this cream to help your skin resist its wayward leanings—to neutralize excess acid accumulations that may be present in outer pore openings. Use it *at night*, when beneficial beautifying can continue while you sleep. Use it again *by day*. With Phillips' Skin Cream as a foundation, see how smoothly rouge goes on . . . and how your powder clings.



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The Man Who Tried to End War

(Continued from page 29) American boys to their death. I cannot say how it will affect you. But I had to grip the arms of my seat to keep from shouting, "He's right—Wilson is right. There will be another war—for God's sake can't you see?"

NOBODY can say what your decision will be. That is between you and your God and your own conscience. Nor does the picture attempt, ever, to tell you how to think. It tells you all the facts, simply and with rare understatement. It does not tell you how to think, but it forces you to think. You will live again a time when a man saw into the future with the eyes of a prophetic vision; and you will have in addition what the screen never shows you—that future as it has come true, the sequel of those events as they are being played in the world today.

When I was a young reporter and heard one of the great Wilson speeches as he campaigned throughout the nation for his fourteen points, I remember a very wise old man's saying to me, "He is a man born before his time." Maybe so. It was said often after that, as the League of Nations went down into the ash heap and Wilson's fourteen points became a subject of senseless ridicule.

Today the strange magic of the screen brings him to life again. Like a miracle, he stands before you and speaks to new ears and a new generation, which should be wiser, the beautiful and thrilling and impassioned words which are second only to the Gettysburg Address in their power and patriotism. And now his words must ring with new fire since time has proved his warnings true.

An actor of whom I had not heard, Alexander Knox, plays Wilson. You will not think of him as an actor or be conscious of his performance and you should not be. Let Mr. Knox take his reward in the service he has done his country in bringing this man to life again. In speaking Wilson's words so that they can never again be forgotten.

Somehow there is added interest in the fact that Darryl Zanuck got the idea of making "Wilson" when he as a colonel in the Signal Corps was filming actual battle scenes in this war in Africa. The sound of another war was violent in his ears when he sent to Hollywood a cable ordering research to begin because when he returned he was going to make the life of that President who first conceived the League of Nations.

Here I might just as well break down and tell you the truth. You have been very kind to me in the past, and I have tried to tell you the truth about Hollywood, good and bad, for a lot of years. We have, in a sort of way, become friends. I hope that you trust me. Because now I want your help and want it badly.

Last September I took a vow that, in so far as it lay in my small power, I would do everything I could and everything I knew to be sure that this time our men should not have died in vain. It was some comfort to me, even then, to remember that I had cast my first vote for Woodrow Wilson when he ran for his second term and that I had tried to do what I could to give him my puny individual help about the League of Nations in which I then believed. But it was only cold comfort, for the second chapter of that first war I lived through was joined and your sons and mine had once more had to fight.

The world has grown smaller year by year, time and space have new proportions. Robot bombs have shrieked their

hideous message across a body of water which seems small, but the perverted mind of evil designs them to cross larger ones and we know that someday that, too, can come to pass. Our place as part of the world, in the brotherhood of men of good will, must be very plain to mothers now and the prevention of another war, as Woodrow Wilson fought and died to prevent this one, must be our first concern.

"The United States," said Woodrow Wilson to Senator John Cabot Lodge, "must either join the League of Nations or live with a gun in her hand."

We did neither.

I have no way of knowing whether Woodrow Wilson, as he lives again today and speaks again today, can convince you of what he believed, can convince you that he was one of the greatest men who ever lived, the man who should take his place with Washington and Lincoln and someday must. It seems to me that day is upon us and that when once more you have seen and heard him you must at this distance do him full justice, with pride that America produced him. The prophet of peace.

But I know that I shall have done something to fulfill my vow if I make sure that you see this burning historic document, this simple and beautiful and straightforward piece of America.

I do not ask that you think as I do, either before or after you see it, concerning our need of a world court and a world police to enforce peace. I only ask that for the sake of those who have handed on the torch to us, as fathers and mothers; you go and see it. You owe that to every man who has fought and to those who have died—on the chance that had we been strong and alert before they need not have made their sacrifice, and that this time we shall not be forgiven by God or men, if we fail them.

THE END

Why didn't he get your letter?

Maybe it was because you trusted to memory when you wrote his address!

Do you know—

That 15% of overseas mail is improperly addressed?

Look up that address!

Do you know—

That there are 72,000 Smiths in the Army—and that many other American names have hundreds of duplicates?

Be sure to include the serial number and all data his envelope bears.

Do you know—

That the present volume of mail exceeds by four times the peak mail of the first World War?

Watch out when you address that envelope!

I was ashamed to ask other women—



these intimate physical facts!

THERE was so much about intimate feminine hygiene I wanted to know but didn't. And I was ashamed to let other women find out how ignorant I was.

How glad I am now I *didn't* ask them because I've learned since so many women know only "half-truths"—or misinformation as out-dated as that of their mothers and grandmothers.

Instead I went to my Doctor. He told me about a *newer*, modern, scientific method of douching with Zonite—the discovery of a world-famous surgeon and renowned chemist. He explained how feminine hygiene is so important to a woman's charm, beauty and health. And how Zonite helps solve one of woman's most serious deodorant problems."

Smart Women No Longer Use Weak Or Harmful Preparations—

Old-fashioned mixtures of soap, soda or vinegar DO NOT and CAN NOT give the germicidal and deodorant action of Zonite. And don't let anyone tell you they do!

On the other hand *don't* use old-time over-strong solutions of harmful poisons (many with warning on label) which

can actually burn, severely irritate and damage tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. Untold misery may come from this. But with *modern* Zonite you take no such risky chance.

So Powerful Yet So Harmless

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues as Zonite.

Zonite actually destroys and removes offending odor-causing waste substances and helps guard against infection by *instantly* killing all germs and bacteria it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No other germicide kills germs *any faster* or *more thoroughly* than Zonite! Zonite kills every *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is so *harmless*. POSITIVELY *non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-burning*. Use Zonite as often as needed without the slightest danger. Follow directions.

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Tear this coupon out and send to Zonite, Dept. 403, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and receive in *plain wrapper* enlightening new book edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

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a NEW KIND OF
Skin Care

*to keep your complexion
smooth, fresh, romantic!*

Not a liquid—not a solid cream! It's like bottled velvet—this creamy pure white skin balm! Just dab it on, rub it in. Dry, rough skin feels softer, smoother *instantly!* Balm Barr contains *anhydrous lanolin*, nature's own skin care! Use Balm Barr for hands, face, arms—for all-over complexion care! Give your skin that thrilling *touch of romance!* At drug and dept. stores, beauty shops. G. Barr & Co., 1130 W. 37th St., Chicago 9, Ill.

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FREE TRIAL!
Purse-size bottle FREE when you buy 60c size shown. Return the large bottle if not delighted.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 26)

\$1.00 PRIZE

Reporting on Garfield

THE patients who saw John Garfield's show at the hospital area's Little Theater said it was the best show they had seen in Italy or Africa. No other performer to date can rightfully boast of having carried away Italy the way he did. I asked him for an interview and he gladly gave it to me. From talking to him, I know he does not want any credit. They worked through an air raid with no mention of it. Eddie Foy, the girls in the show, were all good. Eddie Foy is as funny as his dad.

There were so many patients at the theater who could not get in to see the show that he came back a few days later on his own time and put on a show out in an open-air theater. It was strictly off the record and he brought his whole show. Needless to say, it was tops. Yes sir, Warners have quite a star in that fellow named Garfield.

Pvt. Eugene R. Edwards,
APO 464, c/o PM, N. Y. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Singular Sinatra

I'VE never been able to find a single statement about the plain, everyday, undemonstrative Frank Sinatra fan. Since I happen to be of this type, perhaps then I'm justified in taking this opportunity to express our views. It seems that no matter how marvelous we think Frankie to be, we've never thrown ourselves prone on a theater floor with unbearable ecstasy or screamed with delight when the last note is rocked in the Sinatra style, nor have we trampled innocent women and children in our efforts to be near "The Voice."

Although we've not indulged in this sort of thing, we're still fans and I honestly think we're the best kind because long after the novelty of exhibitionism has worn off, we'll still be backing Frank Sinatra with the same old support and loyalty we've always given him.

Rosalyn Wang,
Cincinnati, O.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Relaxation, Plus!

I WOULD like to offer Betty Hutton an extra-large bouquet. When singing, she really lets herself go. She throws herself around and screams out like someone gone mad, but it is amazing how many of us have the desire to lay aside our dignity, forget our inhibitions and break loose as she does in her songs.

Conventions will not permit us to explode as often as we should to relieve our tense nerves and heaven knows they are present in all of us these difficult days. But Betty Hutton acts as a medium for us and I for one felt a grand sense of release while watching her on the screen. I came out of the theater completely relaxed, ready to resume my duties on the home front.

Mrs. Sam Regano,
Youngstown, O.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Hepcats' Victory

AT LONG last! M-G-M has finally taken the lead in a little item that has been troubling "cats" and "gators" amongst movie-goers for a long time. Kids from high-school teens to college twenties began to see names of their favorite bands

COLUMBIA DIAMOND RINGS

"Gems for Lady America"



This Diamond Duette
Inspired By The Diamond-
Clear Voice of Lovely

JOAN BROOKS

Singing Star of the

COLUMBIA

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System



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QUALITY is that element which endures. It is the element which makes a great oil painting more wonderful as it gets older, a violin sweeter for the melodies it has sung... and a diamond ring more enduring the longer it is worn. Columbia engagement and wedding rings combine superior quality diamonds in finest color with settings of grace and character.

Priced to meet the means of
the most conservative.

BUY A SMALLER DIAMOND
AND A BIGGER BOND

COLUMBIA
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT
AND WEDDING RINGS
PRODUCT OF AXEL BROS.
DIAMOND RING STYLISTS SINCE 1919

ON SALE AT AMERICA'S
FINER JEWELRY STORES

go up in lights . . . then came the disappointment! Many of them—and that includes plenty of us blue- and khaki-clad service men—have lined up before ticket windows anxious for a glimpse of Basie, Goodman, Herman and the rest. And that's all we saw—a glimpse!

Usually a 4-F plot accompanied by even worse acting sent us away mumbling. The ads had read "With Charlie Barnet and Band," so we went. When they got around to showing Barnet, he played a rhumba, or tango or sumthin'. And so it went with other bands and other pictures. They were featured—but not for long or in their specialties. But now congratz to M-G-M for showing the way. They started with T. Dorsey and Dorsey played "Dorsey Stuff." Young fans left theaters aglow! Then came Harry James and for us movie mental jitterbugs" our battle was won

Sgt. Bob Karolevitz,
Camp Wolters, Tex.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Neat but not Gaudy

IN the realm of the motion picture I see a direct perversion of progress—said perversion being the renaissance of the "flash-back," that theatrical device which now seems to be the chief means of wheeling in the plot. Very convenient, or neat but not gaudy, as the monkey said when he painted the cat's tail green. That's a big thing, the flash-back. Better it should get paid weekly wages, too, like a pension.

I've just flash-backed through "Tender Comrade," "Lady In The Dark," "Passage To Marseille," "Cover Girl" and assorted time-killers billed as entertainment. I'll be patient, I'll wait while the characters dance madly from one year to the last. I'll even let it happen to *Wacky Rabbit* and *Donald Duck*. But, brother, don't let 'em louse up my newsreels that way. That would be the revolution.

Pvt. Frank Wemhoff Jr.,
Fort Dix, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

FOR a long time movie-goers have been looking for an all-round leading man. It's true that Charles Boyer is good at acting and making love scenes. Sinatra can really sing and Astaire is a swell dancer. But who in Hollywood can do all of that? I found the answer in Gene Kelly. His love scenes are superb. He sings and dances like nobody's business. Gene is a truly great actor.

Henrietta Reznick,
Detroit, Mich.

WOULD like to compliment M-G-M on one of the best pictures they ever produced. Of course I'm talking about "Two Girls And A Sailor." I think June Allyson was wonderful. She walked away with the whole picture. Hollywood, wake up! You've got one of the best actresses you ever discovered.

Sally F.,
Atlanta, Ga.

NEVER before has a motion picture stirred up more fighting spirit in me than "The North Star." The following day, I filled up my old Stamp book. When I came home to our own farm I wanted to kiss the ground I stood on. When we work in our fields we do not have to look toward the sky for enemy planes or run to the ditches for shelter from German bombs such as in the film. "The North Star" gave me a feeling of gladness that I live in America.

Irma Jean Ingle,
Charleston, Ill.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 70)

ing pictures. Sydney Greenstreet is the *Examiner*, John Garfield the unhappy newspaper correspondent, Eleanor Parker the girl who commits suicide to join her husband in death, and George Tobias and Faye Emerson are also among the passengers on the phantom ship.

✓**CANTERVILLE GHOST, THE**—M-G-M: The charm and astounding versatility of little Margaret O'Brien sustain this fantasy of a group of American raiders who find lodgings in an English castle that is haunted by a cowardly ghost, Charles Laughton. Margaret is the last of the *Cantervilles* until it's discovered that American Robert Young is actually a descendant of the ghost. Laughton is superb.

✓✓**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY**—Universal: This is a strange story and a great departure for its star, Deanna Durbin, who marries Gene Kelly, a self-confessed weakling, and ignores his philandering and weak excuses until he commits murder. Gene Kelly as the killer is terrific, even walking off with the story that was meant for Deanna. Dean Jagger registers strongly and Gale Sondergaard as Gene's mother is so good.

✓**COBRA WOMAN**—Universal: Nonsense, but fun, with Maria Montez getting kidnapped on the eve of her wedding to John Hall, so Sabu, Hall's devoted friend, traces her to Cobra Isle where Maria has been taken to replace her wicked twin sister who's the cruel High Priestess.

✓✓**DOUBLE INDEMNITY**—Paramount: Grim and realistic, this psychological crime story takes hold of the onlooker and holds him fascinated and spellbound. Fred MacMurray is a likable insurance salesman up until the time he meets Barbara Stanwyck who wants to murder her husband and defraud the insurance company. You'll applaud the intelligence and brilliant work of the writer, director and the cast.

✓**EVE OF ST. MARK, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This story of those lads drafted before Pearl Harbor, their life in camp and then the sudden plunge into war on an island in the Pacific is a poignant one, beautiful yet incomplete. Bill Eythe, the boy from the farm, Michael O'Shea, a Brooklyn toughie, and Vincent Price, the disillusioned Southerner, are outstanding. Anne Baxter is splendid as the girl Eythe loves.

✓✓✓**GASLIGHT**—M-G-M: A treat for those who appreciate intelligent, adult entertainment, with superb performances by Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer in this fine psychological thriller. The gradual disintegration of soul, mind and spirit of Bergman under the subtle and calculated scheming of Boyer is something to behold. Joseph Cotten is given too little to do and Angela Lansbury makes a gem of her role as a cockney maid.

✓**GHOST CATCHERS**—Universal: It's fun and laughter and nonsense when Olsen and Johnson are called in from their night club to a house next door which Martha O'Driscoll, Gloria Jean and Walter Catlett have rented after it has stood empty for ten years. Andy Devine, Lon Chaney and Leo Carrillo are the heavies; there's plenty of singing and it's all a lot of laughs.

GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST—R-K-O: Hal Peary, as *Gildersleeve*, is running for police commissioner and two ghosts who are supposed to be family relations decide to plunge him into a mystery in order that he may solve it and prove his marked ability. Besides this, there's a crazy scientist in it and a gorilla running around. It's all very silly, but it has some laughs.

GOODNIGHT, SWEETHEART—Republic: A scandalmongering newspaper reporter, Robert Livingston, buys a small-town paper and rips apart all the honest people of the community, including Judge Thurston Hall. Livingston invents a blonde on whom to lay all the blame and then finds himself arrested on suspicion of murder of the fictitious blonde. Ruth Terry helps complicate matters still more.

GREAT MOMENT, THE—Paramount: Written and directed by Preston Sturges, this purports to tell how Joel McCrea, as *Dr. William Thomas Green Morton*, invented a practicable anesthetic and what he eventually did with it. Betty Field, as his wife, and Harry Carey wander on the outer edges of the story and William Demarest is as violent as always in Sturges pictures.

✓✓**HAIL, THE CONQUERING HERO**—Paramount: A warm and homey story about a boy who joins the Marines only to be discharged because of hay fever. He's ashamed to go home so he pretends to his mother that he's fighting overseas instead of working in a defense plant. Eddie Bracken gives this role a humanness and sincerity that makes him a true-to-life character. With Bill Demarest and Ella Raines.

✓✓**HAIRY APE, THE**—Jules Levey-U.A.: Bill Bendix comes into his own as a dramatic actor in his role of a ship's bullying coal stoker who meets a ruthlessness to match his own in the beautiful and wealthy Susan Hayward who goes slumming in the ship's hold. John Loder is the second engineer who also falls for Susan and Dorothy Comingore plays her friend. A picture that grips the imagination.

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✓✓**WHITLER GANG, THE**—Paramount: The rise of Adolf Hitler and the man who forced and kept him in power as their Fuehrer is told with such convincing straightforwardness that the film takes on authority from its start, the inception of Nazi hoodlumism. Robert Watson walks off with honors in his role of Hitler, but the entire cast deserves praise.

✓✓**HOME IN INDIANA**—20th Century-Fox: Lon McCallister comes to the home of Walter Brennan, former successful horse breeder, trains a colt to sulky racing and eventually brings Brennan back to prosperity and happiness. Lon's fine performance, the Technicolor beauty and the heart appeal of the story make this a must see. Newcomers June Haver and Jeanne Crain show great promise.

✓✓**I LOVE A SOLDIER**—Paramount: Paulette Goddard's a shipyard welder who works by day and dances every night with servicemen but refuses to get serious with any of them. Then Sonny Tufts, just back from the Pacific, sets out to change Paulette's ideas about marriage and the ensuing fun is enjoyable. Mary Treen, Walter Sande, Barry Fitzgerald and Beulah Bondi contribute some very good bits.

✓**INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE, THE**—Universal: Jon Hall wants revenge on Lester Matthews and Gale Sondergaard, so scientist John Carradine renders him invisible and he haunts the couple through some really swell camera tricks. Evelyn Ankers is their daughter and Alan Curtis her fiance. Leon Errol as Hall's friend gives a very interesting performance and John Hall is very credible.

JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE—Monogram: When William Terry goes off to join the Marines, defense worker Simone Simon persuades him to rent her apartment. But Terry forgets to tell her he's also given keys to various of his friends who keep dropping in on Simone unexpectedly. The most attractive is sailor James Ellison. Minna Gombel, Chick Chandler and Alan Dinehart are also in the cast.

LADIES OF WASHINGTON—20th Century-Fox: A parade of young talent, with Sheila Ryan best as a fickle adventuress who uses a young doctor, Robert Bailey, to help another of the victims, Anthony Quinn, who has been shot in the very act of spying. Trudy Marshall and Ronald Graham carry the romantic leads, but the best character of all is John Philliber who's the proprietor of a boardinghouse.

✓**LUMBERJACK**—Harry Sherman-UA: *Hopalong Cassidy* really hops along this time in a gallopy little number that generates plenty of fast action. Things really happen when Hoppy and his pals fail to stave off an eloping couple, but when the groom is shot almost immediately and the villains set in to defraud the young widow lots of action results. Ellen Hall is the purty gal.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED—Warners: This corny story deals with that old servant problem again. Alan Hale and his wife, Irene Manning, don't have any; so Hale hires detective Jack Carson and his gal friend Jane Wyman to act as butler and maid by pretending his life is endangered by Nazis. Carson is much too good for his silly role.

MAN FROM FRISCO—Republic: Michael O'Shea plays a shipbuilder who meets opposition at every turn in his plan to speed up ship production, but he plunges ahead anyhow in his methods. Anne Shirley plays the girl who first opposes and then encourages him. Gene Lockhart, Tommy Bond and Dan Duryea contribute some nice moments, but on the whole it's pretty dull.

MARINE RAIDERS—RKO: Lots of action, all about the Marines in camp, in combat and in love. The battle scenes are terrific, but the Leathernecks deserve a better picture. Pat O'Brien plays the role of the colonel as though he were coach of a varsity eleven, Ruth Hussey's the girl with whom Robert Ryan is in love and Frank McHugh, Barton MacLane and Richard Martin have too little to do.

✓✓**MASK OF DIMITRIOS, THE**—Warners: A knockout chiller with Peter Lorre, mystery story writer, setting out to unravel the life story of the evil, unscrupulous *Dimitrios*, played by Zachary Scott. In Lorre's travels he encounters some fabulous characters, among them Sydney Greenstreet, Victor Francen, an employer of spies, and Faye Emerson, *Dimitrios'* former sweetheart.

✓✓**MEMPHIS BELLE, THE**—War Department-Paramount: The flying fortress, "The Memphis Belle," on her twenty-sixth mission flew from England to drop her bomb load over Germany. This is the story of that mission, of men at grim work, the exciting and heart-breaking story of the job being done by our 8th Army Air Force and a picture for us all to see.

✓**MINSTREL MAN**—PRC: A simple, tender, nostalgic story, this has minstrel-man Benny Fields leaving his newly-born daughter in the care of Roscoe Karns and Gladys George. When the girl, played by Judy Clark, grows up and learns of her real father's profession she wants to don blackface and become a minstrel woman. The music is good and Fields is superb.

MOON OVER LAS VEGAS—Universal: Anne Gwynne and David Bruce are married but obtain a legal separation despite the fact they are still in love. After both of them play hard to get for several reels, they finally end up in a Las Vegas hotel still mad and still unreconciled until a gorilla settles the matter. Vivian Austin is cute as an innocent complicator.

TODAY
THE
DAY?

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
5	6	7	1	2	3	4
12	13	14	8	9	10	11
19	20	21	15	16	17	18
26	27	28	22	23	24	25
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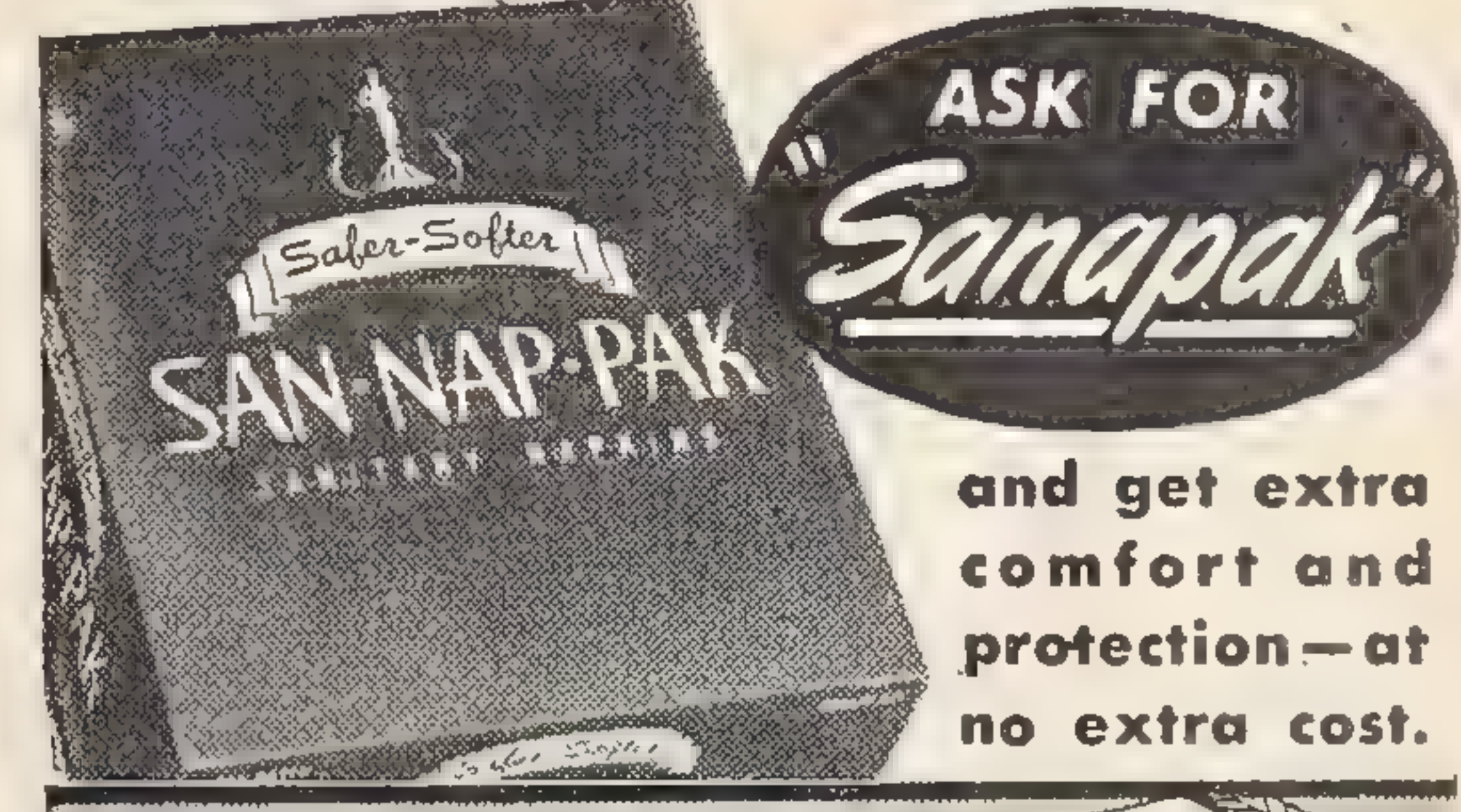


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✓✓**MR. SKEFFINGTON**—Warners: Although this runs entirely too long, the fine performances of Bette Davis and Claude Rains keeps your interest high. Bette is the vain, selfish woman who marries Rains for his money only to divorce him later. Surrounded by admirers, Bette goes on her merry way until an illness destroys her beauty and she finds herself utterly alone. With Walter Abel, Marjorie Riordan and Douglas Drake.

MUMMY'S GHOST, THE—Universal: This is another one of those silly, dead-as-a-doornail Egyptian things with Lon Chaney all wrapped up in those ridiculous mummy wrappings and pretty Ramsay Ames, John Carradine and Robert Lowery all involved in the thing.

✓**NIGHT OF ADVENTURE, A**—RKO: Plenty of drama with Tom Conway defending a man for murder when he has facts and evidence that might easily point to Tom himself as a suspect, for he was there when his wife's lover was killed. Nancy Gates, Addison Richards, Jean Brooks and Edward Brophy are good and Audrey Long as the wife is a most pleasing newcomer.

ONCE UPON A TIME—Columbia: Fantasy that misses very badly, all about a caterpillar that dances, although you never see it actually dance. But Cary Grant, theatrical producer, does and sees his chance to make a fortune out of the repulsive creature, but Ted Donaldson, the caterpillar's owner, is heart-broken by this. Janet Blair, as his sister, has very little to do.

✓**PARDON MY RHYTHM**—Universal: Gloria Jean is quite a young lady now and very pretty, too. The story she graces is about a hep cat drummer, Mel Torme, whom Marjorie Weaver tries to lure away from a juvenile band so he can play with Bob Crosby's orchestra. Patric Knowles and Evelyn Ankers are easy on the eyes and Gloria Jean's singing is mighty fine listening.

PIN-UP GIRL—20th Century-Fox: Not worthy of Betty Grable is this story that tells of her becoming a stenographer in Washington, stopping off in New York where she wows a night-club audience, meeting up with hero John Harvey, who doesn't recognize her because she's wearing glasses, and the silly stuff goes on from there. Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye are wasted, the Condos Brothers dance well and the Technicolor is very pretty.

✓**ROGER TOUHY—GANGSTER**—20th Century-Fox: This is the life story of Touhy, the ex-Capone mobster who was sent to prison for kidnapping, escaped and was finally trapped by the FBI. Preston Foster has a lot of punch as Touhy, Victor McLaglen as his henchman, and others of the gang include Horace MacMahon, Frank Jenks, Anthony Quinn and George E. Stone. Trudy Marshall and Lois Andrews are in it too.

ROSIE THE RIVETER—Republic: Jane Frazee and Vera Vague, defense workers, share a room at night, with Frankie Albertson and Frank Jenks of the graveyard shift taking over the room in the daytime. But Jane's fiance, Frank Fenton, doesn't like the idea at all and finally suspects the worst and then Albertson attempts to patch up the quarrel. It's amusing in spots.

SECRET COMMAND—Columbia: Nazi spies again, this time in an American shipyard. So Pat O'Brien, Federal agent, pretends he's broke in order to land a job in the shipyard's crew of his brother, Chester Morris. To make his story more credible, Pat has Carole Landis and two refugee children pose as his wife and family. Ruth Warrick and Barton MacLane are in it too.

SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD—Republic: The men of Britain who decode German secret messages are aware that a German spy is among them; and when Edgar Barrier, the best of the code busters, is killed, his twin brother from Scotland Yard takes his place. Suspicion falls on everyone in the picture, including C. Aubrey Smith, Stephanie Bachelor, Henry Stephenson and Lionel Atwill.

✓**SENSATIONS OF 1945**—U. A. Andrew Stone: Some mighty terrific entertainment is hung upon a weak little story in which stage dancer Eleanor Powell takes over as head of a publicity office just to show junior partner Dennis O'Keefe how to run his job. W. C. Fields, Eugene Paulette, Sophie Tucker, Dorothy Donegan and several good bands including Woody Herman and Cab Calloway really liven it up.

✓**SEVEN DAYS ASHORE**—RKO: An unexpectedly good little picture that will give you a pleasant evening's entertainment. Wally Brown and Alan Carney are shipmates, Gordon Oliver provides the romance, Marcy McGuire, Virginia Mayo, Dooley Wilson and Elaine Shepard add to the fun and the songs are very pleasing.

✓✓**SHOW BUSINESS**—RKO: Eddie Cantor wins an amateur night contest and teams up with star George Murphy. Later they join up with sister act Constance Moore and Joan Davis and Murphy marries Constance only to break up over Nancy Kelly. Joan Davis is a riot in her attempts to win Cantor and you'll enjoy every minute of the picture, from its burlesque beginning to Ziegfeld finish.

SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC—Universal: Leon Errol's in a double role again and Eddie Quillan and Anne Rooney are busily engaged in trying to stage a big time revue, just as though that weren't one of the oldest gags in pictures. The musical numbers are strictly from the breadline despite the efforts of Richard Lane, Betty Kean, Ray Malone and Lillian Cornell.

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✓**SONG OF NEVADA**—Republic: Dale Evans, daughter of ranch owner Thurston Hall, is about to marry a wealthy playboy, John Eldredge, when Roy Rogers thwarts him in his plan to get the ranch for himself. It's a good Western with Mary Lee, Bob Nolan and Sons of the Pioneers in the cast, too.

✓**SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD**—Charles Rogers, U.A. A bright new star comes into view in the person of little Jane Powell, who sings charmingly in this unbelievable little story of harvesting nomads. Edgar Bergen with his ubiquitous Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields put over some laughs; the Condos Brothers dance and Bonita Granville and Jackie Moran carry the romantic leads.

✓**SOUTH OF DIXIE**—Universal: David Bruce is a Brooklyn-born writer of Dixie songs so his press agent, Jerome Cowan, has him pretend to be a member of an old Southern family in order to profit through movies. So, with Anne Gwynne, they all go South where David meets up with Ella Mae Morse, juke singer, and daughter of a real Southern Colonel. There's lot of singing.

✓✓**STEP LIVELY**—RKO: Frank Sinatra is very pleasing in this remake of "Room Service," the oldie about a stranded theatrical troupe that refuses to be ejected from their one hotel room. George Murphy is the producer who tries to persuade Frankie to sing with the troupe, Gloria De Haven is the girl, Adolphe Menjou the hotel efficiency expert, and Walter Slezak is the harassed hotel manager.

✓✓**STORY OF DR. WASSELL, THE**—Paramount: A fitting tribute to a great and simple man is this story of Dr. Wassell played so well by Gary Cooper. The story of how, when the Japs took Java, Wassell disobeyed orders and remained behind to save his handful of wounded sailors and how he managed to get them off the island is a thrilling and moving one. Laraine Day is the nurse he meets in China and loves.

✓✓**SUMMER STORM**—Angelus-U.A.: Odd, fascinating and different, with Linda Darnell giving the performance of her career as a selfish, seductive temptress who takes what she wants. George Sanders is magnificent as the judge who succumbs to the illicit love offered by Darnell; Hugo Hass as her patient husband holds his own; and Anna Lee as Sander's fiancée and Edward Everett Horton as the decadent nobleman are excellent.

✓**TAMPICO**—20th Century-Fox: Edward G. Robinson is a tough old sea dog who rescues shipwrecked Lynn Bari and marries her. But when his ship is torpedoed shortly after he leaves her ashore he suspects his bride of espionage. Victor McLaglen, his pal and second officer, aids and abets his belief, so he denounces his bride. From then on things take an unexpected turn.

✓**THIS IS THE LIFE**—Universal: Susanna Foster decides she's too grown up for Donald O'Connor, so she brushes him off in favor of Patric Knowles. When Donald discovers Louise Allbritton, ex-wife of Knowles, still loves him and he her, Donald manages to get the estranged pair reunited and Susie back in his heart. Peggy Ryan is around with her usual animation.

✓**TROCADERO**—Republic: When Rosemary Lane and her brother, Johnny Downs, inherit a night club, Rosemary foregoes college to run the cafe, while Johnny goes on to college and falls in love with a society girl. Dick Purcell is the band leader with whom Rosemary romances. It's packed with musical numbers, with everybody in it singing and dancing all over the place.

✓✓**TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR**—M-G-M: What a refresher for weary minds and peopless bodies is this gay and entertaining movie! Cutie-pie June Allyson and lovely Gloria De Haven are a team M-G-M can well be proud of and Van Johnson is perfect as the sailor both girls fall for. Harry James and his orchestra, Jose Iturbi, Gracie Allen, Jimmy Durante, Xavier Cugat and Tom Drake are all in there pitching too.

✓**UNCERTAIN GLORY**—Warners: There are several good moments in this story of a French criminal, played unconvincingly by Errol Flynn, who is permitted by his relentless captor, Paul Lukas, to offer himself up as a saboteur in order to save the lives of a hundred hostages held by the Nazis, but there are an awful lot of very weak moments in between.

✓**WATERFRONT**—PRC: Nazi spies are all over the place again, one of whom is that elongated string bean, John Carradine, who's trying to recover a stolen code book. J. Carrol Naish is all mixed up in the mess and Terry French is too. There's a lot of shooting going on almost all of the time.

✓**WEIRD WOMAN**—Universal: Well, it seems Lon Chaney is a college professor who returns from the South Seas with his bride, Nan Wynn, who has been reared in native superstition by a jungle tribe, whereupon the librarian Evelyn Ankers lets go with a mess of poison jealousy that drives everyone half silly. With Ralph Morgan, Elizabeth Russell and Elizabeth Risdon.

✓**YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS**—Republic: Roy Rogers plays a cowboy who joins in a showboat troupe and courts the leading lady, Dale Evans, with the idea that she may lead him to her father who's escaped jail. Both Rogers and Miss Evans sing well, Roy's work has improved enormously and it's a pretty good show.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 25)

silly as we do?) she escapes and returns to her kindly doctor as a beautiful girl this time and falls head-over-heels in love with the boy friend of the doctor's daughter.

Fur flies in all directions as the enraged ape girl kills off people who block her will. Luckily for us she gets an overdose of this magic what-do-you-call-it and dies before the screen explodes right in front of our very eyes.

J. Carrol Naish, Evelyn Ankers, Lois Collier and Samuel S. Hinds monkey around with the monkey business.

Your Reviewer Says: Acquanetta could really sue for libel.

✓ Three Little Sisters (Republic)

SEEMS to us from where we sat, and in a very good seat, too, the *Three Little Sisters* of this tale could have found something more profitable and less strenuous to do than laundry work. But evidently Republic Studios thought not and maybe they've got something, too, for the picture is cute and pleasing and, what's more, it's restful in its own little way.

Mary Lee, Ruth Terry and Cheryl Walker are the sisters who pretend to be what they aren't for the sake of a visiting soldier. Their boy friends are Bill Terry, Jackie Moran and Frank Jenks, none of whom will replace Valentino, you understand, but all of them nice boys regardless.

The tunes are fair and well delivered and the girls—and, yes, the boys, too—turn in swell jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing here to jar the tired nerves.

✓ The Merry Monahans (Universal)

IN a month less crowded with top-notchers, "The Merry Monahans" would have rated at least a jingle bell. As it stands it's a mighty entertaining movie over half-way through and then the old corn moves in for a repetitious finish of two loyal kids carrying on while papa drinks his way into the hoosegow. Everything is here but the song, "Father, dear Father, come home with me now. The clock in the steeple strikes ten."

The kids, who turn out to be Donald O'Connor with Peggy Ryan as his sister, have never been so delightful or seemed to work in closer understanding. And with Jack Oakie as their father, the trio becomes a vaudeville riot.

We like, too, the way the back-stage setting is handled. It brings the audience right down to and beyond the footlights with a sort of intimate, cozy feeling.

Rosemary De Camp is charming and gracious, Isabel Jewell good in her role of the meanie and Ann Blyth as Donald's sweetheart just a honeybunch of cuteness.

Oakie is so sincere. We just loved him. O'Connor has lost most of his smart-alecky brashness in a rather straight role, and on him it's most becoming. Peggy, too, improves with less rowdiness and what a pleasant surprise is our old friend John Miljan as the passé actor. The film fairly flounders in music, incidentally.

Your Reviewer Says: A good family picture.

Dixie Jamboree (PRC)

TWO gentlemen who lean about ninety degrees to the shady side, as far as character goes, board Guy Kibbee's showboat to escape detection of the St. Louis police and before the trip to New Orleans is

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completed, they hold up the boat in the mistaken belief 10,000 gallons of liquor is aboard and who can blame them?

These above-mentioned characters are thwarted in their efforts by a trombone player, Eddie Quillan, slightly on the thick-skulled side and mad—just mad, my dears—about Frances Langford who is Kibbee's niece and chief songstress on the boat.

The scallawags are Lyle Talbot and that raving beauty Frank Jenks who goes to town as a baddie.

Charles Butterworth is Kibbee's cohort in their little business of selling patent medicine on the side, while the boat slips down the Mississippi and Frances sings divinely. Fifi D'Orsay, Ben Carter and Louise Beavers go along for the ride.

Your Reviewer Says: We used to go to show-boats little dreaming—

A Wave, A Wac And A Marine (Monogram)

DON'T let this fool you—it's not a film about the service despite the title and, just so there's no chance of your being fooled on any score, it's not a film about much of anything.

Strictly speaking, it tells the story of two Broadway stars and their understudies (as near as we could make out by celestial navigation) who are signed by rival Hollywood agents with all sorts of mixups and plottings that never jell despite the swell cast, including Elyse Knox, Anne Gillis, Sally Eilers, Marjorie Woodworth, Ramsay Ames and the late Alan Dinehart among others.

Your Reviewer Says: You're on your own.

✓ **Bride By Mistake (RKO)**

WELL look who's here as big as you please, the cutest little movie you ever clapped an eye on and strutting along with a new red hat and everything, so fresh, so smart it is.

And the people in it! Are they ever nice? There's Alan Marshal, for instance, who fairly blooms under the magic of much money, said money belonging to Laraine Day who has Marsha Hunt impersonate her in public in order that she (Laraine) may be sure the man who marries the real heiress will marry only for love. But you know how those things work out. Love, misunderstandings and considerable whatnot.

Allyn Joslyn, Edgar Buchanan and Slim Summerville, of all people, add more fun and frolic than an Elk's picnic. If you've got the war blues, seeing this is a wonderful way to forget them for a while.

Your Reviewer Says: Sissy!

✓ **Casanova Brown (International RKO)**

THESE professors of literature! If they can't get into more trouble thereby throwing more audiences into hysterics, then you tell me. But, of course, this one couldn't miss, for look at the combination—story by Nunnally Johnson, direction by Sam Woods and socko acting by Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright. Come to think of it, it should have been much better with that quartette of experts, but even so, it's a smoothie, full of clever lines, ridiculous situations and Frank Morgan at his best. If ever there was a versatile old baby doll, it's this Morgan and in this kind of role he's absolutely tops.

Of course, it stands to reason when Cooper, that professor we spoke of, dis-

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covers he's a father on the eve of his wedding, things are bound to happen and they do, friends from the lowlands, they do. Both Gary and Teresa are expert farceurs and Patricia Collinge as Teresa's screwy mother and Edmond Breon (isn't he new to movies?) as her droll pater add a laugh a minute to the antics.

Anita Louise is the bride left waiting at the church, Isabel Elsom her mother, Mary Treen the hotel maid, and Emory Parnell the bell captain. If we only knew the baby's name we'd give it a best performance, such a doll it is.

Your Reviewer Says: We think you'll enjoy this.

Falcon In Mexico (RKO)

CARRAMBA, Septemba, Octoba, Novemba! The *Falcon* goes to Mexico to solve a mystery, people get killed, the Mexican police come running, more people get killed and everybody in the cast is suspected including the lady in the screwy hat in the front row of the preview audience.

Eventually, of course, the murders are solved, but not to our satisfaction, let us tell you. RKO will have a lot of explaining to do when next we see them.

Tom Conway is the same old smoothie as the *Falcon* and Martha MacVicar as the artist's daughter (we forget to mention that a painting brought on this whole fracas) is so cute you'll be asking about her.

Nestor Paiva is clever as the Mexican detective and Mona Maris couldn't be nastier if she tried with both hands.

Your Reviewer Says: We suspect somebody ate too many chili beans.

✓ Mademoiselle Fifi (RKO)

THIS is a story of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 and let us state right off it's a mighty good little story revealing that Germans of that day were as ruthlessly cruel and just as bravely defied.

Simone Simon as the French peasant who suffers humiliations and scorn from the Prussian officers with whom she has been forced to dine against her will proves herself a fine little actress when given the proper roles.

Kurt Krueger is really the most loathsome villian in appearance, in polish, in characterization we have ever met up with on the screen. All we can say is he must be a nice guy in real life to be so fraught with horror on screen.

John Emery, Alan Napier, Jason Robards and Helen Freeman are good people and, by the way, Simon is *not* Mlle. Fifi. Guess who is?

Your Reviewer Says: Très interesting.

Stars On Parade (Columbia)

HERE we have a couple of stand-ins again, this time an ambitious pair, namely Larry Parks and Lynn Merrick, who decide to organize a show to prove they're as good as the stars for whom they stand-in—meaning to take their places before the camera for focus and lighting, etc.

Well, what happens is that Parks misinterprets a conversation he overhears and imagines Lynn is giving him the brush-off for Ray Walker and so we go into one of those "but you don't understand" routines until the very end of the film when everything becomes clear except why Columbia bothered with any of this in the first place.

Jeff Donnell is a cutie but has too little to do. The musical numbers, for our dough, are something to be suffered through.

Your Reviewer Says: What stars? What parade?



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Fellows who are doing it: The Marine Corps motion-picture crew on the job in the South Pacific

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All activities of Marine Aviation in the area will be shown in the completed film. Pilots and planes arriving from the States, the process of acclimating the pilots and their advanced combat training maneuvers are included. Shown, too, is what the same pilots do during rest hours; so is what the unsung ground crewmen do in the way of upkeep of the all-important planes while the pilots rest.

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The picture is being made with a cast of actual fighting Marines. Every scene is true to life and shots are being made on practically every Allied airstrip in the South Pacific.

For the shooting, there has been no plot, though a written continuity is being used as a guide to make certain the picture is all-inclusive of Marine aviation activities in the area.

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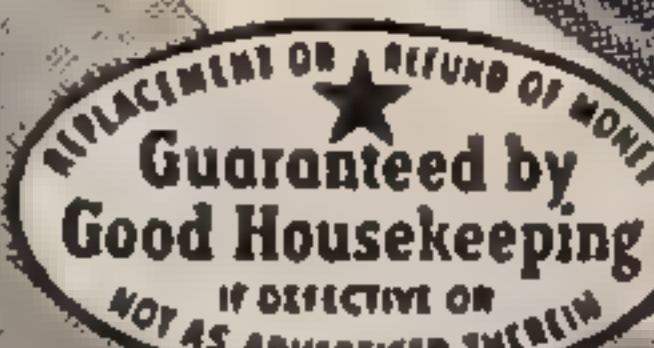
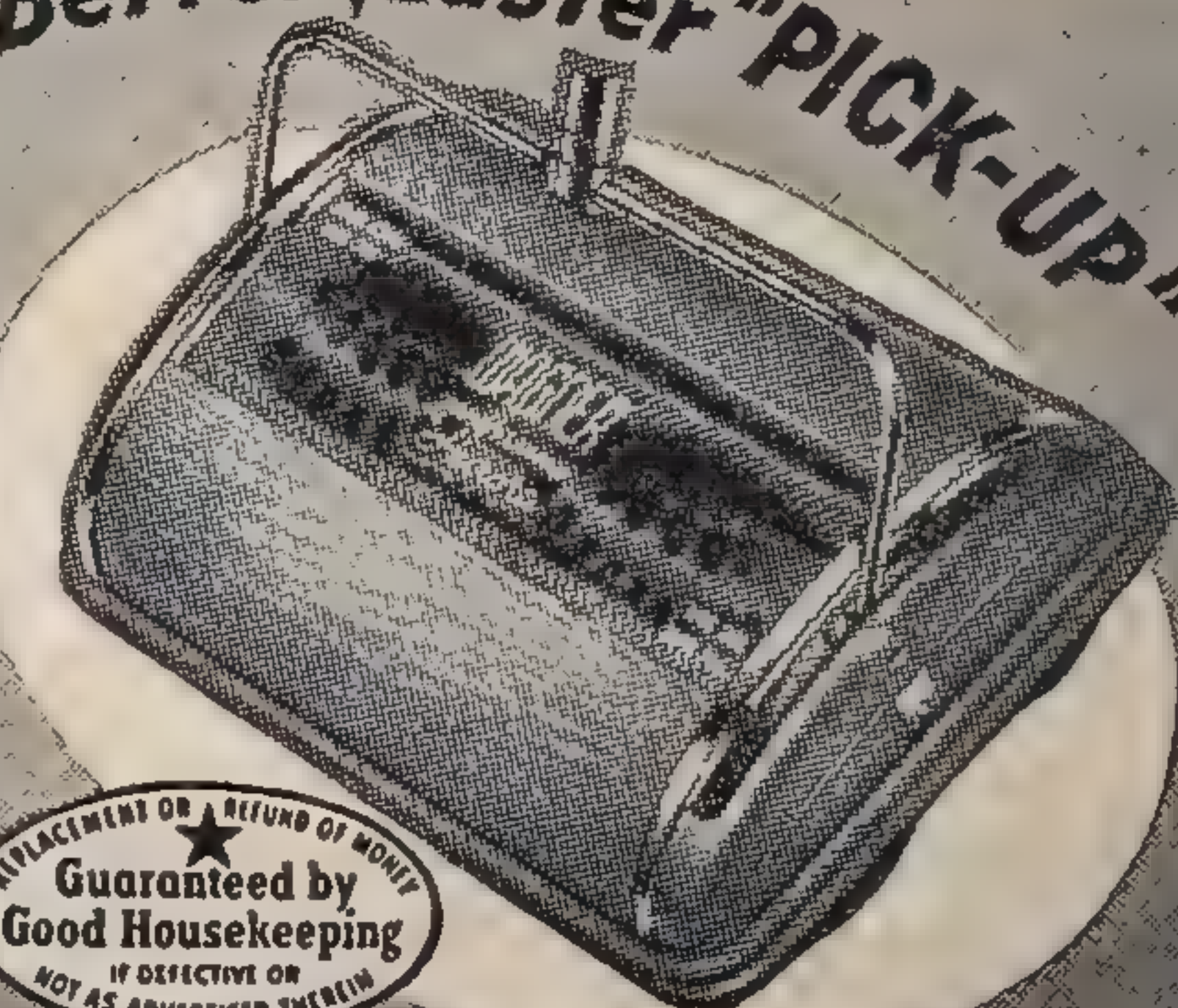
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Note: This is not the complete cast. If you wish the names of additional players, write to Selznick Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

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Note: This is not a complete cast. If you wish the names of additional players, write to Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WING AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox: *Bingo Harper*, Don Ameche; *Moulton*, Dana Andrews; *Oscar Scott*, William Eythe; *Beezy Bessemer*, Richard Jaeckel; *Captain Waddell*, Charles Bickford; *Admiral*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Cookie Cunningham*, Kevin O'Shea; *Malcolm Brainard*, Henry Morgan; *Ensign Gus Chisholm*, Richard Crane; *Executive Officer*, Glenn Langan; *Ensign Cliff Hale*, Renny McEvoy; *Paducah Holloway*, Robert Bailey; *Com. O'Donnell*, Reed Hadley; *Dooley*, George Mathews; *Flat Top*, B. S. Pully; *Hans Jacobson*, Dave Willock; *Benny O'Neill*, Murray Alper; *Ensign Chuck White*, Charles Lang; *Scissors*, Irving Bacon; *Ensign "Lovebug" Markham*, John Miles; *Murphy*, Joe Haworth; *Alfalfa*, Charles Smith; *Executive Officer*, Ray Teal; *Lew*, John Kelly; *Sam Cooper*, Larry Thompson.

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